Class PA 6807
Book .A5 R6

Vergilius Maro, Publius
A. Benson
March 1870.
133663
4977-K
122

THE

ÆNEIS

OF

VIRGIL.

By JOHN BENSON. ROSE.

LONDON:
DORRELL & SON, CHARING CROSS.
1867.

PA6807
.A5R6

"I have him in Italian," said the barber, "but I do not understand him."

"Neither is it any great matter whether you understand him or not," answered the priest; "and we would willingly have excused the good captain from bringing him into Spain and making him a Castilian, for he has deprived him of a great deal of his native value; which is indeed the misfortune of all those who undertake the translation of poetry into other languages; for with all their care and skill they can never bring them on a level with the original production. In short, I sentence this to be thrown aside and deposited in some dry vault until we can deliberate more maturely what is to be done with it."—CERVANTES, in *Don Quixote.*

LONDON: PRINTED BY W. CLOWES AND SONS, STAMFORD STREET,
AND CHARING CROSS.

THE ÆNEIS.

BOOK I.

Arms, now I sing and of the Man, who fled
From ruined Troy and, fate impelled, was sped
To land Italian at Lavinum's shore.
But, ah! what woes predestined to endure
By sea and land; what perils to engage
From wrath supreme and Juno's vengeful rage;
What wars, ere he might found his new abodes,
And fix in Latium his banished gods:
From whom and whence our Alban fathers come,
The Latin race and the high walls of Rome.
O Muse, relate: say, what ill-fated hour,
Goddess incensed, or what offended power
Condemned a man renowned for piety,
Subject to such calamities to be.
Does Heaven find joy in human misery?

Opposed to Tiber's mouths, across the sea
Was Carthage, rich and warlike colony
Of ancient Tyre. By Juno cherished more
Than her own Argos, than the Samian shore.
There stood her arms and chariot—there did she
Destine the seat of sovereignty to be,
Had fate consented; but to her annoy
The rumour ran, these exiled men of Troy
Should ruin Carthage, and upon the doom
Of vanquished Libya, in times to come
Govern the world.

So spoke the Fates. Saturnia feared it, for
Well she remembered the too partial war,
And favoured Greece; and rankled in her mind
Her griefs and injuries—the prize assigned
By Paris, and her form denied its meed—
The hated race, and the rapt Ganymede:
These were the secret causes which prevailed,
Baffling the Trojans wheresoe'er they sailed,
Tossed on the seas and barred the promised land,
This remnant 'scaped Achilles' wrathful hand,
Sustained long years of toil and miseries.
Such were of Rome the earlier destinies.

Scarcely the brazen prows were launched on sea,
And off Siculia bounding merrily,
When Juno, writhing with immortal pain,
Self communed:
"Are my efforts vain?
Does Troy prevail, and win the Italian realm?
Must I desist? Why should fate overwhelm
Me, only me? Might angry Pallas throw
The bolts of Jupiter against her foe,
Ajax Oïleus—she ocean's empire sweep,
And fire the Grecian navy on the deep,
Bear off the Greek, and witness him expire,
Hurled on a rock, pierced with immortal fire;
And I who walk in majesty above,
The Queen of Heaven, sister and wife of Jove,
Against a vanquished, wandering people war,
And war in vain? Who will henceforth adore

My deity, who deem my power divine,
Or offer further incense on my shrine?"
With strickened heart the goddess urged her car
Unto Æolia, realm of mist, afar.
In cavern vast King Æolus close binds
The struggling tempests and the jarring winds;
Against his rule vainly the captives rave,
And, murmuring, struggle in their mountain cave.
Enthroned and sceptered, Æolus compels
Their rugged natures and their passion quells;
Which did he not,—the earth, the sea and sky,
Tossed through the plains of air and whirled on high,
Would be confounded: which fear to prevent,
In caverns dark the Sire omnipotent
Immured them, and imposed a king with sway
To force them to submit and to obey.
Unto the tyrant spoke the queen of heaven:
"O Æolé, since Jove to thee has given
Rule o'er the winds that smite the sky and sea,
That race detested, hateful unto me,
Now on the Tyrrhene sea, with vanquished gods,
Are seeking still Hesperian abodes;
Smite, overwhelm them, sink them in a storm.
I have two choirs of nymphs of matchless form,
Of whom the fairest Deiopeia, she
Shall your reward for zealous service be,
In wedlock she thy bed and board shall grace,
And make thee parent of a beauteous race."
And Æolus replied: "O queen, 'tis thine
To choose; command, and to obey be mine.

'Twas thy request, thy influence with Jove,
Enthroned me here; and at the feasts above
Command my subjects as thine own they were."
He smote the rock, out rushed the sons of air,
Eurus and Notus, stormy Africus,
Upon the ocean press, and emulous
In strife, rolled mountain billows to its shores.
Arose the shouts of men and crash of oars;
The light of day was wrapt from human eyes,
Black night involved the sea and wrapped the skies,
Forth flashed the lightnings, and from pole to pole
Through the black vault above the thunders roll.

Æneas rose; and raising to the spheres
His suppliant hands, with sobs, preferred his prayers.
"O happier dust! O thrice and four times blest
Ye who on plains of Troy in honour rest.
Tydides, bravest of the Danaan band,
Why sunk not I beneath thy mightier hand,
When huge Sarpedon fell, when Hector slain,
By spear Æacidan, pressed Ilium's plain
In sight of Troy; when Simoïs slowly ran,
Clogged with the corpses, shields, and helms of man."
Whilst yet he spoke the shrieking Aquilon
Drove at the rended sails and bore him on.
The oars were crashed, the undefended side
Reeled to the blow of the resistless tide,
And, mounted high upon the wave, the prow
Peered through the chasm to the sands below.
Three Notus drove upon the rocky bars,
Called Altars by Italian mariners,

When o'er the surface their huge reefs uprear;
Three Eurus cast upon the Syrtes, where
They struck on fathomless absorbing sand.
Then sunk Orontes and his Lycian band
Full in their sight—the waves them overwhelm,
And bore away the helmsman and the helm;
The hulk ungoverned yielded to the blow,
And plunged down headlong; and amidst the flow
Of troubled waters, armour, planks they see,
And rarely men, unswallowed by the sea,
Midst floating wrecks of Trojan luxury.
And next the bark of Ilioneus failed,
The winds against Alethes old prevailed,
And Abas and Achates strove in vain;
With strength unequal their wracked vessels strain,
And riven sides let in the conquering main.

Of this turmoil and storm unauthorised
Was Neptune in his ocean's depths apprised.
The offended power reared his majestic brow,
And marked the rack above and storm below;
And him, Æneas, o'er the expanse driven;
Full well the god discerned the queen of heaven,
Her hand and enmity. Eurus and Zephyrus
Summoned before him, he addressed them thus:
"Presumptuous sons of a presumptuous race,
How dare ye thus, unauthorised, deface
My realm, conflicting and inflicting ill,
Which I ——. Be still, ye troubled waves, be still!
Presumptuous sons of air! deem ye that I
Will brook this scorn of my authority?

Hence, to your lord and master, and from me
Say thus much: that the empire of the sea
Is mine, not his; the trident to my hand
Did Fate commit; his sceptre of command
Extends, O Eurus, to your prison-house;
There let him curb your natures mutinous,
And reign o'er caverns, jailer of the winds."
Then Triton and Cymothöe he sends
To free the ships on rocks and sands that lay,
And force the Syrtes to regorge their prey.
Himself assists: from his high car extends
The mighty trident, and the conflict ends.
So when sedition lures the rustic hinds,
And stirs ignoble passion in their minds,
When staves and stones and passion arms supply,
It chance a man of known integrity
Appear amidst them then, rebuked they stand,
And yield to reason and to his command;
So as with loosened reins the god progressed,
The wild storm lulled, the waters sunk to rest.
The tired Æneadæ then plied their oars,
And turned their battered prows for Libya's shores.
There is a harbour in whose deep recess
The waters silent lie and motionless;
A rocky islet bars it from the main,
Round which the waters flow in channels twain,
Flanked by twin cliffs reflecting o'er the flood
The salvage ombrage of primæval wood,
With, hidden by its rocks, one grotto lone,
With bursting fountains and with seats of stone—
Haunt of its nymphs!

The shattered fleet met there;
Æneas numbered, they but seven were.
They cast no anchors, threw no cables o'er;
The Trojans leapt impatiently to shore,
Hailed with impatient joy the welcome land,
And basked their stiffened limbs upon the strand.
Achates next collected leaves and bark;
The stricken flint yielded its latent spark,
And arid nutriment in flame ascends;
Then cereal arms and grain to land he sends,
Contaminate with brine, but now their store,
And preparation rung along the shore.
Æneas scaled a rock and cast around
An anxious gaze upon the blue profound;
Whilst Antheus, Capys, and the standard high
Caïcus, of, his memory passed by,—
His Phrygian biremes; but the sea was void.
He turned his gaze to land: three stags he spied,
Followed by a whole herd upon the shore.
Achates, by his side, the quiver bore;
Æneas took the bow, the rapid wound
Struck down the antlered leaders to the ground.
He then assailed the herd; and thickets through
He followed them until he seven slew—
One for each ship—and then rejoined his fleet,
And made them happy with the gift of meat
And wine: and wine which old Acestes gave
When from Trinacria launching on the wave
Dividing, he thus cheered their troubled moods:
"My comrades, tried in great vicissitudes

Of good and evil lot, O droop not so!
For Jove decrees an end to human woe.
Remember Scylla and resounding caves;
Remember the Cyclopian rocks and waves.
Arouse your spirits now, cast care away;
Hereafter, perhaps, the memory of to-day
May make us glad.
For Latium we are bound;
And accidents and chances us surround
Before we may achieve that promised seat,
Where Troy will rise again as high and great
As in the days of old. So fate decrees,
If we are equal her good gift to seize."
Æneas said—a simulated smile
Hiding the grief that crushed his heart the while.
The Trojans meantime fell upon the prey,
Extracting bowels, and fat ribs they flay;
Upon the spits they range the quivering flesh;
The grassy seats their wearied frames refresh,
And Bacchus and fat venison make them glad.
Hunger appeased, again the talk grows sad:
Long they disputed on their comrades' fate;
Some mourned for them as dust, some more elate
Still cherished hopes. Æneas cherished none;
He thought Orontes of, now lost and gone;
Of Amycus, of Gyas, Lycus bold,
And brave Cloanthus. So the hours rolled.

Now Jupiter from highest ether cast
His gaze paternal o'er the countries vast

Of peopled earth and her bark-bearing seas;
Libya him now attracted more than these.
There Venus came, her heart oppressed with cares,
And her bright eyes suffused with gushing tears.
"O Thou," she said, "eternal majesty,
Ruling the men below and gods on high,
What has Æneas done? The Trojans what?
What fault have they committed we know not,
That thus oppressed with slaughter they are hurled
Away from Italy o'er all the world.
Thy promise was, that future Romans sprung
From Teucer's blood should rule man's race among,
And hold the world beneath their sovereign sway.
What has reversed that promise? Father, say.
That promise recompensed for ruined Troy,
When fate conflicted fate to her annoy.
Still from misfortune we have no release,
O Lord of all, when will these trials cease?
Escaped the Greeks, has not Antenor found
A rest and refuge on Illyrian ground;
Liburnian kingdoms founded, where the fount
Timavus of, bursts from the caverned mount
In sources nine; the gushing waters sweep,
Rolling and foaming to their parent deep.
There stands Patavium founded, and he reigns
In peace with Trojan laws on foreign plains;
And we, your offspring, heritors of heaven,
Victims of private hate and wrath, are driven
Wide from the promised shores of Italy.
Is this the guerdon due to piety?
Is this the sceptre thou hast promised me?"

The Thunderer smiled; that brow which clears the sky
Beamed as he kissed his child, and made reply:
"Fear not, my Cythereia; fates remain
Ever unchanged: your own Lavinian reign,
Walls, cities shall arise; and thy great son,
Magnanimous Æneas, his race run,
Rise to the stars; the promise is unchanged.
Come, let me calm your breast, by doubts deranged,
Albeit divulging fate to give it rest.
By him Italia's wrongs must be redressed;
Her rugged sons must be subdued by war,
And laws and cities framed superior far.
Three circling years, the period we ordain
For the Rutulian conquest and his reign;
And then the boy Ascanius, surnamed
Iülus—Ilus from and Ilion famed—
He shall reign thirty years, and then transfer
The seat of empire to Alba, where
For centuries three shall the Hectorean race
Govern and reign.
Then Mars asserts his place;
The Royal Ilia, vestal maid, shall bear
The Brother twins: and Romulus shall rear—
In yellow wolf-hide clad, proud of nurse grim,
Mavortial walls of Rome: so named from him.
Eternal empire thence do I decree;
No term of time, no limit shall there be
To Roman sovereignty. Juno, who troubles so
Earth, skies, and seas, inflicting ills and woe,
She shall relent, and join her power divine
To honour and protect the togaed line.

The time shall also come, we will it too,
Phthia shall bend, and haught Mycenæ bow;
And captive Argos own the house of Tros;
And Cæsar from that house illustrious
And noblest scion sprung, whose realm the main,
Whose fame the circling spheres shall not restrain,
And Julius from the great Iülus named,
Him shall you here receive in honour, famed
For oriental spoil; our voice shall seat him here:
Then shall the troubled ages cease to fear;
For then on earth shall Faith and Vesta reign,
With Remus and Quirinus: Law again
Shall close with iron bolt the doors of War;
Immured within, shall impious Discord jar,
With hands enchained bound to her battle car."

The Thunderer ceased, and then sent Maia's son
To walls of Carthage, rising Libya on,
To open wide its hospitable gate
To wandering Troy, lest ignorant of fate
Dido might chase them thence.
The Power obeyed.
Stooping to earth he human fears allayed,
And by his will expelled ferocity
From Punic hearts, native barbarity!
And in their queen instilled by force divine
A generous spirit and a soul benign.

Now from his sleepless couch and vain repose
At morning's earliest dawn Æneas rose,
Anxious, in adverse fortune, to explore
What seemed a wild uncultivated shore.

The fleet was safe, hidden the vessels lay,
'Neath beetling cliffs within the wooded bay;
Two spears of trenchant blade within his hand.
He called Achates from the slumbering band,
And sallied forth, when, as they trod the glade,
Before his eyes, like to a Spartan maid,
With Spartan arms and huntress mein addressed,
His goddess mother stood: her flowing vest,
Bound by the scarf, hung scantly to her knee,
Her tresses unconfined—Harpalycè,
Surpassing Eurus in unbridled speed,
In such a garb urges her Thracian steed.
"Ho, friends! my sisters have they passed this way?
Or heard ye as ye went the boar at bay?
Clad are they in the lynx's spotted hide."
So Venus; and to her, her son replied:
"Nought of thy sisters have we heard or seen,
Maiden—I call thee maiden, but thy mien
And voice and aspect are divine; if so,
If Cynthia or a nymph immortal thou,
O be propitious, and in pity deign
Relieve our doubts: cast hither from the main,
Wrecked on this land we wander, ignorant
Or of the realm itself or habitant,
Do thou instruct us; and in sacrifice
Our grateful offerings unto thee shall rise."
"Attribute not to me," the goddess said,
"Honours divine; wont is a Tyrian maid,
With purple buskins girt, to chase the deer.
This is the Punic realm; the Tyrians here,

Sons of Agenor, dwell; the Libyans round,
Intractable to peace, possess the bound.
Here Dido reigns, who fled fraternal hate;
Her many wrongs—ah! how shall I narrate.
I'll sum them briefly. Sichæus was her spouse;
He won her maiden hand and maiden vows.
Rich in Phœnician fields his peers above,
His wealth was only equalled by his love.
Pygmalion, her brother, heired the throne,
And he a reprobate: second to none
Was he in wickedness; therefore intervened
Hatred betwixt them; and he slew, though screened
By the horned altar, in contempt of laws,
Her spouse Sichæus—lust of gold the cause.
He hid the deed of murder, and he lied,
Deluding with vain hopes his brother's bride;
But in the silent night the wandering shade
Unsepulchred appeared to her, and made
Disclosure of the deed; divulged the crime,
Polluted altar, told the spot and time,
And urged her to escape, to rise and flee,
To quit her country, and to cross the sea;
And for the means of flight he then revealed
Where gold and silver treasure lay concealed—
Uncounted heaps of wealth. And Dido fled,
But by so many friends accompanied,
Who writhed beneath the tyranny or fear;
They seized the vessels that were anchored near,
And loaded them with gold—Pygmalion's gold!
A woman chief devised the action bold.

Hither they sped and built—you may descry
The citadel of Carthage soaring high,
Byrsa its name—so called from deed of sale,
And stretched out bullock's hide.
Told is my tale.
Now, prythee, who are ye? Why come you here?
And whither lies your way—from whence and where?"
Deep in his breast he sighed a heavy sigh.
"Goddess!" he said, "should I essay reply,
Before the tale calamitous would end
Vesper from high Olympus would descend.
We are of ancient Troy, if unto thee
The name of Troy be known: wrecked on the sea,
Chance cast us here upon this Libyan shore.
Pius * Æneus I. My vessels bore
My gods snatched from the flames and enemy,
The fame whereof is known in ether high.
We seek Italia; and I spring from Jove.
With twenty ships, led by the Queen of Love,
My goddess mother, sailed I seas of late;
But few have 'scaped from Eurus and from fate—
Needy, unknown, through Libyan deserts, quelled,
Banished from Asia, Europe from expelled ——"
Here Venus interposed; she could not bear
To list the story with maternal ear,
But answered him in haste.
"Whoe'er thou art,
I scarcely think celestial hatred part
Of woes you suffer, whilst you can prefer
Your suit unto our queen and sue to her.

Pius: expiable; accepting atonement in lieu of sacrifice; ruthful.

Your vessels all are safe, for Aquilon
Has wafted them to port, ay, every one;
Your comrades all are safe, my parents taught
Me augury, set not my words at naught:
Cast up your eyes, and see twelve swans above,
Which, lately scattered by the bird of Jove,
Now troop and reassemble in the skies,
And seem to meditate the land that lies
Beneath their ken. Hark! how they chant and sing,
And circle in the blue on strident wing.
Well, even so, your vessels and your powers
Now reassemble on these shores of ours.
Pursue your fortune—thither lies your way."
The goddess said and turned, the roseate ray
Reflecting from her neck; ambrosia played
Through her bright hair; and, garments re-arrayed,
Her robe descending clustered o'er her feet;
Confessed she walked in majesty complete.
But when her son her parting steps pursued,
"How oft, how oft in false similitude,
Mother, my mother, you delude your son!
O wherefore do you my embraces shun,
And speak to me in accents not your own?"
But whilst he thus complained the goddess shrouds
Them both in brightness of ethereal clouds.
She unto Paphos bent her course, where flows
Sabæan incense through the wreaths of rose
Her hundred altars round.
They scaled the brow
To where the rising city lay below.

All laboured, all were busied: some inclose
The citadel with walls, whilst others chose
Sites for the seats of justice and of state;
Others the port and harbour excavate;
Some the proud theatre's foundations place,
And quarried sculptured columns it to grace,
The boast and pride of their descendant race.
  The hive of bees when springtide is begun
So raid the flowery meadows in the sun;
The seniors lead the youth to meads and rill;
Some with the liquid nectar stay and fill
The waxen cells; some ease the fragrant load
Of food nectarious; others chase abroad
Of ignominious drones the idle chime,
And all the hive is redolent of thyme.
  One grove remained within the city bound
Of densest shade: 'twas where the Tyrians found
The head of battle-steed—predestined sign
Of royal Juno there to build her shrine,
Promise of wealth and conquest ages through.
  Sidonian Dido founded it unto
Saturnian Juno, all one solid mass,
Portals, and gates, and stairs of shining brass.
Æneas entered: all that met his eye
Renewed his hope and spoke security.
For whilst with gaze unwearied he reviewed
The fane's magnificence and magnitude,
He sees, in all due order there portrayed
The siege of Troy. Fame had the facts conveyed
Through the whole world: Atrides, Priam, and
Wrathful Achilles, whose unfriendly hand

Wrought ill to both: Æneas stood and sighed,
"O my Achates—through the world, world, wide
Is there a spot that does not know the tale?
Lo! there is Priam. Virtue doth avail
To rouse the meed of praise and generous tear;
Our fame preceding us allays my fear."
And yet he spoke with eyes bedimmed with tears,
For he beheld the ranks of Phrygian spears
Quelling the Greeks; again on battle car
Crested Achilles, slaughtering them afar.

There the white tents of Rhesus were portrayed,
To the dark night and Diomed betrayed,
And intercepted steeds before they stood
In Trojan stall, or drank of Xanthus' flood.
And there young Troïlus, who dared defy
The great Achilles, and was forced to fly;
The noble boy was dragged along the plains,
Yet e'en in death he grasped the horses' reins,
His comely form depending in the rear,
Furrowed the dust with the inverted spear.

Again portrayed, the temple and the train
Of Trojan matrons to Minerva's fane,
Bearing the Peplum*, to propitiate
The unjust power by such solemn state:
Her glance oblique, bewrayed divine annoy.
And corpse of Hector dragged around his Troy.
And there, Achilles selling it for gold.
The hero's passion burst forth uncontrolled;

* The sail of the ship Panatheniaca at Athens: a mystic robe elsewhere.

Beside the body, arms and chariot stood,
And Priam kneeling, suppliant and good.
Then did he recognise himself in fight,
Where foes were thickest; and in armour dight,
The sable Memnon with Eoan might.
Penthesileia—Amazonian queen—
With golden zone and lunar shield was seen,
And the bared bosom; on her battle car
She led her dauntless troop of maids to war.
The whilst on these with undisguised delight
Æneas fed his fascinated sight,
Dido approached, in all the majesty
Of beauty and of regal dignity.
So on Eurotas' banks, or Cynthus' brow,
Diana leads the choirs, and views below
The clustering ranks of the Oreades.
The goddess moves midst quivered bands of these
Alike, but how superior! by her side
Latona's breast maternal throbs with pride.
So also Dido walked, pre-eminent
Her maidens 'midst, on regal cares intent.
Beneath the dome, upon the throne of state;
Circled by arms, with open doors she sate,
And righted wrongs, and promulgated laws,
Assigned to all their several tasks, or draws
The impartial lot.
The whilst a clamour loud
Arose without from an approaching crowd;
And Antheus and Sergestes, Cloanthus,
And other Trojans dragged along, and thus

They met again their chief; upon the main
Dispersed and scattered, here they met again.
With fears, with joy, Æneas stood oppressed.
Achates, he, with silent hand, repressed,
Ardent to greet them; but discretion bade
Them to retain awhile their friendly shade,
And so to learn their fortune and their need,
Where the ships were, and what the queen decreed.
Suppliant they came, but with a front serene,
Great Ilioneus addressed the queen:—
"O queen, whom Jupiter permits to found
This empire, and control proud nations round,
We, helpless Trojans, shipwrecked, now implore
To spare from flame our vessels on your shore,
And to protect a pious race with aid.
We come not here as robbers, lands to raid,
We come not to your shores to drive a prey,
And freighted with a booty sail away;
We, we alas! are fugitive and weak.
Hesperia is the land we exiled seek,
So called by Greeks; Italia named by us
And later fame; ancient and populous
By old Œnotrians held, and fertile too;
To that Italia we were bound unto;
But dim Orion rose athwart our course,
And Auster overwhelmed us with his force,
And so we drove through mist and clouds obscure
Menaced by rocks and yeasty waves to shore;
And what a shore! where barbarous customs reign;
What race of man, where such bad laws obtain!

Opposed by force, by arms forbade to land,
Denied the refuge of the barren sand,—
For fellow men if ye lack brotherhood,
Yet fear the gods—they reward ill and good;
Vengeance is theirs.
Æneas was our king,
Justice and piety inheriting,
And none, than he, greater in martial might.
If yet he live, if yet he see the light,
He will, O Queen, requite thine offices.
For yet in realms Siculian o'er these seas,
The good Acestes holds his reign benign,
Sprung from the Trojan blood and Teucrian line.
Then grant us license from your forests vast
Our oars to cut and vessels to remast,
And speed us on our way; if fate decree,
That Latium and Italia we may see.
But if, O best of Teucer's race, if thou
Art lost in Libyan waters, and if now
The young Iülus gone, no hopes remain;
We will retrace our course across the main,
And dwell with our own countrymen and laws."
Ilioneus ceased: and murmurs of applause
Followed his speech and intervening pause.
Then Dido briefly, pensively replied:—
"Trojans, be reassured, cast fear aside,
It is necessity and not my will,
Compels me to protect my realms from ill.
Who knows not the Æneadæ and Troy,
Her chiefs, her virtues, and her history?

Not so obtuse the souls we Tyrians bear,
Nor quite disjoined from all, do we dwell here;
Whether you seek Hesperia and the plains
Saturnian, or where good Acestes reigns,
Or Erycinan bounds, aid shall ye have,
And safely hence relaunch upon the wave.
Moor then your ships; and if it please you well
To join my empire, here to stay and dwell,
Trojan and Tyrian indiscriminately
Shall be protected equally by me.
And lest your warlike king Æneas errs
Upon my shores, be sure my messengers
Shall seek him to the limits of my reign."
Hardly could good Æneas then restrain
His wish to burst his cloud. Achates spoke:
"O goddess-born, tell me what thoughts evoke
These words thy heart within? All, all is true,
All your celestial mother told to you;
But one alone is absent, whom we know
Submerged to sleep the Libyan wave below."
Then rose the veil, and in the ether pure
Æneas stood; the semblance that he wore
Was as a god's, for o'er him Venus threw,
With lavish hand, her gifts of roseate hue;
Joy sparkled in his eye—as ivory
Or Parian marble, or the silvery dye
Circled with gold; so did the chief appear,
As frankly thus he said:—
"Behold me here!
Trojan Æneas, safe from Libyan seas.
O thou, who only plain'st our miseries;

Thou, who alone hast refuged our distress,
And viewed our sufferings with gentleness—
We and our mortal faculties are weak
Due praise and worthy recompense to speak;
The gods, O Dido, the great deities,
And thine own breast must give its meed of praise;
But I, whilst fountains run unto their deep,
Whilst through yon concave lights etherial sweep,
Where'er fate calls me, still will I proclaim
The praise and honour due to Dido's name."
Then with impatient grasp the hero pressed,
Ilioneus first—Sergestes, and the rest,
Gyas and bold Cloanthus.
Meantime, amazed,
Upon the chief, Sidonian Dido gazed;
"And art thou then Æneas, Venus bore
Dardan Anchises to, on Phrygian shore
Of Simoïs;—
Exiled from Salamis, when Teucer sought
At Sidon, at my father Belus' court,
A realm his sire denied,—my father quelled
Then Cyprus with his arms and subject held
Her under tribute; often when Teucer told
Me tales of fallen Troy and warriors bold,
How often did I hear Æneas named
Midst Trojan chiefs and kings Pelasgian famed.
Himself your foe, he witnessed to your worth
And Teucrian honour, and I, too, my birth
He oft would say deduce from the same line—
Teucer of Troy was ancestor of mine.

Then welcome Trojans, welcome unto me,
I too have known and proved adversity;
Long time a wearied wanderer, I know,
Taught by misfortune, pity to bestow."
So Dido led Æneas home, and bade
That sacred rites and sacrifice be paid
Unto the deities: and ordered to the shore,
Where lay the Trojan ships, an ample store
Of steers, and ewes, and lambs, and fatted swine,
And the good gift of Father Bacchus, wine.
The feast at home was spread: in Tyrian dye
Superb, the halls of regal luxury;
Embroidered curtains fell, and silver shone
And gold in vases, sculptured whereupon
Were the achievements, wars, and actions high
Of her time-honoured royal ancestry.
But the paternal bosom sought his son;
Achates was despatched with speed to run
And lead with him Ascanius; without him
Dull was the pageant, and the light was dim;
And reliques saved from Iliacan flames;
Rigid with gold the Palla—Trojan dames
Had worked; also the mystic veil,
Croceate acanthus bound the vestment pale,
'Twas Argive Helena's; that veil she owned,
Her mother Leda's gift, ere she atoned
Unhallowed Hymeneals, ere she came
Mycenæ from to set the world in flame.
Also the sceptre which in days of yore
King Priam's daughter, Ilionè bore,

And the pearl necklace and the diadem,
Of duplicated rows of gold and gem;
Back to the ships Achates sped for them.
But Cythereia, in her restless mind
New stratagems and treacheries designed;
That Cupid should assume Ascanius' place,
And in the father's and the queen's embrace
Smite Dido's heart with the resistless fire:
For still she feared lest the false house of Tyre
And Tyrians double-tongued, and Juno's hate,
Might counteract the fixed decrees of fate.
To Love, her purple-pinioned progeny,
The goddess spoke:
"My strength, divinity
Contemning the Typhoean bolts of Jove,
Thy mother seeks thee, deity of love.
You know, my son, and you commiserate
Your brother's wanderings, and Juno's hate.
Phœnissian Dido now beguiles his ear,
Detaining him in Carthage; but I fear
Junonian hospitality and ire.
Lend me your aid, my Cupid, and inspire
With love—love passionate, the woman's soul
Past human influence, past divine control,
And bind her in its fetters. Now the boy,
The royal boy, my care, with gifts from Troy
Sets forth for the Sidonian town, to greet
His sire impatient: him, on Cythera sweet
Or in my sacred bower Idalian,
In balmy slumber wrapped will I detain,

And thou, thyself a boy—to mortal sight
Assume his form, 'tis only for one night—
And when the fascinated woman strains
Thee to her breast, infuse then in her veins,—
When they feast high, when deep libations flow
Whilst warmest on thy cheek her kisses glow,
Infuse thy venom and resistless fires."
And Cupid, glad to second the desires
Of his dear mother, doffed his wings with glee,
Strutting as young Iülus. Meanwhile she
Enwrapped the young Ascanius in sleep,
And bore him in her bosom o'er the deep,
To her Idalian amaranthine grove,
And meads that sacred were to her and love.
So with Achates the false Cupid went,
To Tyrian halls to do his soul's intent.
There sat imperial Dido couched on gold;
Around the Trojans and their chieftain hold
Places respective, couched on Tyrian dye.
Water and napkins first the men supply,
And after heaped the canisters with bread;
And fifty damsels in long order led,
Tended the hearth and powers presiding there;
A hundred youth, a hundred maidens fair
Handed the meats and wines; and Tyrians sate
Embroidered couches on with joy elate;
At gifts Ænean marvelling much, but more
At the disguised Iülus, for he wore
His attributes divine, with heavenly speech;
Palla and veil they handled, pleased with each.

But mostly thou, Phœnissa! doomed to ill—
Doomed the devoted future to fulfil—
O'er the false image of the boy wert bent.
He for a moment to his father went,
And owned his greeting: then the regal breast
He sought and nestled in; he, foe to rest!
Unconscious Dido, little didst thou wist
It was a god there working his own list.
His Acidalian mother's high behest
Then he fulfilled; he chased from Dido's breast
All memory of Sychæus—then anew
Fresh venom cast the dormant pulses through,
And merged them in the gushing tide of love.
The tables, the feast over, they remove,
And mighty goblets with red wine were crowned,
And mirth and gladness echoed halls around.
And when the shades of night rushed on, and all
The lamps depending lighted were in hall,
Dido commanded, and they brought the bowl
Flowing with wine, of gold and gems the whole,
Whence Belus drank, and in the days of yore
The ancestors of Belus. This they bore,
And Dido broke the silence. "Jupiter—
Thou unto whom we pious prayers prefer
For stranger guests; O grant to-day may be
A welcome feast, through long posterity;
Hear! gracious Juno, hear us, Bacchus, sire!
'Eternal concord between Troy and Tyre!'
And ye, my Tyrians, let the pledge pass round."
She dropped the due libation on the ground

And raised the bowl, and kissed the golden edge,
And passed to Bitias to redeem the pledge.
He, proud of the preferment, thirsty soul,
With an insatiate pleasure, drained the bowl.
Then drank the peers in turn.
His golden lyre
Unshorn Iöpas swept with sacred fire,
And taught what mighty Atlas sung of yore—
The wandering moon, the labours the sun bore;
Of man, of animals, of fire, of rain,
Of bright Arcturus, of Triones twain,
And watery Hyades; why wintry days
Were so compressed, and why the sun delays
To set in summer eve: each secret cause
Divulged in turn, eliciting applause.
And so the night sped on, and deeply quaffed
Unhappy Dido of the fated draught;
Of Priam much, of Hector asking more,
And of the armour sable Memnon wore,
Of huge Achilles, and of Diomed
And his unrivalled steeds; at length she said:—
"My guest! from the commencement now relate
The Grecian wiles, and all the Trojan fate,
And all your wanderings over lands and main,
Seven years of labours, which you still sustain."

BOOK II.

All listened hushed. Father Æneas rose
Upon the lofty couch of his repose:
"Dost thou, O queen, bid me to renovate
The slumbering grief, dost bid me to narrate
The fall of Troy—the prey to Grecian might,
And all the story of that dreadful night—
Woes which I witnessed, woes of which I bare
Such heavy part? Ah! who the tale could hear
Dolopian, Myrmidon, or of the train
Of rude Ulysses, and from tears refrain?
Now o'er the heaven night her mantle throws,
Now setting stars invite us to repose;
But if such wish is irrepressible
Possessing thee, O queen, to hear in full
Troy's downfall told, albeit memory
Starts from the mind abhorrent, I will try.
Beaten in battles and by Fates repelled
So many years, the Danaan leaders quelled,
Framed an enormous horse; by Pallas taught,
The fabric huge, of seasoned fir was wrought;
Pretending it their offering to be,
Votive, for safe return across the sea.
So rumour ran; but in its hollow hull
Were warriors hidden, its huge ribs were full,

Chosen by lot, of men and chiefs of name.
In sight lies Tenedos. Isle known to fame
For its abundant wealth in Priam's day,
Now an untrusty port and faithless bay:
The Greeks behind it hid—we thought them fled,
Back to Mycenæ we believed them sped.
And liberated Troy threw wide her gates,
And gushing forth and free, luxuriates
In Doric camps and the deserted shore.
Unwearied in the search, they sites explore:
Where the Dolopians, where Achilles lay,
And where the fleet in the deserted bay,
But most the monster steed's stupendous size,—
Unwed Minerva's gift, excites surprise.
Then first Thymœtes—was it treachery,
Or did our adverse fates e'en so decree?—
Proposed to plant it in the citadel;
But Capys and some others, reasoning well,
Mindful of Grecian wile and subtlety,
Proposed to burn or cast it in the sea,
Or bore its hollow womb—the fickle crowd
Shouting on either side applauses loud.
Then from the citadel, Laocoon
With a huge concourse, hot with haste, rushed on;
Shouting afar, 'What madness do I hear,
O men, misguided citizens, beware!
Think you the foe is vanished with the fleet,
Where'er are Danaan gifts, there is deceit—
Is Ithacan Ulysses all forgot?
Some wile is here, O Teucrians, trust it not!

Either that hollow ark contains the foe,
Or fabricated 'tis to level low
The Trojan walls, and burst upon our town.
Mischief it bodes—if not to batter down,
Mischief it bodes—Greeks and their gifts, I fear.'
He said, and speaking, cast his weighty spear;
Deep in the monster's side the weapon stood,
Quivering it struck and pierced the hollow wood—
The hollow wood resounded to the blow,
And thus—but we besotted willed it so,
Unless, indeed, 'twas so by Heaven ordained—
Troy would have stood, and Priam still have reigned.
Some shepherds now a warrior had found,
And to King Priam brought the captive bound;
One who captivity had daring sought,
Confiding in himself—distrusting nought,
Prepared to perish or to compass how
Troy and her destinies to overthrow.
Now listen to a Grecian wile—now learn,
And in this one the fraudful race discern.
Trembling, he stood, amid his threatening foes,
A troubled anxious gaze around he throws.
'Alas'! he uttered, 'further woes and pains;
What refuge spot on earth to me remains,
For Greece inhibits me, and Troy demands
My captive blood; hostile all lands and hands!'
His groans were pitiful—our sympathy
Was touched and won at his feigned misery.
We asked his name and race, and what he knew;
But warning, that small credence was his due.

He, casting off pretended fears, replied:
'Nothing, O King! from thee have I to hide;
Falsehood I hate; neither could I deny
My country; of Argolic race am I—
Sinon my name. Familiar unto thee
Belides Palamedes' name may be;
Name honoured and revered: Greece did him wrong;
Now she laments it, must lament it long;
Falsely accused and rashly doomed to die,
For honest counsel and integrity.
He was my kinsman, and beneath his care,
Needy and young, him did I follow here,
And whilst he lived, a warrior known to fame,
I shared the repute of his noble name.
But when, the victim of Ulysses' hate
(I speak of facts well known), he met his fate,
Hence I withdrew and mourned in solitude,
But not in silence—grief is ever rude.
And I declared, if Fortune should restore
Me unto Argos—to my native shore—
I would revenge his death; that sealed his hate,
And thence all my calamities I date:
Thence, novel accusations day by day,
Forged by Ulysses, crossed me on my way;
Insinuated doubts, ambiguous lies
To turn men's minds from his iniquities,
And fasten them on me; nor ceased until
He Calchas caused—
But wherefore do I tell

This tale to ye? all hostile is to me,
A Grecian victim I am doomed to be—
And by my death, you do the best you can
To please Atrides, and the Ithacan.'
Again did we conjure, interrogate,
And, blind to fraud, compel him to relate:
He trembling still, his specious tale pursued:
'Often the Grecians failed in fortitude,
And wearied of long wars, and fruitless toil,
Would dream of home; but sometimes winds would foil
Their cherished wish, and sometimes winter raved;
Winter and winds perchance they would have braved,
But not the portents sequent on yon steed.
Thunders and lightnings followed on our deed,
When we with maple wood constructed it.
Then they awaited for a season fit,
And sent Eurypylus to learn the doom
From Oracle of Phœbus—unto whom
This answer was returned—
"A virgin slain,
Appeased with blood the winds and soothed the main,
When Greece for Troy assembled on the sea:
Now buy retreat with blood, and let it be
Argolican."
Quailed every spirit then—
Tremor and dread chilled all our ranks of men,
Dreading to be the sacrifice designed.
Then Ithacus dragged Calchas from behind,
And bade him to expound the Phœban lot;
All straightway saw, and understood the plot,

And every finger indicated me.
But Calchas held his peace, for ten days he
Refused the sanction of his sacred voice
To ratify their preconcerted choice.
But Ithacus prevailed by clamour loud,
And I the victim. The contented crowd
Shouting applause at their immunity,
And for the sacrifice accepting me.
It came at last the sacrificial day,
My brows were filleted: the altar lay
Decked in my sight—the salted meal was shed;
When, I confess the fact, unshackled, led,
Devoted, to the shrine, I burst their bands
And fled unto the marsh and rushy lands,
And there concealed I lay until their sails
Were out of sight of land: but what avails
Escape to me? shall I see any more
My father, children, or my native shore?
Do they not rather bear the penalty
And forfeit life or liberty for me?
But by the gods and conscious powers of truth,
If faith inviolate—if hearts of ruth
Remain on earth, pity my perils past,
And let my innocence find rest at last!'
Moved by his tears, King Priam gave commands
To loose his fetters and unbind his hands,
Greeting with friendly speech: 'Whoe'er you be,
Forget the Grecians gone: now you are free,
Remain with us: but let me understand
What is that monstrous fabric—wherefore planned

In form of steed: religious, or what for?
Is it an offering, or machine of war?'
He, wily in Pelasgian fraud, replied,
Raising his hands unfettered, high and wide:
'O ye eternal fires of heaven! by ye,
By your inviolate divinity,
I swear—and by the altar and the knife,
The sacred fillets, and my forfeit life,
Grant that, without impiety, I may
Utter the Grecian counsels and betray.
Be it lawful to me to retaliate:
I am not bounden to the men I hate;
Released am I from country and its laws;
And, Trojans, if I benefit your cause,
Remember it, with faith inviolate,
And let me share the peace of your own state.

The stay of Greece, in war her aiding power,
Was ever Pallas: but from the fatal hour
When Diomedes, and that man of fraud
Ulysses, in her temple slew your guard,
Bore the Palladium from its sacred shrine,
Profaned, polluted, and the form divine,
And maiden fillets of the goddess stained
With sacrilegious blood—thence nought remained
But deep despondence in the Grecian host;
Deserted by that power, hope was lost,
Union and vigour fled. No doubtful sign
Tritonia gave of wrath: when on the shrine
We placed her image, the stern eyes flashed fire,
Salt sweat exuded, undissembled ire

And indignation o'er her aspect thrilled,
As with her spear she smote her sounding shield.
Then holy Calchas rose and counselled flight,
Troy unassailable to Danaan might
He then declared, until our gifts should gain
Propitiation at the Argive fane
Of the offended goddess, and restore
The omens—like as we obtained of yore;
Therefore they seek Mycenæ o'er the main,
Armour and reinforcements to obtain,
And gods propitious: and then reappear
As Calchas shall direct, unwelcome here.
He, Calchas, also bade them to atone
The sacrilege for the Palladium won,
And to construct yon horse—a mighty mass
Of timber beams, so lofty, lest it pass
Your portal gates, and unto Troy restore
The guardian influence she owned before.
For if your hands should violate that shrine,
Then Priam's empire and the Dardan line
(Heaven turn the omen on themselves) must fall;
But if it be enshrined in Trojan wall
The doom reversed will be, and Greece must bear
Asian supremacy—at home and here.'
Such was—Oh, is it credible?—the tale.
Did great Tydides, did Achilles fail;
By thousand barks beleaguered for ten years,
To fall at last a prey to lies and tears!
Nor was it all—another portent meet
Was sent to make our misery complete.

Laocoon, by lot, then Neptune's priest
Officiating was at solemn feast,
And sacrificed a bull. When o'er the sea
From Tenedos, across—O memory!—
The tranquil sea, with huge gyrations came,
With heads and breasts erect and crests of flame,
Two serpents: and, the blue wave lashed to foam,
Roaring and spouting brine; nor did they roam,
But kept a course unswerving to the shore.
We fled appalled: with eyes suffused with gore
And fiery flame, they sought Laocoon—
And as they neared the altar seized upon
His little sons—on them assault began
With deadly fangs: the wretched father ran
With sacrificial axe to aid, and him
They then assailed and shackled every limb.
Twice round his waist, twice round his neck they wound,
And reared their fiery crests, and gazed around.
Within their knotted grasp he writhed and strained,
Blue venomed gore his priestly garb distained,
His clamour rent the skies, he roared with pain,
Loud as the half-stunned bull that o'er the plain,
Escaped the glancing axe, flees ere he fall.
Their duty done, they entered in the hall
And sought the fane of angry Pallas, where
Crouching beneath her feet, and nestled there,
They by her Ægis broad protected were.

We were appalled; our hearts were sick with fear.
First we condemned Laocoon, whose spear

Had so profaned with daring hand and deed;
And clamoured next to place the imaged steed
Up in the sacred citadel, and gain
The Power offended to our side again.
We breached our walls—cast the defences down,
All laboured, all—defenceless stood the town:
Some fastened ropes, some placed the balks beneath
The wheels, and hauled the monster fraught with death.
The fatal engine moved: it scaled the walls:
And youths and maidens as at festivals
Danced round and sung with an unsanctioned joy.
O Ilium, O my country, heaven-built Troy—
Ye Dardan walls, unbent by war till then,
How oft it struck, how oft imprisoned men,
And armour sounded: greater was the din
Wherewith we hauled the monster frame within
The sacred citadel.
Cassandra prophesied—
Inspired maid: Apollo had denied
All credence unto lips him had defied.
So feasting, chapleted, festooned, we passed
The day by fate foredoomed to be our last.
Meantime the heavens turned, and night unfurled
The sable veil and rushed upon the world,
Lending her aid to Myrmidonian guile.
Slumber—deep slumber, wrapped our limbs the while,
Asleep at home was every Teucrian laid.
The Argive phalanx left its ambuscade;
From Tenedos, beneath the silent night
By the waned moon's subdued befriending light,

And deities consenting to destroy,
Then they returned to fate-abandoned Troy.
And when from royal prow the beacon blazed
Sinon withdrew the bolts, and portals raised;
The thick-ribbed monster yielded up its men.
Tisandrus, Sthenelus, and Thoas then
First glided down—followed Ulysses grim,
Pelides Neoptolemus with him;
And Athamas—and he who framed the fraud,
Epeüs, and Machaon,—by the cord
Last, Menelaus: on the slumbering town,
Buried in wine and sleep, descending down,
They seized the portals and the guards they slew,
And called unto the prey th' expectant crew.

'Twas midnight deep, when gentle sleep descends,
The boon of Gods to man, and him befriends.
I, lapped in slumbers too, forgot my cares,
When Hector by my bed appeared in tears,
Bloody and bruised, with pierced and swollen feet,
As when the biga dragged him, doom unmeet!
But ah, how changed! Oh, how unlike to him,
Clad in the armour of Achilles grim;
Or him, the Phrygian leader, when he threw
The firebrands amidst the Danaan crew.
With clotted beard, with hairs all foul with gore,
With all his wounds received in fight before
His native walls exposed to sight: I broke
The silence and with bursting tears I spoke:
'O Dardan light—O firmest hope of Troy,
Dost thou, beloved Hector, bring us joy,

Absent so long hast thou returned at last,
After our losses and our labours past;
But wherefore are those wounds displayed, and why
Lowers that placid brow indignantly?'
  But he my words nor heeded nor replied,
Deep from his breast with heavy groan he sighed.
'Flee, goddess-born: the foeman holds the wall,
The city burns: Troy topples to her fall.
Flee and escape the flames—our task is o'er;
For Troy, for Priam, we may do no more—
If any hand might have saved Ilium
It had been mine—its day of doom has come.
Troy unto thee commends her household gods
And panoplies—bear them to new abodes,
Abodes which thou shalt found beyond the sea,
Guardian companions of thy fate to be.'
He said and then committed to my hands
The priestly panoply, the fillet bands,
The awful Vesta's imaged form divine,
And the eternal fire from secret shrine.

The tumult gathered, nearer and more near
The tide and din of war broke on the ear;
Albeit Anchises' house sequestered stood,
Quite separate and deeply set with wood,
It burst its solitude: sleep shook aloof,
I, apprehensive, clambered to the roof.
  As stands the herdsman when dismayed he sees
The mountain torrent sweep off herds and trees;
As stands the husbandman as o'er the plain,
Auster and flames of fire consume his grain;

So, so I stood—the vision of my rest
And Grecian wiles too plainly manifest.
The Palace of Deïphobus in flame
Fell thundering down; also down thundering came
Ucalegon's, its neighbour: the glare they gave
Reflected far o'er the Sigæan wave.
The clang of trumpets, shouts of men, arose—
Instinctively I armed, to join, oppose—
I knew not what, but to rejoin my band,
To flesh with slaughters a remorseless hand,
To battle for the citadel—to die
In arms, a warrior's death, and gloriously.
But Pantheus then, Pantheus Otriades,
The Priest of Phœbus, sanctuary flees,
And wanders to my door: he bore in hand
His vanquished deities, his fillet-band,
And grandson by his side: 'O Pantheu, tell
What's to be done? how stands the citadel?'
He passionately said, ''Tis come the day—
Inevitable hour—and pass away
The Teucrian glories: the mighty Ilium was;
Trojans we were; all, all is lost because
The ruthless Jupiter grants Argos all,
And Danaans domineer within the wall.
The Horse, still pouring forth its warrior host,
Sinon, insulting victor, making boast,
Firing the town; and Mycenæan bands
Pour thro' the opened gates with swords and brands—
Bands more than ever from Mycenæ came—
Obstruct our public passages with flame.

The city is surprised, the guard is slain,
And we o'erpowered are—resistance vain.'
So spoke Otriades: I rushed to war,
Fate and Erynnis called; I met no bar,
Where martial sounds were rifest there I sped;
Ripheus me followed, and with silvery head
Old Iphitus, and guided by the moon
Dymas and Hypanis—and followers soon
Thickening our ranks—and the brave boy
Mygdonides Chorœbus; he to Troy
Burning with love had come—with troop to aid—
Priam his uncle—the prophetic maid
Cassandra his betrothed: her prophecies
Wherefore, ill-fated boy, did he despise?
'O comrades,' I began, 'of dauntless breast,
Ye who stand here to do your hearts' behest,
But do not be deceived: our Gods are gone,
Fanes, altars are deserted—we alone.
Troy would you succour? Troy in ruin lies—
Despair and rashness be our remedies,
Conquered we are, unvanquished let us die.'
As in the wintry solstice wolves forth hie,
Prompted alone to glut their jaws with blood,
And still their gaunt and ravened whelps with food,
So thro' the town, night's hollow shades beneath,
We held our slaughtering course in search of death.
What tears can expiate, what words can tell
The slaughter and the fate which then befell?
Troy toppling fell—mistress for centuries,
Her slaughtered sons now blocked the public ways,

Domestic thresholds and religious fanes;
But not alone—mingled with Grecian stains,
Not sole or unavenged the Teucrians died,
The Danaan victors fell: on every side
Was every form of wailing, woe and death.
Androgeos and his band first fell beneath
Our slaughtering swords: deeming us friends, he cried,
'You're late, my boys, Troy's flames are waving wide;
She's burnt and plundered, whilst you safely slept
Rocked in the ships:' but when conviction swept
That he was captured by a hostile band,
Backward he shrunk with failing heart and hand;
So shrinks the unwary peasant, in the brake
Rousing the venomous and crested snake,
And quailing at its sudden swelling wrath,
E'en so Androgeos quailed before our path;
And panic-stricken and bewildered they
Succumbed to our assault, an easy prey.
So Fortune smiled with usual fickleness,
And young Chorœbus hailed our first success:
'Comrades,' he cried, 'Fortune's own hand is here;
She points the way to safety, not despair.
Let us change shields—by valour or by guile
So we succeed, who heeds? assume awhile
These Danaan helms: they give us arms to stead.'
So spoke Chorœbus, placing on his head
Androgeos' helm, girding his Argive sword
And shield decorous; and of one accord
We did the like, all seized upon the spoil;
Dymas and Ripheus armed, by fraud to foil—

And masked by the disguise and by the gloom
We mingled with the foe: what crowds of whom
We sent to Orcus then: how many fled,
How many to their hollow ships then sped;
And many more smitten with turpid fear,
Reclimbed the hollow horse and hid them there.
But nought succeeds when Heaven refuses aid!
For lo! Cassandra, Priameian maid,
Dragged, locks dishevelled, from Minerva's fane,
With her hands bound behind—raising in vain
Her beaming and her supplicating eyes
To careless gods and the unpitying skies.
Chorœbus rushed to rescue her, the sight
Was more than he could bear, or lover might;
And we all followed him, and then arose
Our doubled slaughter both from friends and foes;
For, by our Argive shields and crests misled,
The Trojans poured their vengeance on our head
The whilst the Greeks assailed us—self-betrayed
By open warfare and the rescued maid—
Then Ajax and the two Atridæ led
Their rallied bands, and we o'erpowered bled.
So fight the winds, so do they fight and jar,
When Eurus lashes his Eöan car,
When Notus and when Zephyrus engage;
Primæval forests fall beneath their rage,
Old Neptune rises from his ocean home,
Lashes his trident and rides on the foam.
And those dispersed in our nocturnal raid,
They reappeared and further havoc made;

They knew their comrades' shields and helms again.
Then sunk Chorœbus on Minerva's fane,
And stained the sacred altar with his blood.
And Ripheus fell—Ripheus the great and good;
We thought him so—the Gods saw otherwise.
Dymas and Hypanis, before our eyes
Were slain by Trojan hands—neither wert thou,
O Pantheu! saved by Phœbus, tho' thy brow
Was bound with holy fillet, from the blow.
O Iliacan ashes! mighty pyre,
Ye shades of comrades lost by sword and fire;
Ye I attest, that by no will of mine
Did I survive that night of wrath divine;
If utter recklessness of life could give
A claim to death, I should not now survive:
But I was hurried thence, and borne along
With tardy, old and wounded, in a throng—
With Pelias wounded by Ulysses' spear,
And Iphitus—to Priam's palace, where
The war unbridled raged.
The Greeks assailed
The palace gate with shields in tortoise mailed;
Their scaling ladders topped the battlement,
Their right hands grappling in the hard ascent,
And their left hands alone bore spear and shield.
There they beneath the Dardan onslaught reeled—
The Dardans fought above as desperately:
They hurled their turrets, battlements, from high
Huge gilded beams, their father's pride of old!—
O, how my bosom bounded to behold

The war alive, and how I rushed to aid
Troy and King Priam 'gainst the Grecian raid.
There was a secret gallery which joined
King Priam's palace with a house behind,
By which, in happier days, Andromache
Was wont to lead Astyanax to see
His grandsire and co-mates; I entered there
And found the Trojans fighting in despair.
A beacon tower also, whence the eye
Could Troy, and camp, and fleet at once descry.
Assembled there a Trojan band I found,
Casting innocuous spears and darts to ground;
With force united, and with iron crow,
We loosed the battlements, and hurled below
The mighty ruins: and their thundering fall
Spread widely round them death and burial.
But vain that slaughter was, defence as vain,
The foemen mounted by the heap of slain.

Glittering in arms, foremost in hardihood,
The vestibule assaulting, Pyrrhus stood.
So glares the snake, what time it casts aside
Its wintry slough, and with an upstart pride
With poisons battened moves its haunts among,
And vibrates 'gainst the sun its triple tongue.
His sire's armiger and charioteer,
Automedon and Periphas, fought there,
And all the Scyrian youth with sword and brand:
But he, the foremost, with the axe in hand,
Hewed at the lintels; but the brazen door,
And its firm hinges, long assaulting bore.

A beam at length cut through, a breach was made,
Through which, as through a window, was displayed
All the internal palace: the atria thro'
The regal private precincts gave to view,—
Precincts of Priam and of Asian rule,
And the guards stationed in the vestibule.
And then the shrieks of women, shouts of foes,
In mingled clamour to the clouds arose;
The frightened matrons rushed along the halls,
Embracing doorposts, kissing native walls,
Whilst Pyrrhus onwards, with his father's fire—
Nor guards nor bolts availing 'gainst his ire—
Battered the ram, succumbed the shivered door,
Force carved the way, and on the threshold floor,
And thro' and thro' the bursting Danaans bore.
Not so unsparing is the torrent's course,
When in its vortex and unbridled force
And spreading devastation o'er the plain,
It sweeps the flocks and herds and golden grain.
I saw him, Neoptolemus, spread doom,—
I saw the twain Atridæ thro' the gloom,
And Hecuba, and all her female train—
Her hundred daughters: Priam by the fane—
That fane whereon he sacrificed and stood,
So soon to be polluted by his blood;
And hope of future progeny, around
The fifty nuptial chambers: on the ground
Gold and barbaric spoils, become the prey
Of fire or Greek, whiche'er held chiefest sway.

And now, methinks, you wish me to relate
The doom of Priam.
When his fallen state—
His country's ruin, the victorious foe,
The old man saw, he girded arms to go—
Arms long unused, to combat and to die.
Amidst those halls, 'neath the etherial sky,
A venerable, honoured, laurel grew
Incumbent on the shrine, it widely threw
Over the household gods its sacred gloom:
There Hecuba sought refuge midst the doom
With all her daughters—like to doves that fly
For refuge from the storm; the altar nigh,
And gods to friend, frightened they clustered round,
And imaged gods with their embraces bound.
From thence the queen beheld the ancient king
O'erburdened with his armour, tottering,
And passionately cried, 'What folly throws,
O wretched husband! thee amidst the foes?
'Tis not such aid or arms can now avail:
Were my own Hector here, his arm would fail—
His warlike arm would fail—this sanctuary
Alone avails—to fall, or spared to be.'
So Hecuba, as with a fond embrace
She drew the old man to the holiest place.
There young Polites, baffling Pyrrhus, fled,
Thro' halls and galleries he wounded sped.
The ardent Pyrrhus savagely pursued
The son of Priam; and where Priam stood

Grasped him at length, and struck the fatal blow,
Before the father's eye the son fell low.
Then Priam forth in woe and anger broke,
With all the passion of his soul he spoke,—
'Now may the gods—as the great gods regard
Deeds of iniquity—may they reward
Brutal and impious man, this deed now done,
Before my eyes to immolate my son.
Not he from whom thou braggest to be sprung,
Achilles, did not perpetrate such wrong,
He blushed with pity as he heard my prayer,
And granted Hector's corpse for sepulchre,
To me safe conduct——'
Here the old man threw
The forceless weapon, which just held unto
The hostile shield, and dangled from the rim.
Pyrrhus replied, 'Do thou relate to him,
Be thou the messenger—tell thou my sire
Pelides, of his son's lost fame and fire—
Degenerate Neoptolemus!—Now die.'
He dragged the old man to the altar nigh,
Sliding through his son's blood: his hoary hair
Grasped with the left, the right hand slew him there.
So Priam fell; so was he doomed to die,
Such was the lot ordained by destiny;
Asia's proud ruler, swaying regions won;
And now Troy burnt, and Pergamus undone,
Abandoned on the shore his mighty frame
Decapitated lies—mere dust, without a name.

My arm was paralysed, I fought no more;
The image of my sire flitted o'er
My sight and memory, as his contemporary
Coeval king exhaled his life away:
Rushed on my mind, as desolate, despoiled,
My household and Creusa, and my child.
I looked around, no comrade now stood near;
Some had been slain, some yielding to their fear
Had leapt from high and perished thro' despair.

Forth, then, I passed alone; when passing by
The fane of Vesta, in obscurity
And hallowed gloom, crouching in secret lair,
Helen I saw: it was the fervid glare
Of burning Troy, that conflagration bright
Betrayed the Argive Helen to my sight.
Erynnis dire both to Troy and Greece,
Where should she safety seek or hope for peace?
By Greeks and Trojans equally abhorred,
Baneful to us as to her injured lord.
My bosom burned, ah! now then to redress
My country's wrong, and punish wickedness.
What, shall she sail, shall she review the walls
Of Sparta, and retread Mycenæ's halls,—
Shall she her home, her country view again,
A queen attended by a Trojan train—
Is Priam slain, and is burnt Troy no more,
Does Dardan blood pollute the Dardan shore?
And shall she reign? 'Tis an ignoble deed,
To which nor fame nor glory can succeed;

But yet not unapplauded shall it go,
Vengeance shall hallow, justice own the blow,
The manes of my murdered friends find ease,
And ashes of the dead it will appease.
As I advanced, swayed by revenge and wrath,
A light celestial flashed across my path,
And I beheld my mother: beamed her brow
With light divine: thro' night it beamed below
In all the bright effulgence which on high
Pertains to her celestial majesty.
My forward hand withheld by hers, she said,
Accents, through roseate lips of beauty, shed,—
'My son, what grief prompts this insanity?
Be calm, and leave the care of mine to me.
Better would it become you now to save
Helpless Anchises; better, and more brave,
To see if still Creusa be alive,
And if thy son Ascanius yet survive:
By flame surrounded, and by hostile swords;
They live—I cared for them—attend my words.
The fault of Paris did not cause this war,
Nor face of Tyndaris; the gods who are
Hostile to Troy, they now annihilate
Her mighty riches, and fulfil her fate.
Behold! from off your eyes do I withdraw
The mortal film; gaze on, unchecked by awe.
Fear not my precepts to obey, my son,
Remembering me, thy parent, so gaze on.
Look to yon mass, where dust and vapour sweep
Over its prostrate and chaotic heap,—

'Tis Neptune with the trident smites the wall,
Foundations heave, and riven towers fall.
Look to the Scæan gate, Saturnia there
In armour clad, and with her right arm bare,
She leads the rallied Greeks. Tritonia see,
With Gorgon and her glory; it is she
Standing upon the citadel.
The sire—
The sire of heaven, himself sheds force and fire
Into the Danaan hearts, and to destroy
He sanctions every effort against Troy.
Cease then, my son, and flee; from fight forbear,
But hie thee home, and I will guard you there.'
She said, and vanished.
Then I saw and knew
The Diræ and the gods of heaven, who
Warred against Troy; then awestruck I beheld
Ilium and Troy Neptunian hurled and felled,—
As falls the mountain ash assailed by swains,
When bites the axe bipennine, and when strains
The ancient trunk, and leafy honours moan,
And overcome it gives the final groan,
And fallen drags a ruined heap of stone.

So thro' the foe and flame I homeward sped;
Me, flame and foeman shunned, thus goddess led!
And so my father's threshold I attained
The ancient halls: his presence, too, I gained;
But him, I fain would place in safety—bear
To Ida's summit—he refused my care,

Refused to suffer exile, or survive
His fallen country. 'Ye,' he said, 'who live
With health robust, and blood of youthful flow,
Save ye yourselves!—
My course is run, and Heaven wills it so.
Already once have I beheld the fall
Of captived Troy:—perform my funeral.—
Now on this dust perform my obsequies;
It is not difficult to die! the enemy's,
My own hand may suffice; my sepulchre
My ruined town; too long I linger here,
Too long I drag existence unforgiven—
Struck, blasted by the bolts and flame of Heaven.'
Fixed he remained; nor could our common prayers,
Ascanius, servants, my Creusa's tears,
Avail to touch his soul: in vain our plea
That he our best defence and shield would be;
That bluntly he denied, and spoke no more:
Determined as his words the look he wore.
Again I seized my arms, again elate
To meet the foe, and find a warrior's fate.
'For what, my sire,—O what do you propose,
That we should flee and leave you to the foes;
Was such a deed of wickedness e'er done?
If the Gods will, Troy shall not fall alone;
If Heaven in its wrath will nothing spare,
The gate to death is wide: Pyrrhus is there,
Unglutted yet with Priameian gore,
Who slew the son the father's eyes before,
And sire upon the shrine.

Was it for this that you,
O goddess Mother, led me safely through
The flames and foe surrounding, to find here,
Upon my very hearth, a common bier,—
My father and my son, Creusa, too,
With blood commingling in the dust, to rue?
Arm, comrades, arm, 'tis our last day of light,
Grant us, O Heaven, in serried ranks to fight—
To meet the Danaans, where, though vanquished, I
Will fall in arms, nor unavenged will die.'
I turned, but in my path Creusa lay,
And held the young Iülus in my way.
'If you go forth to die, take us with you;
Desert us not, I supplicate you, who
Art our defence and safety, husband, stay
And guard your home, if hope in combat lay:
But if you fall, O what do you bequeath
Your sire and son,—captivity and death?'
She spoke, the whilst etherial brightness shed
Innocuous fires above Iülus' head.
They played his hair amidst, and round his brow;
Unwitting of the prodigy, we threw
Waters, with trembling haste, to quench the pyre
Of sacred flame and immaterial fire.
Father Anchises raised his hands on high,
And with a joyful face addressed the sky:
'O Jupiter, Omnipotent, if ere
Thy will immortal bend to mortal prayer,
And if our piety claim aid divine,
O Father Jupiter! confirm this sign!'

Or ere he finished, burst the sudden sound
Of thunders on the left, and rattled round;
And with a blaze of light a meteor—
A globe of fire passed our sight before:
It shot through night, it passed our house above,
And sought and fell in the Idæan grove,
Demonstrating our way; sulphur and flame
Still marked the course by which it went and came.
'Twas then our vanquished ancestor confessed
The holy will of Heaven manifest.
He praised the Deity, and said, 'Lead on,
Delay no more, I follow you, my son;
Gods of my country, deities of Troy,
Protect our house, and O protect this boy;
This augury is yours, and yours the power
To reinstate us in some happier hour;
Meantime I bend to your pronounced decree:
And now my son lead on, I go with thee.'
The conflagration gathered, and the sound
Approached, increased in vehemence around.
'Now then,' I said, 'dear father, let my broad
And stalwart shoulders bear your welcome load;
Whate'er henceforth betide of weal or woe,
We share a common lot where'er we go.
Creusa, wife, O follow heedfully—
The young Iülus, you must on with me.
And ye, my men, list ye to my commands:
Beyond the walls the fane of Ceres stands—
Old and deserted fane! beside it nigh
A tumulus, and cypress honoured by

Our fathers grows: now thither how ye may,
With speed repair, and now my men away.'
'And father,' I continued, 'you must bear
The holy gods; the gods must be your care,
For my touch is pollution, till I lave
And purify from war in living wave.'

I threw a lion's fell upon my back,
Then I assumed my burden—in the track
The young Iülus tripped, beneath my wing,
Two steps for one—Creusa following.
And I who lately battled with the foe,
Careless of all save bandying blow for blow,
Now trembled at a passing breeze or sound,
And for my charge peered anxiously around.
We neared the portal, and the way seemed clear,
When sounds of footsteps fell upon our ear.
Anchises watchful cried, 'They come, my son,
I see them, shields, and glittering helmets on'——
What God malicious in that fatal hour
Deprived my mind of all its reasoning power?
I turned and fled, bye-paths, bye-places thro',
Wholly unmindful of Creusa, who—
Whether she erred or strayed or faltered, or—
I know not—but I never saw her more,
Nor marked it then, nor heeded it, until
I met my men at the appointed hill:
All, save Creusa, safe—of all not one
Was missing then, except my wife alone.

I cursed my fate, accused the Gods divine,—
Troy's desolation then unequalled mine:
I hid her rescued gods within a glen—
Anchises and Ascanius to the men
I then committed, and I hurried down,
Regirt in armour, to the burning town,
Callous to every hope and fear, to know
The truth, if real it was—this latest blow.
Troy I re-entered by the portal door
Thro' which we issued, and the course obscure
About it I retracked, with senses strained,
Where only silence then and horror reigned:
I sought my house—for haply there she strayed;
The Greeks had plundered it, and fire preyed,
Lambent and lashing the nocturnal sky.
By Priam's palace, I then sought the high
Walls of the citadel; I sought the fane,
Unprivileged then, and sanctuary reign
Of Juno; where I found a chosen guard,
Phœnix, and dire Ulysses, holding ward
Over the plunder—all the wealth of Troy,
From crypts and fanes, which fire could not destroy,—
Tables from temples, bowls of solid gold,
And Phrygian garments in huge bales uprolled,
And boys and matrons a long line ranged round.
I rushed from thence: thro' night I sent the sound
Of my Creusa's name; I had no dread
Of foes or flames as thro' them both I sped;
But when she answered, and when magnified
By death I saw her shade, and she replied,

Then my voice faltered, then blood left my veins,
As she addressed me with endearing strains:
'O whence this love, this wantonness of grief,
Husband, O ever dear? The supreme Chief
Of gods and of Olympus disallows
Creusa to accompany her spouse.
For wanderings long and weary breadths of sea,
Still separate Hesperia and thee.
Where Lydian Tiber fertilising flows
Thro' vales of promise, Fate on thee bestows
Another royal wife and sovereignty.
Weep not Creusa for—weep not for me;
My Dardan origin and wedded state,
Daughter of Venus, are inviolate:
I am not doomed the victor to obey,
Nor in captivity be led away:
Cybele, mother of the gods, upon
Mount Ida claims me, and my course is done;
Husband farewell, O love and guard our son!'
Thrice round her faultless form my arm I threw,
And thrice the shade impassive flitted through,
Like to a fleeting dream, or viewless air,
In mist she vanished, and she left me there.

The night was spent, and morning dawned when I
Rejoined my train on Ida; where my eye
Marvelled at the great concourse; where again
Matrons, and men and boys, a hapless train—
With arms and hearts prepared to follow me
To earth's extremest bounds beyond the sea.

And Lucifer on Ida's peak arose;
By daylight, I glanced back upon my foes;
The Greeks held masterdom, and aid was none;
Troy's latest hope, her destiny had run.
Then once more I resumed my sacred freight,
And sought for safety upon Ida's height."

BOOK III.

"Now that it pleased the wrathful gods on high
To crush the seat of Asian sovereignty,
Troy's towers with their bases to confound,
And level lordly Ilium to the ground,—
We called to mind the revelations given,
And bore our exile as the doom of Heaven.
Descending, then, from Ida's mountain-seat,
Antandros refuged us; we built a fleet;
Friends flocked to us; and, with first summer-gales,
Father Anchises ordered to hoist sails.
We left our native shores—a course to run,
Uncertain where to go, or what to shun;
Passed Troy's deserted port, and then reviewed
Deserted plains, where lately she had stood!
And voyaged, exiled, over pathless seas,
With household gods and greater deities.
We steered for Thrace, the land of Mars, which then
Lycurgus ruled, and trained its martial men;
With Troy associate in her happier hour,
With blended worship, and allied their power.
Thither, unblessed by fate, our course we lay;
And reared our earliest walls within a bay,
And called them Ænos; and besought the skies
For favourable aid, by sacrifice;

Unto the Dionæan Queen of Love,
Unto the King of Gods—Olympic Jove,
And unto all the exiled Gods, I bore,
The bull was sacrificed upon the shore.
A tumulus was there, where cornels made
And myrtles with dense boughs a holy shade.
I mounted it to gather wreaths of green
To deck the altars of my mother Queen.
I plucked a root; but how to tell the awe
With which the monstrous prodigy I saw—
Black drops of blood descending to the ground,
Dripping to earth;—my horror was profound!
To hush my doubts, a second stem I tore;
Again polluting flowed the stream of gore.
With troubled spirit, I to pray began
The Nymphs sylvestrian of lands Getican,
And Father Mars presiding over Thrace,
To change the omen or the sign efface.
Again I bent my knees to earth, and drew—
Should I divulge or hide the omen new?
A voice arose from the earth's hollow womb:
'Æneas, hold! nor violate my tomb;
Your pious hands are steeped in kindred blood;
This sanguine tide does not flow from the wood;
Flee from this hostile avaricious strand;
I, Polydorus, bid you flee this land!'
I answered not, for overcome with dread,
My utterance failed me, and my arm fell dead.
This Polydorus, Priam sent by stealth
From Troy beleaguered, and with heaps of wealth,

Despairing in his fates, to friendly Thrace,
Where Polymnestor ruled, of kindred race;
Who, when he saw Atrides conqueror,
And Troy succumb to fortune and to war,
He broke all ties divine with hand profane,
And for the gold was Polydorus slain.
What depths of crime and villany untold,
Will man encounter not, for sordid gold?

Descending, to my father unconcealed,
The hideous portent straightway I revealed.
The chiefs, elected by the people, shared
The horror, and with one accord declared
To quit that shore accurst, and trust the seas
And winds, than suffer portents like to these.
Therefore to Polydorus rites were paid;
We reared the tumulus, and to his shade
Altars were placed; cerulean fillets wound,
And the funereal cypress planted round.
The Trojan matrons, with dishevelled hair,
Performed accustomed rites; libating there
Warm milk from bowls and chalices of blood.
We summoned then the spirit unendued,
And hailed him thrice, and closed the sepulchre.
And then, so soon as Auster was on stir,
We loosed the sails; we wooed the welcome breeze,
And left the land and shore for friendlier seas.
An isle of beauty* stands in middle tide,
Ægæan Neptune and his Nereid bride

* Delos.

Sacred unto: it floated on the seas,
Till Delius fixed it 'midst the Cyclades.
High Gyaros and Myconè between.
We hailed the shelter of its port serene,
And town of Phœbus; from whence running down—
Wearing the fillets and the laurel crown—
King Anius, Priest and King, appeared to meet
Anchises, as a friend of old: they greet
And join their hands in sacred amity.
The old stone-structured temple fane was by;
I entered it, and prayed: 'O Thymbræé, hear!
The resting-place to Troy assigned—declare!
Escaped Achilles' wrath and Danaan hate,
Where is our resting-place assigned by Fate?
Instruct us—guide us—let thine augury,
O holy Father, say where it must be.'
Scarce was this spoken, ere the rushing sound
Shook through the temple's threshold underground.
Mount Cynthus trembled, and the moaning breeze
Sighed through the vaulted crypts and laurel trees.
We fell to earth, and heard these words in air:
'Ye hardy Dardans—to that land repair
From whence ye sprung. Your mother's fertile breast—
Your ancient mother-land—will grant you rest;
The race Æneian and its sons alone
Through long posterity shall fill the throne.'
So Phœbus spoke, joy beamed in every eye,
As all, unwitting, heard this destiny.
And each one sought a comrade's face to learn
What Phœbus meant, and where we must return.

Anchises then, racking his memory
Amidst tradition, 'Hear me, Chiefs of Troy,
From Crete our fathers came—Jove's native isle—
Crete with her hundred cities, fertile soil,
Where Ida towers; Teucer, our ancestor,
Sailed thence of old to the Rhœtean shore;
Her walls and seat of empire he chose,
Ere Ilium was, or Pergamus arose.
Cybele, too, with Corybantine rites
In the Idæan groves and vales delights;
When the yoked lions bear her from the skies,
And silent awe involves her mysteries.
The winds are fair: arise! The god commands!
Arise and let us seek the Gnossian lands.
'Tis not far hence; with Jove to speed, our fleet
Within three days shall moor on shores of Crete.'
Anchises spoke, and sacrificing slew—
Ewes, black and white, Hyems and Zephyr to;
A bull, Apollo beautiful, to thee;
A bull to Neptune, monarch of the sea.
Fame bruited that, expelled his native seat,
Idomeneus had left the shores of Crete;
And that her coasts were free, and void her reign.
We left Ortygia, bounding o'er the main
By Bacchant Naxos, by the sunny shore
Of Paros, by Antiparos we bore—
By green Donysus—threading the blue seas
So thickly scattered with the Cyclades.
Ardour unwonted prompted every hand,
'For Crete,' they shouted, 'Crete, our fatherland!'

Fair blew the breezes; billows bounding o'er,
We reached the isle and old Curetan shore.
I was full fain to land, and traced my town,
Called it Pergamea: and the old renown
Attaching to its name pleased my men well.
They hurried them, and chose them spots to dwell—
Domestic homes and citadel; ashore
We hauled the ships from sea, and lands explore.
Promoting marriages, allotting lands,
And promulgating laws. When on our bands
From fetid and contaminated air
Fell pestilence: the deadly atmosphere
Blasting the corn and trees; and Sirius
Scorching the arid plain hung over us
Refusing sustenance: man welcomed death
From famine and from pestilential breath.
Again Anchises bade me to set sail,
And reconsult the Ortygian Oracle;
Apollo to propitiate with prayer,
And supplicate the godhead to declare
What was our fate, and what our errors were.

'Twas midnight deep, and sleep her mantle cast
Over the world; when o'er me, slumbering, passed
The Phrygian gods—partners in misery,
Exiles from desolated Troy, o'er me
All manifested in the silvery flood
Of the pure light of the full moon, they stood;
And, chasing tumult from my heart, addressed:—
'We come, pursuant to the high behest

Of great Apollo and Ortygian fane,—
We, your companions on the troubled main,
'Tis ours to share your wanderings and wars,
To mould your empire, and unto the stars
To raise your offspring. Destined to be great,
Shrink not from trials pre-ordained by fate;
But now flee hence—not this the promised seat,
Apollo never indicated Crete.
Hesperia seek; so was it called of old
In Grecian style, land rich, and warriors bold,
Œnotrians dwell there; since by later fame
Italia called, from its brave leader's name;
That is thy fatherland: thence Dardanus,—
Whence Dardans sprung, and thence Iäsius
Descended are; that to Anchises tell,
And bid that troubled old man mark it well;
Seek Corytum, seek its Ausonian plain;
For Jove denies you a Dictæan reign!'
I did not slumber, but entranced I knew
Each face familiar: I rose bathed in dew,
Their sacred presence filled with awe and fear;
Invoking Heaven above, I poured forth prayer,
On every altar casting incense pure
And offerings also pure: which duty o'er,
I sought my father and divulged the whole.
The truth flashed out directly on his soul—
His self-deceit touching our native place,
The double parentage and mingled race.
'I see it all; away, my son,' he cried,
'All this—ay, all—Cassandra prophesied;

And oft Hesperia, oft Italia, broke
Forth from her lips as she, divining, spoke.
Alas! who ever heeded what she sung,
Or who believed we from Hesperia sprung?
Follow these counsels by Apollo given,
Urge Ilium's fortunes, with our trust on Heaven.'

Again upon the waters; and again
Nought met our gaze save skies and boundless main;
When gathered o'er our heads the wintry rack
Beneath the gathering cloud the wave grew black;
The breakers rolled, and dashed the foaming spray,
Cloud wrapped the sky and humid night the day,
And lightnings flashed and thunders rumbled round;
And driven from our course o'er the profound,
E'en Palinurus yielded and confessed
He knew not night from day, nor east from west.
Three starless nights, and through three rayless days
We struggled on; the fourth morn to our gaze
In cloudless unobscured effulgence broke,
Revealing land and hospitable smoke.
Down dropped the sails; we seized upon the oars,
And made through brine and foam for welcome shores.
Ionian Isles—the Strophades—they were:
Celæno dwells with the winged Harpies there;
Chased from the halls Arcadian, and forbad
Pheneïan feasts, which they polluted had.
Accursed beings; more accursed than whom,
Styx owns no monster in her hateful womb.
Birds' bodies with a virgin's face they bear,
Fetid and ravenous their stomachs are;

Their hands are talon'd—faces pale and thin—
With famine's tooth:
The port we entered in,
And saw fat herds of oxen straying free,
And goats untended browsing the rich lea.
We rushed on them with sword; then we invoked
The Gods and Jupiter—the altars smoked;
We spread our couches in the quiet bay,
And feasting on the choicest as we lay,
The troubled air resounded, and a cloud
Of the winged Harpies, with their clamours loud,
Swooped down upon our meats; the filthy hordes
With fetid claws and stench defiled the boards.
We sought a cliff remote, and in its shade
Again we roasted meats, and altars made;
Again the foe invaded our retreat—
Again polluting boards and rending meat:
Swooping from secret haunts and open skies,
They came with fetid claws and piercing cries,
Contaminating all.
With arms to chase
The next approaches of the cursed race,
We then prepared; we hid beneath the sward
Our shields and swords, and when the coming horde
Swooped on the shores again with sounding clang;
Misenus sounded, the brass signal rang,
When we uprose the battle to essay
Upon the bodies of these birds of prey.
But vain our efforts were; steel weapons fell
On feathers and on frames invulnerable.

Again they gnawed the meats and foul'd the food,
And then escaped unharmed o'er flood and wood.
But one remained; Celæno from a rock—
Ill-omened prophetess—the silence broke:
'Sons of Laomedon, and do ye dare
Assault the Harpies, like our oxen there,
And hope, unscathed, to drive them from their reign?
Hear then the words, nor think I speak in vain,
Which Jove foretold to Phœbus—he to me—
And I, the Chief of Furies, tell to thee.
Ye seek Italia, and ye shall find
The port Italian—for the winds are kind;
But ere ye build your walls, ye must atone
By famine for the wrongs which ye have done,
And gnaw and eat the boards off which ye fed;'
And on broad pinions to the woods she fled.
Torpid with very fear and doubt we stood;
Doubt sunk our spirits—fear congealed our blood—
Martial no longer—now we would appease
These birds obscene, or Stygian goddesses.
Not so Anchises, with clasped hands, my sire
Addressed his prayers to Heaven and Godheads nigher
With promised sacrifice: 'Avert,' he said,
'Ye Gods of Heaven, these curses from our head!
Protect us, O ye Powers, on whom we trust!'
Then did he bid us from those shores to thrust;
We cut the cables and we left the shore,
And Notus bulged the sails. At sea once more,
Our conduct was the pilot and the breeze.
Wooded Zacynthus loomed across the seas,

Dulichium, Samos, craggy Neritus
We passed—but fled the rocks of Ithacus—
We cursed Ulysses and Laertian reign.
Leucadia's cliff next beamed across the main—
Topped by Apollo's fane,* the seaman's dread.
And wearied, thence to a small port we sped
And dropped the anchors with the prows to sea;
So almost against hope on land were we,
And paid our vows to Jupiter with prayer;
And then, with oil anointed and limbs bare,
On Actian shores, the Iliacan games
Were celebrated, with the like acclaims
As in palæstras of their ruined Troy.
Our perils and escapes now themes of joy,
They boasted of the perils they had run,
And towns Argolican escaped, each one.
The circling sun had now fulfilled the year,
And waves by Aquilon infested were;
The hollow brazen shield and armour worn
By the great Abas—on a trophy borne
I planted there, and carved this verse thereon:
'These arms from victor Greeks, Æneas won!'
Which done, once more we launched upon the main
And ploughed the brine with brawny arms again.
Phæacia's towers aërial we passed by;
We hugged Epiran shores and mountains high,
Entered a port Chaonian, scaled the hill
Of high Buthrotus, where—incredible!—

* Mariners were cast from thence.

A rumour reached us, which soon credence gain'd,
That Helenus Priamides there reigned
Wed to Andromache, the throne upon
Of Neoptolemus, Pelides' son.
Amazed I heard the rumour; through my breast
Rushed strong desire to hear and learn the rest,
Therefore I left the port, and sought the town.
Within a grove, where Simois ran down,
Where a great feast with obsequies were paid,
Andromache invoked her Hector's shade:
Appeased his shade upon an empty tomb
And double altars—type of double doom.
As I approached, I marked Andromache;
She, with a wonder-stricken eye, saw me
Clad in my Trojan arms: pale, pale with dread
Her cheek and quivering lip, she spoke and said:
'Speak, goddess-born! is the form true, you bear;
Or art thou messenger to upper air—
Then where is Hector—where is Hector's shade?'
Echoed the grove the lamentation made.
Scarcely could I with faltering voice reply:
'I live, O royal lady!—it is I.
But ah! what lot, what hap hath fallen thee,
Widow of Hector, great Andromache?
Doth Hector still or Pyrrhus claim thee now?'
Then sunk her voice, then fell her saddened brow:
'O only happy Priameian maid,*
Whose life, a grateful country's ransom paid

* Polyxena.

A pure atoning victim to the foe;
Not forced our infamy to undergo,
Cast in a lot—the haughty victor's slave.
We sailed from fallen Troy across the wave;
We bore the youthful victor's love and scorn;
We bonds of house Æacidan have borne,
Who, when Hermione became his own
In hymenæals, with the Spartan throne,
Abandoned me: and me, abandoned, gave
To Helenus of Troy, my fellow-slave.
And then, Orestes slew him: maddened by
The Furies and his love and this defy,
Orestes slew him, as he stood beside
His country's altars, for the ravished bride.
And by the death of Neoptolemus
This portion of his realms devolved on us;
Chaonia called, from Chaon, Priam's son:
Our Pergamus is built on mountain yon!
And Iliacan citadel.
But now
O goddess-born! what winds, what fates allow
Your presence here? O tell me, and relate
What God led thee unconscious to our state,
And—doth the young Ascanius still live?
Does he draw vital breath—does he survive
The horrors of that night? how does he bear
The loss Creusa of, his mother dear!
Does ancient virtue beam upon his brow—
Like to his uncle Hector—is he now?
She spoke, repressing sorrows in their flow,
And dashing tear-drops in her joy and woe.

Then Helenus Priamides appeared
Attended by his guard; the grove he neared,
And recognised and welcomed me with joy.
Progressing, I beheld a second Troy
And mimic Pergamus—there Xanthus raced;
Another Scæan gate, and I embraced
Its portal posts as I the threshold passed.
The King received us in a palace vast,
And welcomed us, and then we, as of old,
Ate meat, and Bacchus drank from cups of gold.

So sped another and another day.
Bland breezes wooed us to resume the way—
I sought, and thus addressed the Royal Seer:
'O Trojan-born! the Gods' interpreter,
To whom are Phœban oracles revealed
From tripod, Clarian bays, and starry field,
And voice and flight of birds—our lot declare,
And what our future woes and labours are;
For hitherto, in turn, each deity
Has promised empire with prosperity,
Except Celæno—she, our Harpy foe
Denouncing wrath, with prodigies and woe
And rabid famine: teach us how to shun
Celæno's curse, and in what course to run.'
Then royal Helenus the victims chose,
Implored the will of Heaven, and arose;
Unbound the fillets from his brows, and trod
The threshold, with me trembling, of his God.
Then opened his divining lips, and said:
'O goddess-born! thy lot is plainly read.

Fate and the King of Gods have ratified
The auspices which hitherto thee guide.
Thy path is very manifest; but still
Chequered, as mortal path, with good and ill.
But of the perils to be overcome,
Ere you may win Ausonia, there are some
I may divulge: some few I may reveal—
Fate and Saturnian Juno—some conceal.
Be undeceived; your realm Italian lies
Far distant hence; discard your reveries
Of seizing on the first port you may gain;
Long labours intervene, by land and main;
Trinacria's billows and Ausonian waves,
And Lake Infernal, and the sea which laves
Circe's Ææan Isle; or ere you foil
Your adverse fates, and find release from toil.
Now, mark my words, and store them in your mind;
When on the margin of the flood you find
A mighty sow beneath the ilex shade,
White, and recumbent; and about her laid
Her thirty milk-white farrow draining her—
That is the promised land thy Fates confer.
Celæno's curse of famine, do not fear;
Fate will annul it: Phœbus will be near.
And flee the land Italian opposite
To these our shores: there Grecians dwell in might.
There have the Locrians built Naricium's walls,
Idomeneus, Salentinum installs,
And Philoctetes in Petilia reigns,
And sorrows for his Melibœan plains.

His gifts of gold and ivory, and mass
Of solid silver, Dodonæan brass;
And arms of Neoptolemus—the coat
Of triple mail of gold—the helm of note
Of crested cone; horses and ample stores
Of warlike arms, and mariners and oars.
Meantime Anchises bade unloose the sails,
Nor lose the conduct of the favouring gales.
To him departing spoke Apollo's priest:
'Anchises, in the care of Heaven blest,
As blest in thine espousals—who hast been
Beloved by Venus—and who twice hast seen
Ruin of Pergamus, and its fall survive:
The land Ausonian where thou wilt arrive
Is not the promised shore—do not land there.
Altho' across these seas behoves to steer,
Your promised land Ausonian is afar,
Apollo will disclose it and unbar;
The breezes summon, why should I delay
You and your pious son upon your way.'
Nor with less grief did fair Andromache
Present her gifts of price: and laden she
Offered her pictured vests of golden thread,
And Phrygian chlamys—as she fondly said,
Not wishing in her gifts to be outdone,
Addressing young Ascanius—'My son,
Accept from me these labours of my hands.
May you, Ascanius, in far distant lands
And after years, recall to memory
Hector's surviving wife, Andromache.

O bright resemblance of my son—I view
My lost Astyanax again in you:
Such was his face and bearing, such would be
His equal years, had he been spared to me.'
And from my eyes the tears unbidden fell,
As slowly parting I pronounced farewell:
'Farewell my friends, whose fortunes finish here,
Nor daily doubts nor nightly rising care,
Nor lands Ausonian which your grasp elude,
Nor wearying trackless path o'er ocean rude.
Here in repose and rest, do ye enjoy
Your mimic Xanthus, your rebuilded Troy,
With happy auspices and free from foes—
And I if Fate accord me hoped repose,
If upon Tybris and its promised plain
I may establish my wrecked state again;
Then will I call to mind our brotherhood,
Our common ancestor and common blood,
And be it ours and our descendants' pains,
To link Epiran and Hesperian reigns.

Again we sailed—the mount Ceraunia rose
Across the way our passage to oppose,
Marking the point of crossing on the way.
The sun rolled down, the mountain peaks grew grey,
And disappeared: the lots were cast, and those
By lot exempt on solid earth repose.
But ere one half the hours of night were sped,
The hardy Palinurus left his bed,
Explored the breezes whispering on high,
And constellations of the silent sky;

Arcturus, Hyades, Triones twain,
Orion belted with his golden chain—
But all serene the heavens and the air:
Then blazed upon the poop the signal clear,
We rose and sailed.
And when Aurora's light
Dimmed stars eclipsed—uprose upon our sight
Blue level land: Achates spying first,
Shouted Italia: followed by a burst
Of joy and clamour, echoing the sound.
Achates rose, a bowl he filled, and bound
With festal wreath, and the great gods hailed he
High mounted on the poop:
'Gods of the land and sea,
Controlling storms, O speed us on our way.'
The favouring breezes blew—we neared a bay
With, on a hill behind, Minerva's fane;
Down dropped the sails—we lashed to shore again.
That port is barred from the Eöan wave,
Against a barrier rock the waters rave,
Itself lies hidden, rock-embayed it lies,
And in the port the temple's roofs arise.
Here the first omen happened—coursers stood—
Four snowy coursers cropping flowery food
On the broad plain: 'O hospitable shore!'
Anchises cried, 'What bodes thy omen?—war!
The steed is armed for fight; but it is true
He bears the yoke and draws the chariot too:
I trust in peace,' he said.

We adored
The arm-resounding Pallas—and implored
Her aid benignant, whose divinity
Was first to greet us from the fane on high.
And rites to Argive Juno then we paid.
Then first our heads the Phrygian mantles shade,
Remembering Helenus: and the rites o'er
We hoisted sail and left the doubtful shore,
The realm of Greeks: and passed Tarentum's bay,
Deep in the gulf the towers Herculean lay,
If fame speak truly: then across the main
Greeted our eyes Juno's Lacinian fane
And Caulon's towers, and Scylacæum feared
For frequent wrecks. Then o'er the wave appeared
Trinacrian Ætna: then we heard afar
Roaring of waters, elemental war
Of winds and waves, the very breakers rolled
Impure with yellow sand. 'Hold, comrades, hold,
Charybdis 'tis, by Helenus foretold!'
Father Anchises cried; 'these are the cloven shores
And rugged rocks—now, comrades, to your oars,
And snatch us forth from fate.' To hear, obey,
We seized the oars and bore aloof away,
The gale assisting: Palinurus led,
His creaking prow the breakers buffeted,
We followed as he led; our galleys rose
And plunged again—three times the deeps disclose
Unto our eyes their rocks and echoing caves,
And over canopied our heads with waves.

Then sunk the sun and lulled the evening air,
We made the shore unwitting where we were;
The shores Cyclopean: found a port secure,
Sheltered and vast—but Ætna soaring o'er
Thundered down ruin. A murky canopy
Of issuing smoke arising blots the sky,
Thro' the black turmoil globes of flame aspire,
And liquid masses of candescent fire,
Stone liquified by heat, and fragments vast
Of shattered rock—its riven entrails—cast
With groans explosive from its fiery womb.
Tradition states, Enceladus o'ercome,
And half-consumed by fire supernal, lies
Vanquished and prisoned there: he strives to rise
When Ætna from the base to summit rends,
And the immortal fire, freed, ascends,
Trinacria trembling.
Sheltered by forest trees
We passed the night, frighted by prodigies,
Unwitting of their cause: the hours lagged on,
No kindly star, no beam from heaven shone,
But mist untimely the whole vault obscured
And its pale wanderer. When Eöus soared,
And bright Aurora chased the dews of night,
A mortal being rushed upon our sight,
Tattered in garb, emaciated, wan—
Scarce could we recognise the form of man—
Extending suppliant hands.
Filthy, unshorn,
His tattered garb together tagged with thorn,

Yet evidently Greek, and truly one
Who fought 'gainst Troy ere Troy her course had run.
And he discerning then our Trojan arms
And Dardan vestments, viewed us with alarms,
'Twas but a moment's pause, he hurried near
And passionately cried—'By vital air,
By stars and Gods of heaven, I implore,
O Trojans bear me hence, I ask no more,
Bear me but hence. 'Tis true a Greek am I,
And fought 'gainst Troy, in arms your enemy.
If that offence be pardonless, then cast
Me living in yon main, in waters vast—
So that I perish humanly 'twill please
Me humanly to die.' Then he embraced my knees,
And clung embracing them: Anchises broke
The pause with plighted hand. Again he spoke,
Now reassured, and answered our demands
As to his home and country, race and lands.
'I am an Ithacan, and in the train
Of the ill-starred Ulysses crossed the main,
And Achemenides my name. My sire
Was Adamastus; 'twas not martial fire,
But poverty that caused him send his boy—
Would it had not been so—to wars of Troy.
Fleeing the Cyclops' den—thoughtless thro' fear
My comrades fled away and left me here,
Bewildered in recesses of the den.
Clotted with blood, clotted with blood of men,
How dreadful, vast, and dark its ample floor;
And he its monster lord begrimed with gore.

O Gods of Heaven! that curse of earth annul,
Odious to sight, to hearing horrible,
Feeding on human flesh and drinking blood.
I saw him, I, as horror-struck I stood,
Seize upon comrades two, and dash their brains
Against the rock—so that their blood distains
The threshold now—and then with bloody maw,
Supinely stretched the while and champing jaw—
Not unavenged: unused Ulysses is
To suffer scathe to followers of his.
Glutted and drunken the brute lay supine,
And floods of undigested flesh and wine
Sleeping he vomited—the whilst the Gods we prayed,
And lots were cast, nor was revenge delayed;
We stood around and simultaneously
Struck, and forced round the weapon in his eye,
His only eye, which in his forehead lay
Big as a Grecian shield—or as yon orb of day.
Thus—thus did we avenge our comrades slain.
But, heedless men, away, on to the main,
As Polyphemus huge and vast as he,
A hundred Cyclop shepherds wander free
About this island and these shores, and fold
Their flocks in mountains high and caverned hold.
The moon has three times filled her horns, whilst I
With beasts of prey lived thus promiscuously,
Berries and roots my only food and stay;
Skulking in their deserted lairs I lay,
And trembled as I heard the passing feet
Of the fell Cyclops: then I saw your fleet;

Little recked I whether of foe or friend,
I only knew my stay here at an end;
I only knew death better than to draw
Prolonged existence here.'
He ceased, and lo! we saw
Him, Polyphemus; on a brow he stood,
And followed the known pathway to the flood:
A monster truly—huge, deformed, and blind—
With pine tree in his grasp he groped to find
The trodden way, he walked his flock among
His only solace—save the pipe which hung
Down from his neck.
He reached the wave and washed
His gushing eye-ball—but his teeth he gnashed
With agony: he strode into the main,
Not half immersed his giant bulk. Again
We sought to flee: the friendly Greek we pray
Us to accompany—and stole away,
Cut every cord that moored the ships to shore,
And made for sea. He heard the sounding oar,
Followed the sound, swooping each giant limb,
Till the deep wave Ionian baffled him.
Then rose his horrid cry—the smitten waves
Trembled beneath the sound; and Ætna's caves
And shores Italian echoed to his cries.
The race Cyclopian heard: from fastnesses
They rushed and lined the shore. A multitude
Terrific-eyed th' Ætnæan brothers stood,
High as in sacred groves the holy trees,
The oaks of Jove and Dian's cypresses.

Precipitate by fear, we hoisted sail,
And took advantage of the present gale;
And, mindless then of Helenus, we bore
For Scylla and Charybdis; for the shore,
Where on each hand death threats with equal fate.
Then we perceived our error, ere too late,
For from the narrow straits Peloran, rose
The friendly Boreas, sent us, to oppose.
Bounding o'er waters we retracked the way,
Pantagia's mouths by, and Megarean bay,
And Tapsan promontory. Achemenides
Named in their order these localities,
Which with Ulysses he had passed before—
Marshy Plemmyrium, and isle which bore
Of old the name, Ortygia: island where
We landed and made sacrifice; for there—
Elis contemned, Alphëus, Grecians say
Beneath the sea pursued his hidden way;
And to thy fountain, Arethusa, led
Mingles his wave in thy Siculian bed.
Those local powers adored, we sailed again,
And past Helorus and its flooded plain,
And bounding on with a still prosperous breeze,
Rounded Pachynus into Libyan seas;
Saw Camarina's fate-defended town
And fields Geloan; Gela gushing down
Confers the name upon the fruitful plain.
And next for coursers famed, loomed o'er the main
High Agragas, with its huge length of wall.
Next by Selinus and its palm-trees tall,

And Lilybæan hidden reefs, unto
Drepanum's port upon its coast untrue.
And here by travel overcome, and worn
By woes and labours he for us had borne,
We lost Anchises—danger in and care
My guide and counsellor. We lost you there,
O noblest Father! long, long spared to us,
In dangers imminent.
How was't that Helenus,
How was it that Celæno, when she cursed
Predicting woe to come, forgot the worst
And last of woes? Our voyage ended there,
Save when benignant gods impelled us here."

Æneas ceased—attentive all had sate,
Whilst he, the will of Heaven and doom of fate,
Their perils and their wanderings disclosed:
Then on his couch reclining he reposed.

BOOK IV.

Not so the Queen, not so the hapless Queen;
She fed within her breast a flame unseen—
Love in her wounded bosom fed his pyre,
And scorched the veins with immaterial fire,
And banished rest and to delirious thought
His deeds heroic, birth celestial, brought.
Or ere Aurora chased nocturnal dews,
She by her sister's bed the theme pursues.
"My sister Anna, dreams disturb my rest,
Dreams of our unknown but our godlike guest,
His martial bearing, courage, fortitude,
Sprung from high heaven he is by Heaven endued.
I doubt it not—could mortal man endure
Such woe, calamity, and wasting war.
But that I am resolved—immutably,
Never again to bind the nuptial tie,
Since death my first love and first hopes deceived;
And that I hate—so cruelly bereaved—
Nuptials and nuptial rites, he might, I own,
Have feelings raised I ever should bemoan.
For, O dear sister—since Sichæus died,
Unhappy husband! and foul fratricide
Stained our domestic hearth, this man alone
(Love, thine unconquered influence I own)

Has swayed my mood or fixed my wandering soul.
But Father! Jove! O let thy thunders roll,
Doom me to Erebus and deepest night,
Smite me to pallid shades from heaven's light,
Before I fail in female modesty,
Or its eternal principles deny:
Ah, no, the troth and maiden faith I gave
He still shall hold—they slumber in his grave."

And her tears fell whilst Anna thus replied,
" O sister, dearer than the morning's pride,
Dost thou still pass the silent hours in woe
Nor bridal blessings, joys maternal know;
And dost thou, by such vain denials, trust
To soothe the shade and please sepulchred dust?
Well, be it so; still is thy bitter grief
All unsubdued; still doth each warlike chief,
Tyrian or Libyan, woo and sue in vain;
Still doth Iarbas smart 'neath thy disdain;
And wilt thou yet spontaneous love oppose,
Or dost thou still despise surrounding foes?
Behold our realm—girt in its narrow bounds
Betwixt Numidian and Getulian grounds,
Races unbridled and unmatched in war;
And for retreat, do not the deserts bar,
Or Syrtes with inhospitable coast,
Or yet beyond, Barcæa threatening most.
Or dost thou never dream of war from Tyre,
Or rage fraternal—Sister! O be sure

Auspicious Gods and favouring Juno sent
To our relief this Trojan armament;
So that, with them allied, thou may'st sustain
The unfirm glory of thy town and reign;
From whence what empire and what future fame,
For Trojan arms and for our Punic name.
Be first with prayer the deities addressed,
Then seek occasion to detain the guest,
Until Orion and the winter rise,
And waves oppose him and tempestuous skies."
How soon, alas! may sophistry inflame
The mind that loves—regardless when of fame,
Doubt yields to hope and passion chases shame.

They entered then the precincts to prepare,
The holy rites with sacrifice and prayer.
Victims, selected as ordained, they slay
To Ceres—fount of laws, the God of day,
Father Lyæus, and to Heaven's queen,
Who hallows and who binds the nuptial chain,
With chalice in her hand fair Dido stood,
The victim libating in anxious mood—
The milk-white cow—and circling midst the fanes,
Renewed the offerings and fed the flames;
Or viewed the entrails with abstracted eyes,
Interpreting the bleeding sacrifice.
O priestly ignorance and science vain!
What power o'er love hath vow or holy fane?
The insidious passion grapples to the soul
And reigns despotic—mocking such control.

Unhappy Dido burns and wanders through
The city raving—so the wounded doe,
Struck by the Cretan shepherd's random shaft,
Bursts thro' the glade and o'er the mountain path,
Passes the woods, the floods, the boundless heath,
Yet carries in her side the feathered death.
So Dido fares—she leads the Trojan round
The ramparts circle and the city's bound,
Her empire and Sidonian wealth displays,
And falters in the speech which she essays;
And when the day is done and the feast o'er,
Again she asks to hear the Trojan war,
And woes encountered since—entranced she hears,
And madly lists with fascinated ears:
And when the moon uprears her silvery crest,
And circling stars call mortals unto rest,
Lingering in the deserted hall she strays,
And communes with her love in reveries;
Or oft Ascanius to her heart she strains,
Him, image of his sire, she detains
In the fond hope to quell her bosom's pains.
  Meantime the port and towers delayed to rise,
Whose promised bulwarks mated with the skies;
No youthful bands there exercising were,
No muniments betokened guardian care.

Indignantly, the cherished wife of Jove
Beheld her royal votaress sunk in love.
Then sought she Cythereia and addressed;
"And have celestials twain one dame oppressed

By force and fraud? what honour have they won,
What ample spoil—you and your wayward son!
I know the cause; 'tis Carthage—loved by me,
Her future empire and supremacy.
But shall our jealous rivalry ne'er cease?
Let Hymenæals and a lasting peace
End it for aye—'tis done what you desired,
The doting Queen with quenchless flame is fired;
Now grant the Phrygian husband, I'll endow
The bride, and Tyrian empire I bestow;
In common let their future incense rise,
And own us both as guardian Deities."
And Venus, who discerned the secret lure
To win the tide of empire from her shore,
Replied—"O Goddess—the expediency
Who can deny, of proffered peace with thee.
But will this be permitted by above?
Will Fate allow it—or Imperial Jove
Confound the Tyrian and Trojan claim
In common treaties and a common name?
His wife, to ask it is permitted thee:
If he assent, command and I obey."
"That be my task," Saturnia replied,
"And now to tell you how I will provide.
When Titan to to-morrow's dawn gives birth,
Æneas and the love-sick Queen go forth
To draw the coverts of the mountain side.
From shelter far whilst in the wilds they ride,
Whilst the horn sounds and whilst the toils they ply,
Darkness and storm shall gather in the sky,

Thunder and deluge break upon the plain,
And scattered horse and horseman flee amain.
One cavern shall receive the royal pair,
The Trojan Chief and Queen—I will be there—
If you consent, and in connubial bands
Will join their hearts, Hymen shall join their hands."
  Nodding assent, glad Cythereia smiled
To see her dreaded rival self-beguiled.

Aurora meantime rose above the main;
The chosen youth then issued to the plain,
With toils and hunting spears, and crowds surround
The horse Massylian and the deep-mouthed hound.
They all attend—the Queen appears not yet,
Her ambling jennet champs his foaming bit,
Vain of his trappings: Tyrian nobles wait—
And now she comes in all the pomp of state;
Her mantle's fold Sidonian art displayed,
Her vest with gold and purple was arrayed,
Golden her quiver—wreaths of gold confined
Her knotted tresses struggling in the wind.
  Iülus there his Phrygian troop commands,
And there Æneas joined the assembled bands.
  As when Apollo leaves the Lycian coast,
Or banks of foaming Xanthus, white in frost;
When to his native Delos he repairs,
Renews the dances and installs the choirs
Of congregated nations, and presides
O'er the assembled crowds of votaries;

With shafts resounding he on Cynthus stands,
And in his flowing locks with golden bands,
Wreathes Daphne: so Æneas trod,
Nothing inferior to the Delian God.

And now they mountain fastnesses invade,
They pierce the thickets and they thread the glade;
The startled goat sprung to his rocks again,
The frighted deer scud o'er the dusty plain;
In the mid vales Ascanius spurred his steed,
Or o'er the turfy lawns provoked his speed,
Hoping a tawny lion for his foe,
Or grisly boar descending there—when lo!
The lightning flashed, the rumbling thunder spread,
The rattling hailstorm burst above their head;
Down, down the mountain torrents gushed amain,
The scattered horsemen fled across the plain,
Alike for shelter man and beast rushed prest,
The Tyrian noble and the Trojan guest.
One cave received the Trojan Chief and Queen—
Tellus and nuptial Juno gave the sign—
The conscious ether flashed attesting fires,
Wood nymphs around supplied the nuptial choirs—
From that sad day, first cause of death and woe,
No more suspense or fear did Dido know,
No longer dread the trumpet tongue of Fame,
But called it marriage, brazening her shame.

Then, thro' the mighty cities Libyan
Fame, hateful pest, her swift career began;

Fame, still the speediest of human woes,
Strengthens progressing and progressing grows.
How mean at first—how soon with pinions spread,
She treads on earth and clouds involve her head.
  Of Cœus and Enceladus, 'tis sung,
Last sister scion of the race she sprung—
That Terra, in revenge against the sky,
Produced her, the last Titan progeny.
Monstrous and huge and dread, with pinions dight
To speed her swift career and baneful flight;
Her body plumed, and every plume beneath
With lurking eyes and ears and vocal breath;
No pleasing sleep declines upon those eyes,
She shrieks 'midst darkness and by night she flies;
Watchful by day some city's height she gains,
Affrights its people and her post maintains,
Greedy alike to gather and retail,
Scandal and malice, as truths to detail.
Thence facts and fictions she proclaims aloud,
And joys to see them swallowed by the crowd.
  The filthy power now exaggerates,
And, as she speeds her baneful flight, relates
Æneas—Trojan born—a wanderer,
Imperial Dido weds, to share with her
The throne of Carthage; that her royal trust
And regal state were sacrificed to lust.
  Straightway to King Iärbas she repaired,
And fired his anger and his passions seared.
He sprung from Ammon, by a nymph on plains
Of Garamantis, to his sire complains,

To him a hundred altars flamed abroad,
A hundred sacred sentries kept the ward
And fed eternal fires; fat was the ground
With votive blood, and wreaths the altars bound.
Amidst his country's deities he stood,
Spread forth his hands and thus in bitterest mood
Of wounded pride his Father he addressed:
"O Jove, omnipotent—if when they feast,
The Moorish nations own thy Deity,
And libate ruddy wine in floods to thee,
Why dost thou suffer this? or are, O sire,
Are thy dread lightnings mere impassive fire,
And are thy thunders vibrating around,
Quelling our fearful souls, as empty sound?
An exiled woman wanders to our strand,
We give her refuge and we sell her land;
She builds a little town, we grant her fields,
She owns our laws, obedience to them yields,
And now, my hand rejected with disdain,
Associates Æneas in her reign—
And, with effeminate and chambering crew,
Mæonian mitraed—locks distilling dew—
This second Paris carries it, whilst we
Vainly invoke thy careless Deity."

The Thunderer heard the suppliant complain,
With hands displayed upon his holy fane;
Then cast his gaze o'er Carthage, marking there,
Absorbed in lawless love, the guilty pair.

Cyllenius he dismissed with his command,
"Arise my son—call Zephyr—take your wand;
Straightway to Tyrian Carthage make repair,
Ingloriously the Trojan lingers there,
Oblivious to his future destiny
And promised Empire—tell him this from me:
That not for this did Venus interpose,
And twice redeem his life from Grecian foes;
That Fate assigns him higher destinies,
From Teucrian blood the Italian name to raise,
Extended rule o'er all the world to bear,
Of mighty Empire and resistless war.
That if his soul be dead to boons like these,
If love of arms succumb to love of ease,
Bid him beware the sire wrong not the son,
Nor stay Ascanius from the Roman throne—
What hope fallacious binds him in her bands,
Hiding Ausonian and Lavinian lands?
Go, bid him sail! my messenger away!"
  The ready power defers not to obey;
Golden talaria to his feet he binds,
Whose rapid flight outstrips the rapid winds;
Assumes the rod, which on the dreary coasts
Of Orcus quells the disembodied ghosts,
Emancipating those, compelling these
To deeper depths, profounder miseries;
Slumber which gives and slumber which denies,
And to immortal life uncloses mortal eyes.
Chasing the clouds, with these he urged his flight
To mighty Atlas propping heaven's height,

Whose head the winds and justling storm surround,
Whose pine-clad sides with pitchy cloud are bound;
Icy whose head, whose shoulders snow-clad hide,
From whence impetuous torrents gush and glide.
There first Cyllenius paused in his career,
On confines of Numidia; and there
As darts the headlong osprey for his food,
Precipitate or skims the finny flood,
He stooped resistless, to the Libyan shore,
Deserting his maternal ancestor.*

Amidst the Libyan huts Æneas sate,
Devising citadels and streets of state;
His jasper-studded sword beside him hung,
And o'er his shoulders negligently flung—
Proof of the Queen's munificence and skill,
Her work and gift—the robe imperial.
Confronting him, Cyllenius began,
"Alas! what do you here, uxorious man!
You construct Carthage—build another's town,
Blind to your fates—neglectful of your own.
From high Olympus, and from him I come,
Who to the world pronounces weal or doom,
By him commissioned, I the mandate bear:
What blind infatuation holds you here?
If your base soul be dead to glory's name,
If love of ease exceed the love of fame,
Beware—mar not the fortunes of your son:
Ausonian Empire and the Roman throne

* Atlas, father of Maia.

To him and to the Julian race, are due,"
He said, and vanished in etherial blue.

Æneas stricken stood in silent fear,
His utterance failed him—bristling rose his hair;
Unnerved and overpowered by the command,
He turns to flee from this seductive land.
But how? The Tyrian Queen, how may he dare
Meet her reproaches and her passion bear,
Or how their mutual misery reveal,
Or how the inevitable lot conceal?
Thus by conflicting doubt and passion tossed,
He called the chosen leaders of the host,—
Mnestheus, Sergestus, and Cloanthus bold,—
And bade them rig the fleet and store each hold
For flight, not openly, but pretexts feign.
And for himself, to soothe the pang of pain,
He trusts the while, some chance may intervene
To break the doom unto the cherished Queen;
And she submissively own Heaven's decree.
Gladly they hurried to prepare for sea.

But Dido first (so quick are lovers' eyes),
The fraud detected and the deep disguise,
In weal solicitous—whilst impious Fame
Brought tidings fraught with terror and with shame;
Then wild of mood she roamed the city through,
So Thyas raves when on Cithæron's brow,
She heads the orgies, shakes her ivied rod,
Shouts with the Bacchante crew and owns her midnight God.

"By flight clandestine, base ungrateful man!
Would you depart?"—e'en so her plaint began;
"By flight clandestine, in despite of faith
Of love—of my inevitable death?
What now, whilst wintry winds and seas prevail,
Now will you loose your vessels to the gale,
For foreign shores and homes unknown? Ah! no,
Not Troy could tempt, if ancient Troy stood now,
Such doubtful voyage o'er the billowy sea.
Cruel! is't I whom—is it I—you flee?
Oh, by these unrestricted tears that flow,
By rites connubial—hymenæal vow;
If ever I have well deserved—if ere
My deep affection unto you was dear,
Now end this anguish—quit this base design,
And still uphold my falling house and line.
For you surrounding nations are my foes,
Numidian kings and Libyan powers oppose,
My Tyrians grieve, and wheresoe'er my name
Is bruited, it is blighted, too, by Fame.
Thus must I fall and die—O refuged guest!
Husband no more—this name befits you best.
Or must I live to see Pygmalion's hands
Level my walls and harrying my lands,
Or live Iarbas of, the captive prize?
At least—or ere you sail, some holier ties,
Some young Æneas, joyous in my hall,
By whom his father's face I might recall,
Should be bequeathed, nor leave me to a fate
Abandoned utterly and desolate."

He, steadfastly, Jove's admonitions held,
And with stern resolution love repelled,
As he replied—"I never can deny,
O Queen, thy worth or generosity;
And ever, whilst my spirit rules this frame,
Will gratefully pronounce Elissa's name.
Then hear me a few words. Clandestine flight,
Ne'er did I meditate by day or night;
But neither can I own a husband's name,
Or the high duties of such sacred claim;
For were I only free to choose my lot,
If Heaven and partial Fate refused it not,
Choice would impel me to the Trojan shore,
Her towers to rebuild—her fanes restore.
But now Grynæan oracles command,
And Lycian Phœbus points, Italia's land;
There is our country, there our destined home.
And have not you, Phœnician, hither come,
Rise not your towers upon this Libyan shore,
What seek the Trojans from Ausonia more?
Oft as the night o'er earth casts sable shades,
So oft in dreams, my father's ghost upbraids;
Oft as I view Ascanius, I own
My vacillation and his destined throne.
And now, attest it truth! sent from above,
Cyllenius bore the dread reproof of Jove;
The God I saw, too manifest, in air,
His condemnation vibrates on my ear;
Cease then, nor rack our spirits by reply:
I do not seek Italia willingly."

Silent, with erring gaze the whilst he spoke,
She stood—till forth indignant accents broke:
"Nor goddess-born nor sprung of Dardan blood,
But tigresses supplied thine early food,
Nursling of Caucasus—'twas he endued
Thy flinty nature and unyielding mood.
Why, why disguise my fate! what ills appear
That he will offer and that I must bear.
Does he relent—do signs of pity start
The sigh or tear of a relenting heart.
To hope is futile—now ye Powers above,
Thou Juno see'st it—thou Saturnian Jove,
Heaven is unjust—on nought may faith rely:
Needy and wrecked, and destitute, 'twas I
His fleet collected, fed his famished train,
And raised the pirate, partner in my reign.
And now the Lycian oracle, and now
The Delian deity oppose his vow,
And now from Jove himself doth Hermes bear
Th' unholy mandate thro' yon azure air;
Truly 'tis worthy matter of debate
For godlike counsels and impartial fate!
I hold thee not—nor contradict thy words.
Go, try thro' winds what Latium affords,
Go, seek the promised reign o'er faithless seas,
Go, tempt thy fate—for if the Deities
Yet justly rule, abandoned on the sea,
Dido shalt thou invoke repentantly;
And she, invoked, appear begirt with flame;
For when cold death shall part her soul and frame,

Her angry ghost shall ever haunt thy path,
Until thou quail beneath Elissa's wrath.
And Fame the tidings shall bear down below,
And her sad spirit be relieved in woe."
Pale, she abruptly ceased, and turned to fly,
He speechless stood attempting to reply ;
The ready maidens caught her sinking head,
And laid their mistress on her marble bed.

So when the Prince beheld his purpose fail,
Nor reason soothe, nor piety avail,
Groaning and wrestling with his inward love,
He turned to execute the will of Jove.
Meantime the energetic Trojans haste,
Collecting oars and masts from forest waste,
Studious of flight—their vessels resined o'er,
Float on the sea or lie along the shore.
Coming and going them might you behold,
As when perceptful of the coming cold
The frugal emmets pile their wintry grain,
The sable restless brethren scour the plain,
Some thro' the narrow pathways drag their prey,
Some heave behind and others clear the way,
And some direct and some the lags chastise,
Whilst all pursue the common enterprise.
But royal Dido—how shall words impart
The throbbings of thy desolated heart,
When from thy citadel that fervent roar
Of tongues thou heard'st, and viewd'st that crowded shore.

Unholy Love, whose bosom dost thou spare,
What counsels profferest unto despair?
Again to trust to tears—again to try
The power of prayer and of humility—
Wretched expedients, doomed by thee and fate.
"Anna, thou seest how they congregate,
All is prepared and the wind wooing breathes,
The joyful sailors fix the votive wreaths.
Nay, sister, nay—my boding mind before
Was warned of this, and this it can endure.
Yet, Anna, in one last essay aid me;
The Trojan still esteems—confides in thee,
Thou best can'st influence his breast; then go
And supplicate for me, this haughty foe.
I never leagued at Aulis to destroy,
No fleet of mine was federal 'gainst Troy,
No deed of mine disturbs Anchises' dust.
Whence then—O ask him, whence is his distrust,
Why doth he shun me, wherefore doth deny
An interview, and whither doth he fly?
Then urge a lover's poor and last request,
For kindlier skies more favouring winds to rest.
The nuptials he denies, I do not strain,
Nor urge obstructions to his Latin reign;
I ask a little time, to calm my woe
And teach my humbled mind to bear this blow;
And add, dear sister, add—what soon must be—
My death will supervene to set him free."
Such was the message weeping Anna bore,
Vainly reiterated, o'er and o'er;

No human sounds nor human woes can move,
When fates oppose and ears are closed by Jove.
So when the mountain blasts invade the oak,
That forest king sustains the weight unbroke,
Headlong they drive and bellowing amain,
Strip off his foliage and strew the plain;
Firmly he stands—for as his boughs ascend,
So do his roots to Tartarus descend.
So, even so, the hero's heart assailed
By Anna's passion and her tears had failed,
But that the mind deep rooted more availed.

Affrighted by these ills and destiny,
Imperial Dido loathed the light of day;
The wish for death the more and more prevailed,
As in her sight her votive offerings failed.
She saw, her offerings on the fragrant pyre,
The pure libations blackening expire;
And, to herself alone revealed, the flood
Of wine libated curdled into blood.
Appalling facts—in her desponding mind,
To silence and oblivion consigned.
Besides a marble temple to her lord
Stood in the court, religiously adored,
With festal wreaths and snowy fillets wound;
There in the dead of night the boding sound—
Words, in her husband's voice, she thought she heard—
What time the screeching and funereal bird,
Emerging from the gloom, prolongs its cries—
These and repeated threatening prophecies

Quell with predictions dire. Sleep and rest
Ruthless Æneas chases from her breast;
In dreams he frights her, as alone she strays
Deserted, through interminable ways,
Or over boundless plains casts her affrighted gaze.
So Pentheus fares by the Eumenides,
Bewildered with twin suns and double Thebes;
So on the Grecian stage Orestes flies,
Still on his dreadful mother turns his eyes,
The Furies bar the way and urge his destinies:

So Dido, smitten irremediably,
Then meditates the time and means to die;
And, well dissembling, greets her sister now—
Joy in her eye, hope beaming on her brow—
"My dearest sister, now the way I see
Him to reclaim, or else myself to free;
Beneath the setting sun—in ocean far—
In the extreme of Ethiopia,
Where mighty Atlas on his shoulders bears
The heavens above and sways the starry spheres,—
The Priestess once I knew, who there presides
Over the fane of the Hesperides;
She feeds its guardian Dragon, and she quells
His jealous vigilance with opiate spells;
She can absolve from woe, inflict with cares,
Arrest the course of streams and stars and spheres;
Summoned by her, at midnight, spirits rise;
She shakes the earth, and thunders in the skies.

Sister, by thy dear head I swear that I
Unwillingly resort to sorcery.
But Anna, build me secretly a pyre
Within the palace-courts, for sacred fire;
And thither carry each memorial—
Arms by the traitor left upon the wall;
Take every garment, take the nuptial bed
On which I fell, unrighteously misled—
Abolish, as the Priestess doth ordain,
Memorials of the man on holy fane."
She ceased, and ceasing, her brow pallid grew;
But Anna deemed such rites to sorrow due;
Such, when Sichæus died, were duly paid;
Such and no more she thought them, so obeyed.

Of pine and oak, in open air to fire,
Within the palace-courts they build the pyre;
With fatal meaning, this the Queen arrays
With wreaths funereal, as for obsequies.
On it she places each memorial, while
The sword and image crown the fatal pile.
'Midst altars blazing round, the Priestess there
Entered inspired, with dishevelled hair;
And thrice invoked the hundred Gods below,
Chaos and Erebus—thrice Dian so,
As triple Hecatê, whilst waters flow
Feignèd from Avernus; and rank simples reaped
With brazen sickles, at new moon, besteeped
In black envenomed gum: the magic mole
Wrenched from the forehead of a new-born foal,

Banning the mother's love. And there is seen
With salted leaven in her palms, the Queen:
Amidst the altars trails her pall unbound,
One naked foot, unsandled, treads the ground—
Subdued—prepared to die—she supplicates
The Gods and Planets privy to her fates;
And if some Deity, more just, allays
Love unrequited, unto him she prays.

It was the night, and weary mortals close
Their eyes in sleep, their spirits in repose.
All 'neath the skies to its benignance yields;
The tenants of the woods, the floods, the fields;
The plain and grove are silent as the flight
Of circling stars; beneath the placid night,
In slumber lapped, the passions cease to jar,
And for a while man's heart forgets its war.
All, save Phœnissa's—her o'erlaboured soul
Yields not to its beneficent control;
Passions and miseries alike oppress,
Nor night nor silence brings forgetfulness,
But thoughts tumultuous pass, as love and wrath
Wrestle her heart within, and prompt its path:—
"Alas! what now, what course may I pursue—
Shall I to my rejected suitors sue,
And suppliant woo Numidian chiefs again,
Whose former suits I treated with disdain?
Or shall I join the Trojan fleet and flee,
And bow me to his owned authority?

Alas, what then? Say, do his actions prove
Indicative of gratitude or love!
Ah, nay! in him and in the race I see,
Revived, Laomedontian perjury.
Whilst, whilst if he received me, I should go
At best an exile with my bitter foe.
Or would my Tyrian bands that braved the main,
Fleeing from Sidon, tempt the seas again?
Then come, O gentle Death, secure relief,
And with the dagger arbitrate my grief!
O sister, sister! pitying my woe,
Thy counsels have betrayed me to my foe:
In sacred widowhood I might have lived—
Wild beasts do so—and honour have derived;
But I have broken all the vows I made
Upon thy corpse—Sichæus—sacred shade."

Whilst she, reproving and reproved, bewept
Her woes unbearable, Æneas slept;
In the high poop, for flight prepared, he lay
In full security, awaiting day.
Once more the Messenger celestial pressed
With friendly admonition on his rest;
'Twas Hermes—all, the voice, the pliant limb,
The auburn hair, all manifested him.
"Sleep'st thou, O goddess-born!" he said; "dost sleep?
Nor heed the perils that around thee sweep?
Madman, art deaf, whilst Zephyrus doth call?
She, now despairing, will adventure all;

Passion and anger sway her very soul,
And the base lust of vengeance bursts control.
Up, and away! Away, whilst yet 'tis night,
For, if thou dalliest, Aurora's light
Will show the flash of many a hostile prow,
And kindled firebrands that slumber now.
Woman, inconstant, mutable,—again
Mistrust I say, and trust the trustier main."
So Hermes said, and mingled with the night.
Æneas, starting awestruck with affright,
Arose, and his confederates addressed:
"Up comrades, and cast off pernicious rest,
Handle your oars, and hoist the bulging sails;
Again the will of Heaven a God reveals—
Again, a second time, a Deity
Commands to cut the stays and put to sea.
Whate'er thou art our footsteps that attends,—
Whoe'er thou art that wandering Troy befriends,—
On thy protecting influence we rely,
O holy Power, we hail and we obey!"
He spoke, and speaking drew his fulgent sword
And cut the twisted cord: they pass the word,
One ardour seizes all—their weapons soar;
Down fall the trenchant blades, they part from shore.
Their serried keels the subject ocean laves,
Dashes the foam, and flash phosphoric waves.

Her rosy beams of light Aurora shed,
Rising resplendently from Tithon's bed;

When watchful Dido, with the dawning ray,
Marked the deserted port, and, far away,
The bellied sails of the receding fleet.
Her comely breast she passionately beat,
She tore the tresses of her golden hair:—
"O Jupiter!" she uttered in despair,
"The traitor mocks me, and illudes my hands;
Where are my subjects, where my gallant bands?
Now up and follow: launch the galleys now,
Kindle the brands—confront them prow to prow.
Where am I, where? What dotage sways my mind!
Now cruel Fate inflicts the lot assigned.
Unhappy Dido! this you should have done,
Or ere you gave your hand—betrayed your throne.
Is this his faith? Is this his piety,
Bearing his country's gods across the sea—
Bearing his father through the flames of Troy?
O that I might him limb by limb destroy!
Put Trojans and Ascanius to the sword,
And serve the son—food on the father's board!
The chance of war is doubtful; be it so.
About to perish, do I tremble now?
Why did I hesitate, in self-defence,
To chase with fire and sword these exiles hence—
The sire, the son, the race to extirpate;
Nor shun myself to meet impending fate?

Sol! aye, beholding every mortal woe:
Juno! protectress of the marriage vow:

Hecate! at midnight hailed at parting roads:
Avenging Furies! and benignant Gods:
Hear graciously Elissa's dying breath—
Accept her prayer—avenge her timeless death.
If 't be accorded unto Destiny,
If 't be Jove's irreversible decree
That this unholy man reach Latium's shore—
Grant him such destiny and grant no more.
O never, never, let him taste repose;
Wars,—harrass him with fraud and martial foes;
Torn from Iülus, fleeing o'er the plain,
Let him behold his scattered Trojans slain;
Then let him sue for aid and purchase peace,
Upon conditions ignoble and base;
Then let him fall untimely and remain
Abandoned and unburied on the plain.
With life fast ebbing do I breathe this prayer,
And ye, my Tyrians, hate eternal swear—
O to my dust this grateful boon accord,
Eternal hatred to this Dardan horde;
In treaty or alliance ne'er combine.
Soon an avenger riseth from our line,
To chase with fire and sword these vagrant hinds;
Now and hereafter, oft as time befriends,
Oppose ye—shore to shore, and sea to sea,
And sword to sword thro' all posterity."
She ceased, and mused abstractedly how best,
From life her struggling soul might be released;
Then beckoned Barcè—nurse in days of yore
Unto Sichæus—hers on her native shore

Reposed in death:—"Go, dearest nurse, and bring
My sister Anna—bid her from the spring
Of living waters lustrated to lead
Hither the bleating victims doomed to bleed
In cleansing sacrifice; and, nurse, do thou
The sacred fillet bind upon thy brow;
For I to Stygian Jove make sacrifice;
To quell my passion, buy my bosom peace,
The Dardan's image must consume in flame."
She spoke, and urged departure on the dame.

And now bewildered with her own emprize,
With quivering lip, flushed cheek and glaring eyes,
The hue of death, prophetic, on her brow,
The Queen rushed wildly to the court below,
As wildly scaled the pyre—the sword unsheathed,
For other uses given and bequeathed;
But when the Trojan vestments met her eye,
And nuptial couch, her tears fell silently.
Cast on that couch, her mournful accents flowed;
"Memorials dear, whilst Jove and Fate allowed,
Now that my mighty shade descends below,
Receive my spirit and absolve my woe;
The course assigned by Fortune is mine own,
My walls have risen, I have built my town,
My husband I avenged, chastised his foe—
Blessed, ay too blessed, had my course ended so!"—
Then on the pillow sinking her sad face,—
"O that we ne'er had known this Trojan race!

And fall I unavenged.—Yes, die I must,
I long to be inanimate in dust,
Whilst yet the Dardan may behold in air
These flames—eternal omens of despair."

She spoke—her head declined—her maiden train
Saw gore her hands and reeking steel distain.
Their shrieks arose, and rumour rushing down
Revels and riots in the troubled town,
Where lamentations, groans, and female cries
Shake the firm earth and vibrate in the skies;
Not otherwise or less than if the fire
Of foes victorious levelled ancient Tyre
Or lordly Carthage—levelling abodes
Of men in ruin with the fanes of Gods.

And sister Anna now the tidings hears;
She beats her bosom and its beauty sears,
Bursts thro' the crowd—ejaculates the name
Of her sweet sister in a wild acclaim—
"O how hast thou betrayed me—have I reared,
Have I funereal flames and pyre prepared;
By my own hands am I made desolate,
Refused communion in my sister's fate;
Oh had'st thou called me, would I not have come,
And shared the hour of bitterness and doom?
And now the pious acts that I have done,
Have left me desolate on earth alone.
O sister, the Sidonian rule is o'er,
Extinct our race and Carthage is no more.

Water, bring water, haply yet beneath
The heaving breast errs unexhalèd breath.
O let me catch it, let me lave the wound;"
She said, and scaled the pyre's utmost round,
Folded her dying sister to her breast,
Stanching the flowing gore-drops with her vest.
She strove to cast her glazing gaze around,
Bubbled the failing stream beneath the wound:
She strove to rear her frame, to raise her head,
But sunk again exhausted on the bed:
She to the azure turned her wandering sight,
And closed her aching eyes against the light.
But now the Queen of Heaven beheld with grief
The long and painful strife, and sent relief;
High from Olympus Iris winged her way,
To free the struggling spirit from the clay.
For since she fell by neither fate nor crime,
But fatal chance, ere her appointed time,
Her head not yet Proserpina had doomed
To Stygian Orcus—neither had resumed
The fatal topmost lock of golden hair.
So blooming Iris, thro' the azure air
Reflecting from above a thousand dyes
Arched o'er her head, "Commissioned from the skies,
To Dis—this sacred pledge I consecrate,
Thee and thy mortal frame I separate."
She said, her hand then cut the golden hair,
And vital heat escaped—life fled to air.

BOOK V.

Æneas meantime the sure way held on,
Propelled o'er the dark sea by Aquilon.
Brooding he sate and marked with lingering gaze
The glaring canopy and ruddy blaze;
The cause thereof unknown, but too well known
What love will do and what despair hath done,
And woman's wrath; and sad the thoughts that pressed
With dismal augury the Trojan's breast;
Till bounding onwards, nought arrested eyes
Save the expanse of ocean and of skies:
And then it was, by night and winter sped,
The storm cerulean gathered o'er their head.
The Helmsman Palinurus looked from high;
"Heu! heu!" he cried, "what gathering rack flits by;
O Father Neptune, what may it portend?"
Then to the lusty oars he bids them bend,
And veering windward, said, "If Jupiter,
Magnanimous Æneas! should confer
Italia by his promise, words of his
Would not prevail against a sky like this:
The winds are changed and rattle from the west,
The air is into pitchy cloud compressed,
'Tis vain and very bootless striving so;
Let us where Fortune seems to call us, go.
If rightly noted I observed the skies,
Not far from hence the port Sicanian lies

Of Eryx, joined to thee by kindred's ties."
The good Æneas said, "E'en so methought
We strove with winds and waves, progressing nought.
Turn if thou wilt; nor is there land more dear
On which I rather would repose, than where
Dardan Acestes rules; and on whose breast
The honoured ashes of my Father rest."
He spoke, they turned the prows and Zephyrs bland
Straightway propelled the vessels to known land.
High from the apex of his mountain home,
The glad Acestes marked the vessels come;
With spear in hand descending there he ran,
Rough in his hide of bear Libystidan.*
A Trojan mother him conceived, by the
Great river god Crimisus. Mindful he
Of parentage of old, greets and supplies
His former guests with rustic luxuries.

When morning dawned from oriental gates
And chased the stars, Æneas convocates
His comrades all; and them addressing thus—
Mounted the summit of the tumulus:
"Dardanidæ! of high celestial race,
This day the year fulfils its circled space,
Since that this dust divine ensepulchred,
Of my dear Father was by us interred—
And now that day recurs, by Heaven's decree,
Solemn and sacred evermore to me;—

* Spanish. Lake Libystinus on the Guadalquiver. Bochart Sacra, i. c. 604.

On Syrtes wandering, or Getulian plain,
Or captive upon seas Argolic ta'en,
Or Mycenæan towns; this annual rite
And solemn exequies to expedite,
And upon holy fanes his gifts to spread.
For hither unpremeditated led—
Not accidentally, I deem, we stand
Led by the hand of Heaven to this land
All hallowed by Anchises' holy dust.
Up, therefore, and discharge the sacred trust;
Ask favouring winds to waft us to the shore,
Whereon, with fanes, Anchises to adore.
And for these annual rites, supplying wants,
Two beeves to every ship Acestes grants;
Therefore prepare the feast; invoking call
Penates Trojan, Gods Sicilian all.
Moreover when the ninth Aurora dawns,
And with pure ray if she bedeck the lawns,
Games will we celebrate. The galley fleet,
Foot-racers, and bold athletes, shall compete;
To wing the shaft, to hurl the darted spear,
Or in the lists with cæstus crude to dare.
All may compete: due prizes I award
Victors unto; now let your tongues applaud
And bind your brows with boughs:" Æneas said,
And with maternal myrtle veiled his head;
And Elymus and old Acestes wound,
And young Ascanius, wreaths their brows around.
Accompanying Æneas, they repair,
Thousands of warriors, to the sepulchre.

Carchesia twain he pours of Bacchus pure,
Twain of new milk and twain of sacred gore,
And purple blossoms strewing, said—"All hail!
Paternal spirit, shade, and ashes pale!
Hail, Holy Parent, I revisit thee;
Denied Italian promised realms to see,
Ausonian Tibris: Holy Parent, hail!"
He said; and from receptacle and pale
A lubric serpent issuing, he beheld;
With seven gyrations, seven folds, it held
Its placid course, the tumulus around;
Amidst the fanes, a silent way, it wound,
Fulgent in azure marks and spots of gold—
Like to the bow celestial we behold
Varying its thousand colours in the sun;
So in their wondering sight—it gliding, won
The goblets midst, the chalices among,
Eating the offerings with innocuous tongue:
Then from denuded fanes, back to the tomb retired.
Æneas urged, the more, the rites required:
Whether this were the Genius of the spot,
Or servant of his Father, he knew not;
He slew five bident sheep, as many swine,
And five black steers, and poured the holy wine
Forth from the chalices—then called upon
His Father's soul on high, manes from Acheron.
Each warrior there, the gift he offers, bears;
They load the altars, sacrifice the steers,
Dispose the cauldrons, whilst some seated round
The spitted entrails broil them on the ground.

And now the ninth expected morn drew on
Serene Aurora ushering Phaëton.
Fame and Acestes' reputation drew
The neighbouring populations them unto.
Th' Æneadæ, bent to contend, are there,
And to all eyes displayed, the prizes were:
The sacred tripods, the green coronals
And palms, the victor's prize at festivals—
Armour, and purple vests, and talents told,
Strewed on the earth, of silver and of gold—
Aloft the trumpet sounds, and challenges the bold.

Four galleys first, selected from the fleet,
Furnished with heavy banks of oars, compete.
Mnestheus the Pristis guides—he founder high
Of the Italian race, the Memmii;
And Gyas the Chimæra guides along,
A floating Castle, trireme huge and strong;
Sergestus, whence the house and Sergian name,
Conducts the Centaur's bulk, enormous frame!
Cloanthus, whence Roman Cluentii trace,
Led the cerulean Scylla in the race.
A reef stood out at sea, which waves submerge,
When wintry Corus battles in the surge;
The haunt of sea-fowl when becalmed the sea;
Thereon Æneas pights an ilex tree,
A verdant goal—the mark to turn again,
And measure back the course athwart the main.

They take their place by lot—the leaders hold
Their poops, resplendent purple in and gold;

With poplar wreath the crews their brows entwine,
And smeared with oil the naked shoulders shine.
They man the banks and, arm protruded, wait
The starting signal, as with hope elate
Or fear solicitous beat every heart.
At length the trumpet shrilly sounds—they start!
The waves are crusht beneath the weight of oars,
The nautic clamour echoes on the shores,
They furrow up the brine, the stroke they keep,
The dipping beak upploughs the azure deep—
  Not so precipitate the biga's course,
When near the goal strains forth the generous horse,
Not so unwearied doth the charioteer
Lash and control them on their rash career.
  Then the whole shore and the whole grove around
With shouts of men and party cries resound.
First, "Gyas, Gyas!" as he shot ahead
And took the lead; second Cloanthus sped,
Better in oars, but bulkier in frame;
Whilst prow to prow behind contending came
Pristis and Centaur, equal in their speed;
The Pristis now, the Centaur now would lead;
With level prows now they together strain,
And furrow with long hulks the briny main.

They neared the rock when Gyas interfered,
Rating his pilot—old Menœtes steered,—
"Where art thou steering to, I say—to sea?
Larboard, I say, and scrape the rock to lee,

Let others sheer aloof"—in vain he spoke,
Cautious Menœtes dreads some sunken rock,
And keeps his course; "Where art thou steering, eh!"
Gyas rethundering calls, "larboard, I say."
E'en whilst he spoke the Scylla steers between
Him and the rock, and now her stern is seen
Doubling the goal and dancing o'er the waves.
With indignation fired, Gyas raves,
The burning tear-drop starting from his eye,
Mindless of friendship's claims or decency,
Hurled his old comrade overboard, and then
Turned hard the helm, encouraging his men—
He, old and heavy, sunk low in the deep,
And reascending clutched the friendlier steep.
The Trojans saw him sink, but laughed to see
Him swim, and disembogue the bitter sea.
Sergestus now the second in the race,
Nearest the rock appropriates the space.
Mnestheus behind exhorts his comrades slow,
"Row, row, my men, Hectorean comrades row;
Chosen companions from down-fallen Troy,
Now urge that vigour, now that strength employ,
Which on Getulian Syrtes has been tried,
On seas Iönian, on the Malean tide;
Not now doth Mnestheus ask for victory,
That O! where Neptune willeth, let that be;
But to be last of all, from our fair name
Comrades! avert such perdurable fame."
They strive, they strive, the vessel owns the strain,
Their lips are parched, the toil drops fall like rain,

And frequent sobs betray the labouring limb,
When unexpected chance befriended him.
  Sergestus hot, steered closer to the rock,
And struck upon its sunken reefs; the shock
And sharp concussion shattering their oars,
And the prow stuck; up leapt the mariners,
Seizing each landing-hook and iron prong
To save the oars, that floated waves among;
Whilst Mnestheus, glad his rival's plight to see,
Now invocates the winds, and bears to sea—
Like to the dove that rudely dispossessed,
In shady cavern of its home and nest,
Flees to the open fields; the sudden fright
And clanging wings, changing to noiseless flight,
Pursues her easy way on pinions broad—
So Mnestheus, so the Pristis on her road
Flees and avoids the rock for open main;
They pass Sergestus hailing them in vain,
Toiling and labouring on the treacherous reef,
Gathering his gear and bawling for relief;
They pass the huge Chimæra's bulk and band,
Lacking the guidance of a pilot's hand;
They round the goal, now they the Scylla view
Alone ahead—and gain upon her too—
Like men resolved to win the Scylla's strive,
Men who for victory their lives would give;
And glowing with success, the Pristis' crew
With confidence inspired, are nerved anew.
And haply neither would have then prevailed,
Save but for prayer, aiding where vigour failed.

Cloanthus prayed and called the Gods in aid:
"Ye Gods, who rule on ocean; Gods!" he said,
"I vow to slay, if I the victor be,
Upon yon shore a milk white bull to ye.
The sacred entrails to the salt consign,
And sanctify them with libated wine."
To caverned depths descends the vow preferred,
The Nereids, Phorcys, Panopëa heard.
Father Portunus with his mighty hand
Impels the bark, the Scylla bounds to land,
Swifter than Notus or an arrow's flight,
Glides into port evanishing from sight.

The Herald's voice, to the assembled shore,
Duly proclaimed Cloanthus conqueror;
Him Anchisiades with laurel crowned.
The Scylla's crew with steers and wine are found,
And silver talent to distribute round.
The chief is honoured with another prize,
A chlamys, cloth of gold, amidst its dyes
Mæandring, Melibœan purple vies.
The royal boy of leafy Ida there
Followed on foot the chase, an antler'd deer;
It seemed to pant; the armiger of Jove
Stooped from above to the Idæan grove,
And in his talons bears the boy away;
Thereon, with upraised hands, his guardians pray
And the affrighted dogs appear to bay.

The second place and prize by Mnestheus won,
A coat of mail with hasps and buckles on,

And triply in its scales of gold embossed:
Beneath the walls, Demoleon it lost,
Where Simois with rapid current flows,
Æneas unto; Æneas now bestows
It Mnestheus on—his glory and defence—
Scarce Sagaris and Phegeus bore it thence,
So weighty 'twas; and yet Demoleon
Followed the Trojans lightly with it on.
Of brass two bowls, of silver goblets twain,
Reward the third contender of the main.

Now all contented, upon every brow
In gladness wound, the purple fillets flow.
And now afloat on her inglorious track,
Sergestus brings his crippled vessel back,
Unshipped her useless and one-sided oars;
They meet derisive cheers and feigned applause.
As on a causeway, an unwary snake
Is intercepted ere it gain the brake,
And crushed by brazen wheel or battering stone
Half dead is left,—and, its assailant gone,
Writhing it re-attempts its onward way
With flashing eyes, and hissing as at bay,
Involves itself in interwrithing folds,—
E'en so its crippled course the vessel holds
Entering the port, beneath its bulging sail.
The good Æneas bids his comrade hail,
Rejoicing in the safety of the ship,
Accords e'en unto them the promised gift;

Skilled in Minerva's craft, with infants twain,
The Cretan Pholoë mitigates his pain.

And now the good Æneas left the sea,
And bent his steps towards the grassy lea,
Where hills and groves on every side surround
The theatre and circus; thither bound,
With thousands him attending, he appears,
The throne of turf ascended, 'midst the peers.
The runners there, Trojans, Sicanians wend,
And Nisus, and Euryalus his friend:
In matchless youth Euryalus stood forth,
Nisus the next, enamoured of his worth,
Trojan Diores of King Priam's house;
Salius and Patron, less illustrious,
One Acarnanian, one Arcadian;
Panops and Elymus, Trinacrians twain,
Companion huntsmen to Acestes old;
And many more beside by Fame untold.

The good Æneas from the middle sward
Declared: "No one shall run without reward.
Each shall receive two Gnossian shafts, inlaid
With silver, and an axe of burnished blade;
With wreaths of olive for the foremost three.
A horse with full caparison shall be
First victor's prize—the second in the race
A belt, and quiver filled with shafts of Thrace,
Clasped with a golden brooch and polished stone;
The third, this helm Argolic, wins alone."

Æneas spoke ; they stand, the signal sounds—
Like to the driven clouds each forward bounds;
Nisus the foremost far, like viewless wind
Or the dread thunderbolt; and far behind
Is Salius second; then Euryalus;
And next Euryalus is Elymus,
And panting on his very neck he feels
Trojan Diores treading on his heels.
So did they near the goal, when Nisus trod—
Unhappy Nisus!—on a miry sod,
Slippery with gore the ground; the oxen slain
Had shed their life-blood on the grassy plain.
With victory glad, in thought already won,
This faithless turf his foot he planted on,
And tumbled prone in mud and holy gore;
Then mindful of Euryalus—before
His rival Salius, grovelling as he lay,
He tumbled him upon the miry clay—
Euryalus shot by, by friendship's aid,
'Midst shouts and favouring cries the victor made.
And next young Elymus came second in;
Diores, third, amidst a noisy din.
  Then was the conclave stunned, the area rung,
By Salius and the clamour of his tongue;
He claimed the prize filched from him by a cheat;
But youth and beauty favoured the deceit;
In sooth his worth and tear ingenuous
Took part and favoured young Euryalus;
Diores aided too with louder cries,
If Salius won Diores lost his prize.

Father Æneas interposed:—"'Tis done,
Nought may reverse, O friends, a victory won;
The prizes are decreed; to me pertains
To soothe the pang of undeserved pains."
To Salius, then, he gave the gilded pride
Of a Getulian lion's shaggy hide.
"And if," quoth Nisus, "you such gifts bestow
The vanquished on, and slips you pity so,
What gift for Nisus, who hath lost the prize
Only thro' fickle fortune's vagaries?
Me more than Salius hath that fall beguiled."
Then showed his limbs begrimed.
The best of sires smiled,
As forthwith he commanded to be brought
The shield, Didymaonian cunning wrought,
A Danaan trophy torn from Neptune's fane.
That worthy gift made Nisus glad again.

"Now ye, whose spirits high and bold hearts dare
The cæstus upon stalwart arms to rear,
"Stand forth," Æneas said: a double prize,
Twin honours to reward your energies.
A steer with fillets bound the victor's due,
A sword and beaming helm the vanquished to."
Without delay, Dares stood forward then,
Amidst the shouts of the applauding men;
With Paris he disputed had the prize;
He at the tumulus where Hector lies
Slew Butes, from Bebrycia who came,
The son of Amycus; whose ponderous frame

Victorious no more, there bit the sand.
Now higher by the head doth Dares stand,
Displays his shoulders, and with hands unbound
He smites the air and the vain blows resound.
He stood alone, opponent none appeared;
'Gainst him to rear the cæstus no one dared.
Elate with glory, deeming all dismayed
He sought Æneas, and he proudly said,
Grasping the steer's left horn—
"None tempts his fate;
O goddess-born! how long behoves to wait?
Award the prize." The Trojans shout for joy
To see the champion was a man of Troy.
But now Acestes doth Entellus chide,
Upon the verdant sward couched by his side:
"Entellus, vain it is that hitherto
Thou art unconquered, if thou dost forego,
Unchallenged, such a prize; where is thy God,
Eryx thy tutor, in whose steps you trod;
Thy fame, wherewith Trinacria hath rung,
And trophies round thy central pillar hung?"
"Friend," said Entellus, "'tis not fear restrains;
The love of glory struggles in my veins;
But age, old age, has robbed my arm of force,
And sapped my heart's blood in its wonted course.
If I were now that I was formerly,
Yon boaster should not bear himself so high:
Albeit the steer I view with careless eyes,
The honour of the fight I dearly prize."

He said, and in the midst of all he cast
A pair of cæstus, ponderous and vast,
Which the fierce Eryx wonted was to don—
The steel his hands, the thongs his arms upon.
All gazed on seven thongs of ox-hide spread
Before their sight, rigid with steel and lead.
Dares beheld them and his spirit fell:
Whilst Anchisiades regarding well,
Still poring o'er their folds voluminous,
The whilst Entellus spoke their story thus:—
"What, had you seen those that Alcides bore,
And their encounter on this very shore;
With these begirt your brother Eryx stood,
Still clotted as you see with brain and blood.
With these, he fought the mighty Hercules;
And I since then have battled oft with these,
Or ere old age had dulled the current's flow
Or bleached the hairs upon this hoary brow.
But if it Trojan Dares will content,
And if Æneas and my king consent,
These I forego for such as are more fair,
And meet the Trojan with a Trojan pair."
Entellus spoke, his mantle off he threw
And gave his bulk and sinews to the view.
Father Æneas then their cæstus chose,
And with an equal pair their hands inclose.

And now erect on nervous feet they stand,
And confident in strength uprear each hand;

The guarded head on high they backward throw
Whilst the arms ward, and mingle blow with blow;
More active one, of youth advantage gains,
And one with strength and bulk his ground maintains;
His ground maintains—but the knee bends beneath,
And the deep sob bewrays the labouring breath.
Blows warded and unwarded fall apace
Upon the echoing breast and jaws and face;
Entellus stands the siege, with wary eyes
Warding assault—his strength he manages;
Whilst, like the foe beleaguering the town,
Or with the ram beating its castles down,
Now here, now there, an entrance who essays,
And varies his assault a thousand ways,
Fought Dares. Now Entellus threats the foe,
But Dares shunned the long-descending blow,
And, baffled of his aim, the giant sunk
Prone to the ground; like to some mighty trunk,
Some pine of Erymanth or Ida, thrown
By failing roots or carking ages down.
The Trojans and Trinacrians rend the skies
With diverse clamour; whilst Acestes flies
To aid and succour his coæval friend.
Entellus only riseth up—to wend
Back to the battle; deeply wounded pride
And conscious worth and anger, strength supplied.
On Dares he precipitates his path;
Now right, now left, he vents his heated wrath,
Nor rest nor respite—like the driving hail
The battered shed upon, his blows prevail;

So battered and so mauled doth Dares stand
Beneath his giant and resistless hand.

Father Æneas marked the innate wrath,
The fierce and native passion bursting forth,
And stopped the fight: "Dares!" he first began,
And soothed with cheerful words the beaten man,
"Unhappy! cease; 'tis madness to contend;
Perceivest thou not the powers that him befriend,
Yield to the God: the contest here must end."

To rescue then his trusty comrades sped,
And raised his failing knees and drooping head;
Him, to the ships bleeding and sick they bore,
And battered teeth are mingled with the gore.
His due, the sword and helmet, they receive—
The bull and palm Entellus with they leave.
He proud of heart and hot with victory,
"Thou goddess-born and Trojan men," quoth he,
"Behold the youthful strength Entellus owned,
And fate thy Dares, rightly had atoned."

Confronting then his prize and standing full
He smote the filletted devoted bull,
The smiting cæstus fell the horns between,
Thro' broken bone and the bespattered brain—
Down fell the brute, whilst standing o'er it, he,
"Eryx!" exclaimed; "devoted unto thee
For Dares, doth this better victim die
Ere I thine art and arms depose for aye."

Æneas now proposed the prize addressed
To him who winged the flying arrow best.
Serestes reared the mast, whereon a dove,
Mark for the hissing shaft, was bound above.
The brazen helmet holds the lots; they draw,
And the first name, 'midst favouring shouts, they saw,
Was thine Hyrtacides—Hippocoon;
Mnestheus the next, with crown of olive on;
The third Eurytion's was, the brother he
Of noble Pandarus,—who formerly,
Ordered to break the truce, the weapon cast
Amidst the Grecian ranks; the fourth and last
Acestes was: he, in decline of life,
Yet dared to try his hand in youthful strife.
Then with their lusty arms they bended bows,
And their best arrow from the quivers chose.
Hyrtacides the first, the cord he drew,
And the swift weapon whistled as it flew;
It struck the mast, 'midst plaudits loud and high,
And the affrighted bird took wing to fly.
Mnestheus succeeds, with bended bow he stands,
Fain with his eye to aid the cunning hands;
He hapless missed the dove, but cut the string
Which by the foot held the bird fluttering;
On wings of wind it sought the friendlier skies:
But swifter yet the Lycian arrow flies;
His brother's name Eurytion invocates,
And launched the arrow wingèd with the fates,
And pierced the trembler 'neath a sable cloud;
Leaving its life on high, 'midst plaudits loud

To earth transfixed it falls. And now alone
Acestes stands; the palm disputed won.
And as he stood, he lightly twanged the yew
To show its force and prove his arrow true:
But in the sight of all a prodigy
Followed the deed, foreboding evil nigh,
Impending evil, unto seers unshown,
And in the sequel only to be known;
The arrow blazed with fire the clouds among,
Leaving a fiery track, it passed along
Absorbed in air—like the red meteor
Which draws its trail of hair the heavens o'er.
Trinacrians and Trojans stood amazed
As, deprecating Heaven's wrath, they gazed.
Nor doth Æneas the great omen slight;
He folds Acestes in his arms of might,
He tenders him the prize, and tendering—
"Take it," he said, "O sire! he the King
Of high Olympus wills it so to be,
And sets the lot aside to honour thee;
The prize, that bowl with figures covered o'er,
My sire Anchises owned in days of yore;
The Thracian Cisseus gave it him, to be
A pledge of lasting love and amity."
Then placed the wreath of laurel on his brow,
And hailed Acestes victor of the bow.
The good Eurytion yields without a word,
Albeit his the shaft that slew the bird;
The second his who cut the string; the last
His whose good arrow settled in the mast.

And now Æneas hails Epytides—
The guardianship Iülus of, was his—
And gave instructions to his faithful ear:
"Up now and go, bid them in arms appear;
Let young Ascanius and the youth of Troy
Honour his grandsire, and on field deploy."
The crowds fall back—they come, and proudly dight
They rein their horses in their fathers' sight,
Co-equal all: in native mode was set
Upon their brows the simple coronet;
Quivered were some; two cornel spears all hold,
And on their necks the torques of flexile gold.
Three troops they form, and three the leaders are,
Twelve youths in each, versed in the pomp of war;
One band commanded by young Priam came,
Son of Polites, with his grandsire's name,
And root of that great stem Italian.
He rode a Thracian steed, of trappings vain,
Of mottled hide, and fetlocks white before,
And the bright star which the broad forehead bore.
The next was Atys, whence the Atti sprung,—
Atys, companion of Iülus young.
The last, but fairest far, Iülus rode
His steed Sidonian; Dido it bestowed,
Pledge and memorial of her love; the rest
From royal stalls Trinacrian horses pressed;
Shouts greet their bashfulness; the Trojans cry,
Remembering in the sons their ancestry.
They trod the arena in the eyes of all,
And when the thong Epytides let fall,

Upon that signal forthwith they divide,
And formed into respective bands they ride;
A second signal, and with darts they charge;
A third, they wheel again in orbit large,
They mingle ranks and separate, and to sight
Present the fair resemblance of the fight:
Now they retreat, now rally on the plain
And troop in equal ranks in peace again.
So erst, in Cretan Labyrinth, they say
Windings beguiled the intercepted way;
With error irremediable there,
A thousand wiles betrayed the wanderer.
And so the Trojan youth in mimic fight,
Wound and unwound the battle and the flight;
The dolphins like unto, that on the plain
Of sea Carpathian, or the Libyan main,
Disporting play. In days succeeding those
When Alba Longa's mighty wall arose,
These games did King Ascanius reinstate,
And taught the Latins them to celebrate.
Reviewed as man, his pastimes as a boy,
And taught the Alban race the sports of Troy.
Received from them, imperial Rome still names
That band the "Trojan;" games, the "Trojan Games."

Thus far the solemn rites perfected were,
Parental honours paid by filial care;
Now fortune changed, ever inconstant known.
Juno Saturnia sent Iris down

Commissioned to the ships—her flight she urged,
Not yet, not yet, of ancient passion purged;
Her messenger descends; dyes thousand shed
Of light conceal'd the virgin as she sped;
The port deserted, concourse on the shore,
And the untended fleet, she hovered o'er,
And where apart the Trojan women met,
Weeping Anchises for—their cheeks were wet
With weeping as they viewed the ocean wide,
And with one sole inspiring spirit sighed
For rest—a city—no more wanderings.
The Goddess prescient of all hurtful things
Wends thitherward; in form and garb stood she
Amongst the matrons like dame Beroë,
Wife to Ismarian Doryclus,—a name
Allied to fortune, progeny, and fame.

"Unhappy Trojans, by no Grecian hand
Consigned to dust in the paternal land;
Unhappy Trojans, doomed to heavier woe
Than they who sleep their native walls below—
The seventh summer sun now shines upon
Troy's exiled children—onward yet we run
Thro' seas, skies, rocks, inhospitable shores,
And all in vain; Italia mocks our oars.
What hinders us these miseries to end
Eryx our kinsman, and Acestes' friend.
Rebuild our walls and refuge us again—
For oh, my country and my Gods, in vain

Snatched from the flames—shall we no more behold
The walls of Troy arise like Troy of old?
No more loved Xanthus and Simois see—
Hectorean rivers? Up, and act with me;
Fire these ships calamitous: last night
Cassandra's shade prophetic rose to sight,
Presenting burning brands—and said, 'With these
Rebuild your Troy and end your miseries.'
Rebuild your Troy. Lo, the accorded hour—
Slight not the accorded prophecy and power:
Behold four shrines to Neptune, to our hands
The God, the God presents the blazing brands."
She said, and dragged one forth, a moment whirled
And with a baneful aim the brand she hurled.

The deed the dames irresolute behold:
When Pyrgo from the crowd obscure and old—
Nurse once in Priam's house—exclaimed, "I wis
This is not Beroë—no wife is this
Of our Rhœtean Doryclus—for grace
Attends her footsteps, majesty her face
And the tongue's accent. We know Beroë lies
Absent and sick, from these solemnities;
In solitude laments Anchises lost,
Nor offers funeral honours to his ghost."
So Pyrgo said; and in their eyes confessed
The glance malignant spoke the dubious breast;
They ponder and they vacillate between
The present rest, the promised reign serene,

When rising bright on her celestial wings,
Her arc of light beneath, the Goddess springs.
Transported at the sight, the maddened dames
Snatched from the fanes the consecrated flames,
Despoiled the altars of the dry and green,
And Vulcan raged resistless, launched between
Benches and oars and poops of gilded sheen.
Eumulus bore the tidings to the tomb;
The ships were burnt; and surely was the doom
Seen in the ashes volatating high.
Ascanius drew the rein and marked the sky
Ruddy with glare, and thither spurred amain,
Though panic-stricken seniors would restrain.

"What reckless rage," he cried, "is this? all lost!
This is no hostile, this no Argive host!
O hapless comrades, miserable blow—
You burn your only hope; behold me! lo!
Ascanius, I," and cast in grief profound
His helmet and its coronet to ground.
But they affrighted fled; fain, fain to hide
In woods or caverns fretted by the tide;
Mourned and lamented, and too late confessed
The wrath of Juno in the maddened breast.

Æneas comes, with men a multitude;
But not by force is raging fire subdued.
Beneath the ribs of oak, unguented tow
Allures the flame conducting it below;
From the deep keel thick vapour soars again,

And man and labour counteract in vain.
Æneas from his shoulders rent his vest,
And with clasped hands the Gods of Heaven addressed,
"O Jupiter omnipotent—if thou
Condemn not Troy to perish wholly now—
If thou with wonted mercy dost behold
Things mortal—Father, now this flame withhold,
And save, oh save, the thin remains of Troy!
Or if it rather please thee to destroy,
And death be merited—let thy right hand
Thy thunder fall and slay me as I stand."
Scarce had he ceased or ere the thunders sound,
And cloud surcharged with tempest gathered round;
Turbid with waters thro' the expanse driven,
The foggy south obscured the vault of heaven;
Then breaking on the ships the deluge came,
And all, save four, redeemed from fire and flame.

But by this blow calamitous oppressed,
Father Æneas in his troubled breast
Revolved the doubtful point and meditates
Whether to stay—forgetful of his fates—
Or quit again Sicilian friendly states.
Then Nautes, by Tritonian Pallas taught,
A senior versed in her prophetic thought,
Disclosing portents of celestial hate
And irreversible decrees of Fate—
Old Nautes comforted Æneas then:
"O goddess-born, as Fortune guideth men,

We ebb and flow; but be what will the doom
'Tis by enduring virtue overcome.
Dardan Acestes of thy race divine,
Desires now to mingle his with thine.
Accord with his desire; your vessels lost,
Abridge thy means; leave such as suffer most,
Old men and matrons, such as wearied be,
And the more trepid, such as dread the sea,
Here let them rest and build upon the coast
Their town Acesta, surnamed from their host."
The senior's zealous words usurped his ear,
And filled his anxious heart with added fear.

Nox in her biga reassumed the reins:
Descending when from the celestial plains
Anchises came to counsel with his son.
"Dearer than life," his accents so begun,
"Son—long enduring Iliacan fates,
By Jove commanded, by my mouth he states,
He spared the ships, commiserating thee;
And fates with prudent Nautes now agree.
The young and lusty to Italia bear:
A nation fierce and hostile waits you there,
Latins yet unsubdued. But, or ere this,
Seek you the realms of the infernal Dis,
And thro' Avernus deep, my son, seek me:
Not that black Tartarus claims our fealty;
In sweet communion with the blest and just,
Elysium I inhabit. Thither must

The Sibyl chaste conduct thee; she thy guide,
With blood of sable victims purified;
There shalt thou learn in full thy future fate,
Future descendants, and the promised state.
And now farewell—Nox on her humid course
Hath circled nearly; and I hear the horse,
Hostile to me, of the relentless East."
He said, and vanished ere the accents ceased—
Æneas still imploring him to stay,
Asking what power relentless forced away.
Then did he fan the heap of smouldering fire,
Then sought the Lar Pergamean, and pyre
Of hoary Vesta; then with holy zeal
Replenished censers and renewed the meal;
Then to his comrades and Acestes old
The will of Jove, will by Anchises told,
Repeated he, with yearnings of his breast;
Acestes bowing to the fates' behest.

Now matrons they and populace assign,
And all whose hearts beat not with heat divine;
The vessels they repaired with banks and oars
For fewer but more fervent warriors.
Æneas ploughed the future city's site,
And Troy and Ilium its districts hight;
Homesteads and tenements by lot assigned,
And to Acestes good the rule resigned.
They mark the forum and enact the laws
By conscript sires: and upon Eryx soars

Venus Idalian's Erycinan fane.
The tumulus sepulchral, on the plain,
Anchises' tomb—a holy grove surrounds,
And a priest tends its consecrated grounds.
And now the ninth day of the feast was o'er,
The fanes were naked, breezes swept the shore,
The steady south now summoned them to sail,
Then rose the shore upon, the voice of wail.
By day and thro' the night the partings last,
The matrons now who quailed at perils past,
To whom the sea was most unbearable,
Now wish to sail again and brave each ill.

The good Æneas, weeping doth commend
Their welfare to his consanguineous friend.
Then ere they cut the mooring ropes, he slew
Three steers to Eryx, one lamb Tempest to,
Circled his head with the shorn olive bough,
And with the chalices from off the prow,
With salted entrails and libated wine,
Propitiated Ocean; breezes fine
And oars propelled their vessels thro' the brine.

But Venus, sick at heart, to Neptune went,
And to her bosom's misery giving vent:
"O Neptune, Juno's wrath insatiate,
Her heavy unextinguishable hate,
Compels me to descend with prayer to thee,
Nought mitigates, nor time nor piety,

Nor Jove nor irremediable fate;
Rebellious still, albeit the Phrygian state,
Subverted by remorseless rage, is lost,
Her exiles in distress and misery tossed—
Their ashes and their bones she must destroy,
And wars against memorials of Troy.
Thou know'st the causes, for thou witness wast
When upon Libyan waves the fleet was tossed,
When Æolus for her let loose his slaves
And on your ocean empire turmoiled waves;
And now the Trojan dames, by her inspired,
Maddened by her, their country's fleet have fired;
And he, Æneas, fain to leave a host
Upon that unknown shore, their vessels lost—
But if it lawful be, that I implore
If Fate concede a refuge on the shore
Of the Laurentian Tybris;—save, oh save
My votaries, voyaging upon thy wave."

Saturnius, Lord of Ocean, made reply:
"'Tis very lawful, Venus, to rely
On me and mine, and seas from whence you sprung;
And very fain am I, his friends among
To guard him, not alone upon the main,—
Xanthus and Simois I attest again,
But upon land. When, Trojan walls beneath,
Achilles' slaughtering hand inflicted death
On multitudes, when rivers clogged with slain
And Xanthus flowed encumbered to the main,

Unequal matched; when hostile gods fought there
I saved Æneas from Pelides' spear:
Then also, when we laboured to destroy
The walls, myself had built, of perjured Troy—
As then, so now, fain am I to support
And waft him safely to the Avernan port.
One only he must lose—one head must fall,
One single victim must atone for all."
The whilst the Goddess flies relieved afar,
He joined the horses to his golden car,
Yields to their course impetuous the rein;
The car cerulean lightly skims the main,
The waves subside, the billows ceased to rove,
And every cloud dispersed in skies above.
His various train, sea monsters, gambol round
Old Glaucus and his choir, the Tritons bound,
The band of Phorcus, and Palæmon free;
And on the left, Thetis and Melitè,
The virgin Panopèa, Nesæa,
Spio, Cymodoce, and Thalia.
A beam of joy shot thro' the Trojan's breast
To see, in evening calm, the waters rest.
He gives command, at once they sails unbind,
Hoist masts, and give the canvas to the wind.
From the mast-arms unrolled the sails descend,
Before the breezes bland the vessels wend,
Them Palinurus leads, all in his wake attend.

Now night attained the middle goal on high,
On benches hard the men soft slumbering lie,

When Somnus downward wending urged his flight
And dissipates the while the gloom of night,
Thee Palinurus seeking—downward sped
With baneful slumbers for thy harmless head.
The God descending lights the poop upon,
Like unto Phorbas in his look and tone;
"Hail Palinurus! Hail Iäsides!
Thy ships progress with steady tide and breeze.
Sacred to rest, the hour; let sleep beguile
Those leaden eyelids of their task awhile,
I, I myself, thy duties undertake."
Then Palinurus, good sooth, half awake,
"Dost thou bid me in confidence to sleep,
Ignore experience, trust yon harlot deep,
Commit Æneas to inconstant skies,
Perilled so often by their treacheries?"
He grasped the helm more firmly as he spoke,
And fixed upon the stars his constant look.
Behold! the God a soporific threw,
A Stygian branch dropping Lethæan dew,
And smote his eyelids, and his eyelids closed.
The God then seized him as his head reposed
Incumbent o'er him, tore the poop, then he
Cast rended helm and helmsman in the sea,
Calling his comrades and for help in vain;
As Somnus soared on wings of wind again.
Yet safely did the vessels stem the seas,
Safe in the faith of Neptune's promises.

Now near the Sirens' rocks they sailed, which then
Were perilous, and white with bones of men.

When he the roar of rocks and waters heard,
Father Æneas first perceived they erred,
And that the vessels sailed without a guide.
Rising he steered the vessel through the tide,
And grieving for the fate he knew not, said:
"O Palinurus, bare, unsepulchred,
Of seas and skies serene, too, too secure,
Thy corpse is stranded on some unknown shore."

BOOK VI.

So plained he weeping: then the conduct gave
Unto the breeze, the vessels cut the wave
And safely made Eubœan Cumæ's strand.
The biting anchors dropped, the ardent band
Of Trojan youth leapt upon land to moor,
The prows to sea the poops upon the shore.
Then fire from flints and fuel from the brake,
And water from the crystal streams they take.
But he, Æneas, sought the lofty fane
Phœbus inhabits; precincts which contain,
In cavern huge and in mysterious home,
With mighty mind unfolding things to come,
His Sibyl Maid.
Thro' Trivia's groves, the golden roofs he gains.
Presumptuous Dædalus, fleeing Minoian reigns,
On swooping pinions urged his bold career
To northern regions thro' the realms of air;
And lighting on this mound Chalcidican,
He to Apollo that fair fane began
And dedicated his Dædalian wings.
Then poured his genius forth in sculpturings;
First in the series, how Androgeos died,
And penalty Athenian realms supplied;
Around the urn her youthful victims stand,
And, the horizon on, the Gnossian land.

And next, thy lamentable love had place
Pasiphaë;—the mingled form and race
Confounded and confused: the Minotaur,
Sad monument of lust.
Next subject of his lore,
The Labyrinth; that house of guile and ill,
Work of his hands inviolate,—until
Pitying the passion of the royal maid,
The guiding thread, himself disposed and laid,
And secret of the prison-house betrayed.
And thou too, Icarus, thou should'st have had
A place and foremost there, but grief forbad;
The old Man oft essayed the task, but still,
From the paternal hand, the gold unfashioned fell.

Achates then returned, accompanied—
To the rapt Trojan—by the divining maid,
Priestess of Phœbus, she to Trivia dear,
Glauca Deïphobe: "Trojan! what do you here?"
She said—"Is this a time to feed your eyes
Gazing on empty show? Arise, arise,
Command the sacrifice, the victims choose,
Seven unyoked bullocks, seven spotless ewes."
The hero gave command: which, when obeyed,
They followed to the fane the Sibyl maid.

Deep in the rock that cavern quarried lies;
A hundred portals, hundred galleries,
Communicating with its crypts of gloom,
Issue as many sounds, the words of doom.

They reached the cavern, and its threshold trod,
When, with loud voice, "The God! behold the God!
Trojan demand thy fates:" the Sibyl said.
Then changed her aspect, then her colour fled,
Bristled her locks, her bosom's throbs confessed
The fearful inspiration of her breast,
Her stature rose, her altered voice betrayed
The overpowering godhead in the maid.

"Trojan Æneas, why do you delay?
What, know you not," she said, "the only way
To ope these doors is sacrifice with prayer."
Then her lips closed in silence. Icy fear
Crept through the Trojan's veins as he addressed
And poured this supplication from his breast:
"O Phœbus! Father and benignant power,
Thou never absent in the needful hour
Of fallen Troy. Thou that didst point the steel
Of Paris to the vulnerable heel
Of dread Æacides: we 'neath thy guidance, have
Passed many lands and traversed breadths of wave,
And realms Massylian and Syrtes' sands,
And hold, at last, Italia's fleeting lands.
And ye immortal Powers, by whose decree
Troy fell, and Trojan glory ceased to be,
Ye Gods and Goddesses accord us peace,
And let our long-enduring misery cease.
And thou most sacred Prophetess! declare,
Prescient of all things, what our fortunes are;

Instruct us, where the banished gods of Troy
May build their fanes, and holy rites enjoy;
That land where we may marble temples raise
To Phœbus and to Trivia; holy days
Sacred to him appoint; and unto thee,
O maiden, an inviolate sanctuary,
Wherein thy words of truth we may enshrine,
And priesthood, for their custody, assign.
But do not trust the knowledge of your mind
To fleeting scrolls, the sport of every wind,
But, maiden! let thy mouth our fates assert."
He ceased; nor longer passive or inert
The Sibyl stood; the God usurped her soul,
And forced the human clay to his control;
The hundred doors expanded, as the maid,
Convulsed by inspiration, prophesied:
"Great as have been your perils on the main,
Such and still greater upon land remain;
Yet doubt not this, that Fate accords your due,
The realm Lavinian; realm of woe to you.
Wars, dreadful wars, I see, and Tyber's flood
Rolling its wave discoloured with your blood;
Nor Simois, nor Xanthus, wanting are,
Nor Doric camps;—a new Achilles there,
And he, too, goddess-born, confederate
With Juno's ceaseless and immortal hate:
Needy and suppliant you ask in vain
Succour and aid of the Lavinian reign:
The cause? The cause of old! of faith belied,
A foreign bridegroom and a native bride:

Yet do not yield; if fortune thee oppose,
Oppose thou fortune: aid shall come from those
You chiefly doubt, even your Grecian foes."

So from the inmost crypt the Sibyl sung
In words ambiguous; where, all unstrung,
Truth clashed with doubt, e'en as Apollo chose,
In part, the will of Heaven to disclose.
Then ceased the inspiration, and no trace
Of passion sullied her fair maiden face.
Æneas then resumed: "In dangers nurst,
Of perils, I have proved and passed the worst;
Nor do I fear them now: but this I pray,
O sacred maiden, open me the way,
Show me the path, which leads to Acheron,
And through the realms of darkness lead me on;
Give me once more to see my father's face,
Give me once more to share his fond embrace.
He, my companion, whom these shoulders bore
Thro' flames and darts and all the Grecian war;
He, my companion thro' the stormy path
Of ocean's foam and heaven's threatened wrath,
With perseverance past his strength or years—
'Twas he who bade—'tis he who prompts these prayers,
He sent me hither:—O then lend thine aid—
'Tis lawful that thou do so, holy maid!
'Tis lawful, and thou canst; for not in vain
Th' Avernan Queen to thee confides her reign.
So Orpheus did, the Thracian lyre he strung,
And called his spouse the wandering Shades among;

So Pollux did, and with fraternal love
Shared with his brother Shade the skies above;
So Theseus, so Alcides, went and came;
I, born of Jove, I have an equal claim."
  The Prophetess replied, as he the altar's horn
Grasped in his earnest zeal:—"O goddess-born
Tros Anchisiades! broad is that way,
The gates of Dis are open night and day;
But to retrace thy footsteps—to regain
The upper air—is labour and is pain:
How few of those beloved by the just Jove
Of those translated by their worth above,
And born of gods, how few effected this!
Forests surround: Cocytus' dark abyss
Of slumbering waves; but if it be thy fate
The Stygian waters twice to navigate,
Twice to behold black Tartarus, nor you
Quail from the peril dread—thus must you do.
  In an almost impenetrable glade
Of this dense forest a tree hides in shade,
Bearing a leafy branch in massy gold,
Sacred to Stygian Juno; glades enfold
And valleys hide it from our mortal ken;
Not to be plucked by mortal man, save when
His fates concede to view the realms below,
When Proserpine demands that sacred bough.
That bough torn off, straight is another seen
That waves and glitters in its golden sheen;
Fear not to pluck it,—if the Fates accord
'Twill meet thy grasp and yield unto thy sword;

If not, thy strength and efforts 'twill repel—
Force it resists, nor will it yield to steel.
But now depart: your comrade's body lies—
Ye know it not!—and lacks its obsequies;
The fleet infecting. Do not dally here,
Perform his rites and raise his sepulchre;
Then hasten on the sacrifice, and slay
The sable victims; and the sombre way,
If Stygian groves are open to thy steps,
Thou shalt behold." She said, and closed her lips.

Æneas left the cave, with pensive hue,
And mournful spirit, meditating who
Of comrades his was dead: Achates by his side,
His faithful friend, his steps accompanied;
Lost in conjecture, till, attained the strand,
They found Misenus, stretched upon the sand,
Drowned and ignobly cast again to land.
Famed was Æolides Misenus for
The martial trump and brazen blast of war.
Great Hector's comrade once, on battle-plain
He fought with him: but when great Hector slain
Yielded his trophies to Achilles' spear,
Then to Æneas, scarce inferior,
The warrior transferred his fealty
And martial service. But on the shore, as he
By pride demented, poured the brazen peal
And dared the seagods to contend in skill,
Triton, indignant,—if indignant be
The proper term,—immersed him in the sea:

From off the rock, whereon the boaster sate,
Smote by a wave. His friends deplored his fate,
But chiefly good Æneas; he obeys
The Sibyl's mandate, and commands to raise
The pyre sepulchral. The Trojans roam,
And in the forest dells, of beasts the home,
Level the lofty pine and rive the oak;
The ilex and the ash resound the stroke
Of biting axe: the task Æneas shares,
And first in toil, his part of labour bears.

He stood and cast his gaze the forest through;
"Oh that I now," he said, "might pluck that bough
And prove the Sibyl's words, which all too true,
Misenus! are fulfilled concerning you."
Scarcely he spoke or ere twin doves appeared
From heaven descending on the verdant sward;
The mighty hero knew his mother's birds,
And recognised and hailed with grateful words:
"O welcome Guides! lead on, lead on the way
To the rich branch and to the sacred spray;
And thou, O Goddess Mother! aid thy son."
He said and followed them. They gambolled on,
Feeding and fluttering, till they reached the jaws
Of pestilent Avernus; without pause
They rose aloft, then, swooping in air free,
They lighted down upon the double tree,
Whose flashing metal glittering 'midst the green
Beamed in its native and its borrowed sheen;

As in autumnal frosts the misletoe
Enfolds the oak and clasps the rugged bough,
As glittering 'midst its foster-parent trees
It waves its croceate garb upon the breeze.
With fervent grasp the prize Æneas won,
And to the Sibyl's cave returned alone.

Meantime the Trojans their sad task pursue,
And urge the rites to dust departed due.
A mighty pyre upon the shore assign,
Chiefly of riven oak and resinous pine;
Branches verbenan compassing are wound,
And gloomy cypresses are planted round;
His armour shines o'er all;—the caldrons boil,
They wash and they anoint with fragrant oil.
The rigid corpse: the garments of the dead,
The vest and the velamen, form its bed:
They on the dust insensate drop the tear,
And amid lamentations raise the bier,
Sad ministration! and apply the fires
With eyes averted, custom of their sires;
Then cast their frankincence upon the pyre,
And oils and fat of victims fed the fire—
And when the flame had reconverted all
To dust original, they quench the pile
With wine libations:—reliques they collect,
And carefully the mortal ash select.
This, Choronæus in a vase of brass
Inurns, then thrice around they pass

Bearing pure waters, Choronæus throws
Libations round with sacred olive boughs,
As speaking the last words he bade the Shade repose.
Æneas raised the tomb, and with its lord
His oar and sword and trumpet are immured—
On Cape Misenus stands the mighty frame
Immortalised, to endless time, the name.

These rites performed, the chief the course pursued
The Sibyl bade: in the deep solitude
Of the Avernan wood, the cavern lies,
Between the slumbering wave and precipice;
No bird supports its baneful atmosphere
Nor can endure the vapours rising there,
And thence the Greeks denominate that spot
Avernus. Thither Æneas brought
Four sable bulls; on them the Sibyl sheds
The wine libation, cropping from their heads
The sacred locks; those locks the flames devour,
First offering to Hecatê, dread power,
Of Erebus and Heaven.
Attendants bore
Knives, and the chalices to catch the gore:
Æneas sacrificed;—a sable ewe,
The Mother of the Eumenides unto,
Nox, and her sister Terra; to Proserpine
A barren cow; and lastly, on the shrine
Of Dis, nocturnal sacrifice, he slays
The steers, in undivided carcases,
Forcing combustion with effunded oils.
The morning sun broke forth upon their toils,

Then the earth shook, the mountain bowed its head,
And dogs invisible howled in the glade
The Power approaching. "Avaunt, ye Shades profane,"
The Sibyl cried, "and shun this grove and reign:
And thou, Æneas! forward, seize the way,
Unsheath thy sword and follow whilst we may:
Dauntless thy soul and unappalled thy sight."
She said, and plunged into that cave of night.

Ye Gods! whose stern and iron rule controls
The silent shades and the departed souls,
And Phlegethon and Chaos, grant that I may
Unblamed, the secrets of your realms betray,
Though earth and darkness hide.
Darkling they passed
Void plains of gloom, thro' empty realms, and vast
Mansions of Dis untenanted: the way
Obscured, as when her most malignant ray
Pale Dian sheds; when Jupiter embrues
The vault of heaven above in misty dews,
And from creation, night abstracts the hues.
First, in the very jaws, and opening strait
Of Orcus, Mourning and Revenge await,
And pale Disease, and miserable Age,
And Want, and Fear, and Famine—dire presage
Of Crime,—and Toil and Death, are there;
And Death's twin brother Sleep, and wasting War,
And withering joys of Lust: on iron bed,
Th' Eumenides and raving Discord spread

Their limbs with knotted snakes, wound on their brows,
Ensanguined. An elm is there which throws
Its branches widely—where vain dreams abound
Thick upon every leaf, and on the ground
Indolence slumbers—
And monster forms of race ambiguous,
Centaurs and Scyllas, the huge Briareus
And blatant brute Lernæan; triple frame
Of Geryon; Chimæra breathing flame,
Harpies and Gorgons. This assailant horde
Æneas would have battled with the sword,
But that his guide reminded him they were
Bodiless forms, shapes of impassive air
And all innocuous.
Here the path was won
Which leads unto Tartarean Acheron,
Black Acheron, which turbulently raves,
And in Cocytus disembogues its waves:
Charon, sole ferryman, who stems that stream
Of turbid whirlpool; terrible and grim
Is he, unkempt his frosty beard descends,
And from a simple knot his garb depends
Sordid and ragged: Senior he is, but such
An age of vigour as the gods avouch;
And pride beams in his eye as he prevails,
Urging his crazy bark and tattered sails
Transporting Shades: and here the crowded ranks
Of disembodied Shades suffused the banks,
Matrons and men, and the more mighty Shades
Of heroes and of youths, unmarried maids,

And infants placed upon the funeral pyre
By hands parental:—thick as when the quire
Of migratory tribes their flight essay,
Ere o'er the sea they take their restless way;
Thick as the yellow leaves that strew the wood
In frosts autumnal; e'en so thickly stood
Upon the banks the miserable ghosts,
Shivering in sight of the forbidden coasts.
He the stern arbiter, now here, now there,
Receives a ghost, but drives the rest to rear.
Struck with the sight, Æneas, wondering said,
"O Virgin, say, why is this concourse led
Thus crowding to the stream? Tell me what they implore,
Why some rejected are, some ferried o'er?"

Th' Eternal Maid replied: "O Anchisiades,
Approved of birth divine! Cocytus 'tis,
And Styx, you view! Styx, whose divinity
Binds in inviolate oath the Gods on high.
The multitudes rejected are the souls
Of the unsepulchred—Charon discerns, controls,
Bears o'er the sepulchred, for none is borne
Those waves across, who rests not in his urn;
A century of years, the Shade abides
Expiatory term, on these repulsive sides."
With smitten heart Æneas heard, and stayed
His faltering step, as trembling he surveyed
The myriads round, lacking the rituals due:
Leucaspis and Orontes then he knew

Whose bark and Lycian crew, the Libyan wave
And Auster whelmed in an unhallowed grave.
And Palinurus, who what time he held
The watch nocturnal, and the field beheld
Of spangled heaven, fell in the Tyrrhene Sea:
In sullen discontent its gloomy way
The Shade pursued: Æneas, thro' the mist
His pilot, hardly recognised, addressed:
"O Palinurus! what God proved our foe,
Depriving us of thee? I fain would know,
For only in thy doom the Oracle
Hath failed its promised purpose to fulfil.
Apollo promised, that in safety thou
Shouldst touch Ausonia, but it was not so."
"'Twas so, my chief, O Anchisiades,"
The Shade replied, "with life I passed the seas.
Phœbus deceived us not: by chance, not fate,
From the high poop I fell precipitate,
And in my grasp the tiller torn away
Upheld me safely on the watery way;
By the rough billows of the main I swear
Your danger, and not mine, was all my care,
Lest that the guiding ship deprived of me,
And helmless, so should founder on the sea.
Three nights tempestuous onward I was borne,
Lashed by each wave: the fourth returning morn
I saw Italia, and made its strand
Alive, unhurt; the dwellers on that land
Slew me resistless, overworn with toil;
Barbarians slew me in vain hope of spoil.

Now is my body cast upon the beach,
Or tossed on billows: but O, I beseech,
By the blue heavens, and by the vital air,
By thine own sire, Ascanius thine heir,
O my unconquered chief! retrack the sea,
Seek the Velinan port and bury me;
Free me from this unutterable woe,
Or since by leave divine thou treadst below
These dismal regions, aid me, bear me o'er,
Lend me thy hand, thou canst,—on yonder shore;
Let me repose in death!"
"Unhappy shade,
Retract that wish," replied the immortal Maid,
"Thou may'st not, Palinurus, canst not meet
The dread Eumenides, nor with unhallowed feet
Tread yonder shores: thy destined term attend,
Cease to lament, nor vainly hope to bend
The Fates inflexible to human prayer.
Yet have I comfort for thee, in thy care;
Thy foes pursued by Heaven's avenging hand,
Throughout the length and breadth of their whole land,
Shall expiate their deed, appease thy ghost,
And build thy tumulus with gifts of cost;
And nominate that fatal promontory
Cape Palinurus evermore from thee."
This soothed the Shade, he joyed to find his name
Linked to the earth in everlasting fame.

Now on the brink of Acheron they stood:
When the stern power that stems the Stygian flood

Saw them advancing through his silent reign,
With rising wrath he cried, "Your steps restrain,
Whoe'er ye be, in arms approaching here;
Hold! I command ye, and your aim declare:
This is the realm of Shades, nor do I freight
My bark with human clay or living weight;
'Tis true, too true, unwillingly I bore
Alcides, Theseus, and Pirithoüs o'er,
Men all of heavenly birth and matchless might!
One dragged old Cerberus to upper light,
And Theseus and Pirithoüs assailed
The bride of Pluto, and well nigh prevailed."

Briefly replied the Amphrysian prophetess,—
"Charon be calmed, no guile do we profess;
Still may the chaste bride grace her uncle's throne,
Still let the eternal janitor make moan,
And quell the Shades: with soul magnanimous
Trojan Æneas passes Erebus
To see his sire: if virtue strike no chord
Respondent in thy breast, thou wilt accord
Grace to his gift." She waved the golden bough.
Then sunk his heady rage, full well he knew
The venerated gift so rarely viewed below.
Long time he gazed, then shoved his dusky prow
To shore, ejecting from their seats the ranks
Of settled ghosts; he cleared the vessel's banks
And closed the hatches: then took the mortal freight
The ponderous Æneas, the hulk beneath his weight

Groaned and sucked in the Stygian wave. They passed,
The Sibyl and the man, those waters vast,
And safely landed on the further bank,
Midst sedge and slime, and herbage foul and dank.
Recumbent in his den there Cerberus lay,
Sprawling his limbs, and barring all the way;
His viperous locks all bristled into life,
From triple maw pouring the sounds of strife.
To him, an opiate mess the Sibyl threw—
Honey and meal drugged with Lethæan dew;
He took the pleasing bait, and on the ground
His monster bulk was stretched in sleep profound.
Him overcome, they passed the portal cave,
And left, for ever left, th' irremeable wave.

That portal past, straightway the bitter wail
Of infant sobs and cries their ears assail,
Those immaturely snatched to utter night
From the maternal breast and pleasing light.

And next are those by law unjustly slain;
Here uncondemned, for trial they remain.
Minos is judge, he holds the absolving urn,
And summons silent spirits, to discern
From their own lips, their lives and crimes to learn.

The next are those who madly cast away
Heaven's gift of life: self-sacrificed are they.
Now fain would they assume, resume full fain
A life of woe, and poverty, and pain;

Too late, too late; the ruthless fates oppose,
And Stygian streams with ninefold coils enclose.

In order next the "mournful fields" extend:
Those brought by love to an untimely end
Inhabit there, in glens and myrtle groves,
Retaining still in death their mortal loves.
Phædra, and Procris, and Pasiphäe,
Evadne, and sad Eriphylê, she
Still pointing to the parricidal wound,
They all are there: and Cæneus there is found,
Her female features and her sex resumed;
There, too, to herd with these condemned and doomed
Laodameïa.
There, too, with bosom gored,
Phœnician Dido the deep grove explored.
The Trojan hero saw the Shade flit by,
And recognised it through obscurity,
Altho' the form was shadowy and whist
As the new rising moon, obscured by mist:
With bursting tears, and heart that heaved with care,
"Unhappy Dido! do I meet thee here?"
The Trojan said: "then rumour was too true,
And your own blood did your own hand embrue;
And I the cause: by all the Gods I swear,
By the bright firmament and solid sphere,
And faith of earth above, thee I implore,—
Unwillingly, O Shade! I left your shore,

By Fate compelled, and by our adverse Gods,
By whose commands I seek these dread abodes.
I hoped—I vainly hoped—the weight of woe
Had fallen on me, and you were spared the blow.
Nay, shun me not, nor disregard the vows
Of this last interview that Fate allows."
With such persuasive words the prince essayed,
And mingled tears to move the sullen Shade;
The sullen Shade regarded them with stare
Vacant as that the Parian marbles bear;
Then turned away, inimical, its head,
And to its own umbrageous valley fled,
To where Sichæus in the myrtle grove
Responded every hallowed wish of love.
The troubled Trojan followed thro' the gloom
Her parting steps, and sorrowed o'er her doom.

Next, and the last in order, is the plain
Called "Ultimate," where dwell the warriors slain.
Tydeus, and pale Adrastus there they found,
Parthenopæus, warrior renowned,
And hosts of slain Dardanidæ, for whom
A grateful country wept and raised the tomb.
Æneas groaned in soul, beholding thus
Glaucus, and Medon, and Thersilochus,
And brothers Antenorides. His spear
Idæus aimed, and whirled his biga there;
And Ceres' priest, Polybœtes; they press,
And sounds inadequate their joy express;

They stay his footsteps, curious to know
The cause of visitation. But the Argive foe,
Agamemnonian phalanxes, they ran,
They fled the flashing armour and the man,
E'en as they fled in life, their lives to save
And refuge them on the protecting wave;
So now they fled, and raised a cry of fear,
Feeble midst utter silence! And 'twas there,
With limbs all hacked, covered with wounds all raw,
Priamides Deïphobus he saw—
His frame abused by most inhuman foes;
His hands lopped off, his lips, and ears, and nose
All cut away; scarce could the Shade be known,
Striving to hide what he could not disown.

Æneas spoke, "Martial Deïphobus
Of Teucer's race! what hand abused you thus,
What heart devised this wretched punishment?
Fame ran, that with a glorious slaughter spent,
On that sad night you met a warrior's doom.
On the Rhœtean shore I raised your tomb,
Deposed your armour there, and to that shore
Your name and fame attach for evermore.
Your dust, my friend, your dust I could not save,
Else had it also rested in the grave."

Priamides replied, "Thy pious thought
Did all it could, nor has omitted ought;
You see my fate; Lacæna's wrongs you see,
These are the proofs: my utter misery!

Too well we know—O that forget we might!—
All the false hopes and revels of that night
When we installed the horse armiferous,
The steed of doom, in royal Pergamus.
Then she feigned orgies, then she bore the flames,
She led the choirs of Bacchanalian dames,—
She from the citadel let loose our foes.
With labour worn, I meantime drank repose [lord;
In sleep, death's counterfeit: 'twas she disarmed her
She from my slumbering head removed my sword,
'Twas she invited Menelaus, and
Betrayed me sleeping to his murdering band.
(Truly in hope by infamy to prove
Worthy of him, and so regain his love.)
Ever the first in crime, Æolides,*
He slew me sleeping. Avenging deities,
Retributory powers! if just my prayers,
May a like fate, and a like lot, be theirs.
But thou, O goddess-born, in turn declare
Is it misfortune's chance that sends thee here,
Or doth the will of Heaven permit to thee
This passage thro' our realms of misery?"

Whilst thus they talked, Aurora's roseate car
Had circled half the sphere in skies afar:
Impatient at delay, the Sibyl broke
Upon their counsels and reminding spoke:
"Night rushes on, Æneas, and the space
Of time allowed you lose. Behold the place

* Ulysses: so called in opprobrium, as supposed son of Sisyphus.

Where the broad road divides itself in twain,
The right, to mighty Dis, and to the reign
Elysian is ours—the left still tends below
To Tartarus and realms of pain and woe."
Answered Deïphobus, "Do not upbraid,
I will depart at once, O sacred maid;
I will depart, and patiently attend
My term of darkness. Go, my noblest friend,
Go and fulfil thy fortunes prosperous,
Pride of our race and glory of our house;"
He said, and turned away.
Æneas turned,
And 'neath the left hand precipice discerned
Huge habitations triply girt with walls,
And flanked by fiery Phlegethon, which falls
Roaring and flaming down its rocky bed.
The adamantine portal reared its head,
The columns stern and iron turrets high
Mock human might and powers of heaven defy.
With gory robe, Tisiphone bears rule,
With ward unslumbering, in its vestibule;
From whence are heard groans and inflicted pains,
The clang of iron and the clash of chains.

Æneas paused, bewildered at the din;
"Maiden," he said, "what woe exists therein,
Or what may sounds so horrible betide?"
"Son of Anchises," said the holy guide,
"Those impious realms are ever barred to us;
Once, and but once, the Queen of Tartarus

When to my hand she gave th' Avernan reign,
Showed me the horrors of that dread domain.
Tis here the Gnossian Rhadamanthus reigns,
Judge of the crimes, awarder of the pains;
Here every wrong and every crime which went
On earth unpunished, bears its punishment.
Over the wretch condemned, Tisiphonê
Exulting stands and waves the snakes on high;
Prone falls the scourge, the Furies are at hand,
And then, then only, do those doors expand
Wide on their hinges: look and you may see
The warder in her gate, Tisiphonê,
And her attendant ministers of sin:
Dreadful! but far more dreadful are within!
Fifty-fold Hydra! whose huge coils below
The gulf Tartarean extend, as low
As Tartarus itself from highest heaven;
And to those lowest depths Tartarean driven
Lies the Titanian progeny, first born
Of Terra, by immortals overthrown:
There, too, the Twins Aloïdan, who strove
Heaven to assail, and to contend with Jove:
There, too, I saw Salmoneus, who sustained
Vengeance immortal; him it was who feigned
Himself to be the Thunderer, and trod
Thro' Greece and gaping Elis, as the God;
Mocking the thunders and the bolts above,
And claiming honours only due to Jove.
Madman and fool! to think that hoofs of brass
And rumbling cars might for the Thunders pass—
Inimitable Thunder!

It was no flaring torch or smoking brand
Descended from the Sire eternal's hand,
Which smote him headlong. There, too, the foster son
Of Terra, our great mother, Tityon;
Stretched over acres nine, upon his breast
The vulture sits, gorging his endless feast;
No rest, no respite, still the demon feeds,
Still grows the liver, still the bosom bleeds.

Why should I name the filthy Lapithæ,
Ixion, or Pirithous, who see
From couch of gold beneath, the threat'ned fall
Of the unbalanced rock; the Furies haul
The feast untasted from their famished maws,
And thrust the flaming torch within their jaws.

There, too, is he, who living smote his sire,
Hated his brother, cheated of its hire
Laborious poverty; he who denied
His buried lucre to his friend in need;
Many are they. There are adulterers,
And they, who living fostered civil wars
To their own ends, 'gainst sworn allegiance;
And he who sold his country or his prince,
Traitors and perjurors; they who the laws
Made and unmade, and wrested to their cause;
He, who in hymenæals horrible
His daughter's bed defiled; all such in full
Fierce and remorseless vengeance, expiate
The mortal deed, in everlasting fate—

What fate, what vengeance? ask me not,—'tis bliss
Not to be cognizant of woe like this.
Some roll the shapeless rock, and others bound
To spokes of wheels are ever whirling round;
There Theseus sits, and he must sit for aye;
There Phlegyas also shouts eternally,
His admonition startling those abodes,—
'Mortals be just and reverence the Gods.'
Had I hundred tongues and lungs of steel
Man could not comprehend, nor words reveal,
Each form and process of inflicted woe
Due to successful crime, and urged by fiends below."

The Sibyl paused: resuming said, "On, on,
Time flies, Æneas, and our task's undone;
I see the walled Cyclopian galleries,*
And 'neath its arch the mighty portal rise,
Whereat we must present our golden spray
Which opens to our steps the happier way."
That threshold gained, thereon Æneas stood,
Sprinkled his body with the living flood,
And on the lintel hung the branch of gold.
Then straightly did its mighty gates unfold
To flowery plains and regions of the blest,
Groves of beatitude and realms of rest;
Where purer rays and balmier breezes flow,
And their own sun and stars the spirits know;
They, green arenas on, contending stand
In emulative sport, or wrestle on the sand;

* The Cyclopian walls of Tiryns and the portal of the treasury of Mycenæ are here alluded to.

Some lead the dance, some chant the lays of eld:
There they the Thracian bard and seer beheld
In flowing robes; the ivory plectrum rings,
Or more melodious fingers swept the strings,
As he, discriminating, woke the fire
And notes immortal of the seven strung lyre.

There were Troy's sons, heroes magnanimous:
Ilus, Assaracus, and Dardanus,
Born in her earlier and her happier days.
Pitched were their spears, freely their coursers graze,
Their chariots empty stand, for still the love
Of arms and chariots which they owned above;
Now free from cares, beyond the tomb remained,
And hopes and joys the happy Shades retained.
Wide on the right and left the feast is spread,
They shout glad Pæans from their mossy bed,
And feast in balmiest breathing laurel groves,
Thro' which, its way to heaven wending, roves
Mighty Eridanus.
And there abide
Who for their country's freedom fought and died;
Chaste priests, and pious prophets, such as were
Worthy the will of Phœbus to declare;
The mechanician studious for the good
Of fellow-man; and souls of gratitude.
As they advanced, the spirits pressed around,
Their brows with wreaths and snowy fillets bound.
Singling Musæus out, amidst the rest
Conspicuous, the Sibyl him addressed:

"Say happy Spirit, tell me noblest seer,
Where doth Anchises dwell, or dwells he here?
To him, thro' gloomy Erebus, we come."
The Shade replied, "We own no certain home:
In shady grove, or verdant mead we lie,
Or on the bank where the brook bubbles by:
But, ah! I see your hearts throb at delay,
Then follow me, and I will show the way."
He said, and led them to a rising brow
From whence they viewed the glittering plain below.

In a secluded vale Anchises sate;
And round, his future progeny await,—
The shades of those doomed to a second birth
Again to breathe and militate on earth.
He took their census and their lots reviewed
Of good and ill—fortune's vicissitude.
But when he saw his son approaching there,
He rose, and casting both his hands in air,
He raised his voice and with a thankful tear—
"Come you at last," he said, "to me at last!
And has your piety the way surpassed?
Is it once more accorded, O my son,
To hear your voice and gaze your face upon?
Tho' long foreknown, expected long ago,
Is my unshaken faith rewarded so?
Yet thro' what perils and what labours run
Do I once more behold you, O my son!
None greater, none more fearful than you bore,
I feared that trial, on the Libyan shore."

Æneas answered, "Often, O my sire,
Your guardian spirit warned me to enquire,
Wherefore our fleet rocks on the Tyrrhene main.
But, father! why, ah! why dost thou refrain
The grasp of love, withhold the fond embrace
Due to thy son?" He spoke, as down his face
Rolled the big tear: his ardent arms he threw
The shadowy form around, which flitted thro'
The mortal grasp, as doth the viewless wind,
Or midnight dream fantastic of the mind.

In its still channel, through umbrageous groves,
Circling the realms of bliss, there Lethe roves;
And on its banks, ranks upon ranks of ghosts,
Nations and men, in congregated hosts.
As o'er the meads, as round the lilies fair,
Hover the bees upon the perfumed air
Murmuring their gladness, so by Lethe's bed
Hovered the happy ghosts. Æneas said,
Remarking these: "Father! vouchsafe to say,
Wherefore, upon yon banks the spirits stray?"
"My son," Anchises said, "those doomed by fate
Again on earth to bear a mortal state,
Here drink Lethæan draughts, by which they drown,
To blank oblivion, all memory down.
Now is the hour, and this the place, where you
Permitted are the future race to view,
Italia's sons, and our posterity."
"Father," Æneas said, "Oh, can it be?

Is't credible immortal souls can bear
The load of human dust and mortal air."
"Listen, my son," Anchises said, "the while
Nature, and nature's laws, my words unveil.
This heaven, this earth, and airs that liquid are,
The lucid moon and the Titanian star,
One universal Spirit sways and rules:
That undivided Mind, connects, controls
And animates the whole; and thence began
Races terrestrial, from created man
To brutes and monsters of the deep, which share
That gift of elemental fire they bear,
So much as clay and bodies doomed to die,
Can be attempered flame etherial by.
Thence hopes and joys and fears and griefs arise
In human breasts, where the soul hidden lies.
Nor when the spirit quits its mortal coil,
Can it depose inoculated soil,
The growth of human frailty; and thence
Purgations need and realms of penitence;
And water lustrates, and winds purify,
And fire purges mortal sins away.
None is exempted; for that taint of sin
Must be purged from each Manes, ere within
The bounds Elysian it can pass—and, ah,
To realms of bliss, how few admitted are!
Here we remain until revolving time,
His orbit finished, blots all mortal crime;
When the pure elemental fire shall rise,
And the freed spirit re-assert its skies;

A thousand years they tarry, when the god
Coerces with the soul-compelling rod
To Lethe's wave; they quaff oblivion down,
And wish for life, and bodies of their own."

Anchises ceased, and straight accompanied
By his great son and the divining maid,
He led a tumulus unto, to show
The busy ranks of ghosts which stood below.
"And now behold," he said, "before thy face
The Dardan blood shall pass; Italia's race,
Illustrious spirits, glory of our name,
Whilst I expound their fortunes and their fame.
And first, yon youth, who grasps his unstained spear,
He is the first on earth to reappear,
Mingling the Dardan and Italian blood;
Born posthumous, and nurtured in the wood
Of Alba, thence named Sylvius: he shall spring
From thee and from Lavinia; born a king,
Kings shall descend from him, in turn to own
In Alba Longa the Ascanian throne.
Next Phocas stands; then Capys, Numitor,
Sylvius Æneas, thy name to restore,
Who barred in youth from Alba's throne shall claim,
With labours like to thine, like pious fame.
Mark their bold aspects: brows encircled all
With wreaths of oak, the civic coronal;
They shall Nomentum build, and Gabii,
Fidænæ's towers, and Castrum Inuï,

Bola and Cora, and Pometia's walls,
And high Collatia; all whose citadels
Shall into eminence and glory grow,
Altho' rude crags and unknown deserts now.
Behold! behold! Mavortian Romulus!
Deduced thro' Ilia from Assaracus,
Upon his crested helm, how glory glows:
'Tis Jove himself, 'tis Jove that glory throws
O'er his majestic brow, beneath whose auspices
Throned on her seven hills, shall Rome arise
The mistress of the world and rival of the skies.
Roma divine! glad in thy progeny,
Ay, glad as Berecynthia, whene'er she,
Sceptered and turret-crowned o'er Phrygia driven
From her proud chariot views her peopled heaven;
So shalt thou view an equal progeny,
All sons of Heaven and tenants of the sky.
Now gaze, my son, upon the Roman race.
Lo, Cæsar! In his features how we trace
The race Iülian. Lo, his dynasty:
And first the man long promised from on high,
Augustus Cæsar, son of Heaven, to whom
The golden age, when Saturn will resume
Dominion over Latian realms, is due:
Yes, Cæsar, the wide world is due to you;
From furthest Ind to Garamantuan plains,
Where Atlas, past the solar path, sustains
The vault of Heaven; thence to reigns Caspian,
Frighted by prophecies, and plains Mæotian,

And southward to Egyptian sevenfold Nile;
Truly Alcides bore not nobler toil;
Altho' accorded 'twas, tho' he subdued
The brazen footed stag, and freed the wood
Erymanthine of its pest, and Hydra slew;
Nor thou, victorious Liber, conqueror, who
With tigers fawning beneath ivied reins,
Descended Nysa's crest from Indian plains.
And dare we doubt the meed to virtue given;
Dare we distrust the promises of Heaven?

Now mark, my son, him of the thoughtful brow;
With olive crowned and locks and beard of snow,
Bearing the symbols: from Sabine Cures called
And small paternal farm, to be installed
Rome's legislative king; and see again,
Tullus, to break the slumbers of his reign,
And lead the Romans to the fields of war;
Next Ancus, who to suffrage popular
Shall cringe and place regality on par.
Next the Tarquinii, and near them stands
Avenging Brutus, with the lictor bands;
He the first Consul of the Commonweal
With his own fasces, his own voice must heal,
With his own blood, his country's outraged laws,
And doom his traitor sons in freedom's cause.
Patriot! howe'er posterity may blame,
Thy country and stern virtue laud thy name.
The Decii, Drusi, and Torquatus view
With his stained fasces; and Camillus, too,

Marcus Camillus rescuing from the Gaul
The standards and unransomed Capitol.
Shades of futurity! and can it be
So peaceful and concordant here, that ye—
That ye must battle, that ye must endure
The bane of civil strife, of bloody war?
From Alpine passes must the sire descend,
And at Pharsalia, must the son attend
Armed from the East? O sons of Rome, forbear
Your country's heart with civil war to tear!
And thou the first, thou from Olympus won,
Cast down that bloodied weapon, O my son!
Have ye no conquests, do your triumphs cease?
Bends not the car beneath the spoils of Greece?
Bows not th' Acropolis Corinthian to
The Roman Capitol? Behold the victor go
Laden with Argive spoil; 'tis he shall lower
The pride of Argos, break Mycenæ's power;
Achilles' sons, the race Æacidan,
Shall cancel with their blood Minerva's ban
And Troy's revenge.
Cato, great Cato, can I pass by thee,
Cossus, or thou; or noble Gracchi, ye;
The Scipios twain, the thunderbolts of war,
Scourges of Libya; or Fabricius poor;
Or Cincinnatus, taken from the plough;
Or, noblest of the noble Fabii, thou
Whose dauntless heart, in her adversity
Shall save the realm; thou, Maximus, art he.

Yea, Rome, though others may thy fame surpass
For sculptured marble and for foundered brass;
Others plead better at the wrangling bar,
Describe the heavens and number every star;
But, Roman, rule; teach nations to obey,
Be yours the science of imperial sway;
But in your proud pre-eminence beware,
Subject the proud, the proud subjected spare."
Father Anchises paused: high was his tone
When he resumed, "Behold yon Shade, my son!
Marcellus, glorious with triumphal wars,
The first of men, and chief of conquerors.
Of Roman ills, he shall reverse the tide,
Scatter the Punic and the Gallic pride,
And three times victor, to Quirinus yield
Three several times, spoils of the battle field."

Anchises ceased. Æneas fixed his sight,
Meantime, upon a youth in armour dight,
But on whose forehead and within whose eye
Sat carking grief and a deep melancholy.
"Father," Æneas said, "I fain would know
Who that youth is, of the majestic brow.
Is he our issue? how his comrades crowd
His footsteps round, and how his aspect, proud
Marcellus, is as thine; but, ah, too, how,
Doth sombre night reign on his noble brow!"
Faltered Anchises' voice as he replied:
"Seek not to know, my son, what grief would hide,

Fate only shows, to snatch again from earth,
That soul of honour and that beam of worth.
Are the gods fearful, lest the Roman state
With blessings permanent should grow too great?
How shall the Campus Martius wail his doom,
And Tiber murmur sorrows round his tomb,
The noblest scion of our house to mourn;
Whom piety and ancient faith adorn
And martial prowess in the listed field,
On foot, or horse alike, all arms to wield.
Thou, noblest boy, except by fate's decree,
Marcellus had survived himself in thee.
Tarry the while, with lavish hands I strew
Lilies as fair, blossoms as bright of hue:
Prescient, I mourn, foreknowing I bequeath
Gifts to his future shade and weep his early death."

As thus through regions of the blest they strayed
And viewed the plain and marked each nobler Shade,
Anchises taught his son; his words inflame
A genial soul to energy and fame;
As he discoursed of wars and fields to come—
The realm Laurentian and Imperial Rome;
Warned him of future perils to be run,
And taught him what to dare, and what to shun.

Twain are the gates of Somnus: one, 'tis said
Of lucid horn, lets forth the sanctioned shade;
One of opaque and polished ivory,
Thro' which unsanctioned apparitions fly.

Bidding a last farewell, Anchises led
Thither his offspring and the holy maid:
The gate eburnian them restored to day.
Straight to the fleet Æneas took his way,
Weighed, sailed, and anchor'd in Caieta's bay.

BOOK VII.

And thou, Caieta! nurse Æneian, gave
The land a name which gave to thee a grave:
Thy name and dust deposed upon its shore
To great Hesperia yield one honour more.
Æneas raised the tumulus, nor failed
One pious rite, or ere he weighed and sailed—
Sighed the nocturnal breeze and Dian bright
Shed on the glittering wave reflected light,
By which the shores Circæan they attained;
Where dwelt the mighty child of Sol, and reigned
'Midst groves to mortals inaccessible,
Where ceaseless song and notes melodious swell,
As to the cedar torch, and sweet perfume,
Her damsels ply the needle and the loom.
But whence groans too are heard: the lion's roar,
Chafing its chain 'midst darkness, and the boar
And wolf and angry bear, combining, fright
The native silence and the calm of night:
Human they were, but the Circæan feast,
And spell and drug, transformed from man to beast
The form divine:
Which lest the pious Trojans should endure,
Entering the port or touching on its shore,
With power divine the ruler of the sea,
With breakers barred the fatal promontory,

And bore with tides the vessels to the main.
And when Aurora rising blushed again,
And the fierce chariot mounted on its way,
Lulled was the air, and hushed the ocean lay—
Then looking forth, the mighty oaks which grew
Where Tiber rolls his yellow waters through
His banks and sands to ocean: marking there
The flocks of sea-fowl darkening the air,
Disporting on the flood with soothing song;
The chief commanded, and they turned among
The trees, which o'er that grateful haven hung.

Rise, Erato! the state of things declare
Of ancient Latium—who its monarchs were
When Tyrrhene waves were vexed by stranger oars,
And Latium refuged exiled warriors.
Awhile, O Goddess, aid me and inspire
Whilst I divulge the cause of war and ire;
Divulge the primal causes which impelled
The Tyrrhene leaders to the battle field,
When as one man Hesperia rushed to war.
Now than of yore the theme is weightier far,
As I advance, it grows; O Goddess, speed the car!

Bless'd with long peace and a paternal reign,
Latinus swayed the cities of the plain.
The nymph Marica, so 'tis said and sung,
Bare him to Faunus: he from Picus sprung;
Picus from Saturn, when the earth was young.
But 'twas the will of Heaven, that issue male
To King Latinus and his house should fail;

One daughter only 'scaped the early doom,
Consigning all her brothers to the tomb;
Who, now mature in years and womanhood,
By many a Latin suitor prince was wooed:
Chief above all, in person and in worth
Turnus, of ancient house and regal birth;
For whom the queen all openly declared,
But Heaven withstood and sacred portents barred.
In the palatial precincts, far from view,
Worshipped with holiest awe, a laurel grew.
Fostered it had been ere the circling wall,
Built by Latinus, fenced the citadel.
Sacred to Phœbus 'twas; and thence the style,
Laurentian, of its habitants somewhile.
It happened then, on the etherial breeze
Borne thro' the void, a mighty swarm of bees
Down-lighting, with their feet combining, hung
From the tall apex, whence they knitted clung.
Again the seer expounded, and he said,
"It bodes a foreign bridegroom—hither led
With forces from a foreign land, to dwell
And domineer within this citadel."
Again, the maid Lavinia, by her sire
Who sacrificed, with incense fed the fire.
When, ominous, flames in their sacred jet
Seized on her Latin gems and coronet,
Played 'midst her hair, its ornaments their prey,
Ere the vulcanian element away
Burst thro' the dome and sought its native day.

Again the seer expounded: and he said,
"Honour and glory wait upon the maid,
War to the Latins, to Laurentians war."
Latinus sought the fane oracular
Of Faunus his prophetic sire. It stood
Th' Albunean grove within, by fount and wood
Where spreads Mephitis round his baneful fume;
And where and whence Œnotrians ask their doom
From dubious response and from dark replies:
Thither, the votary at midnight hies;
He slays the woolly victims, spreads the fleece,
Lays down his aching head and sleeps in peace.
Sleeping he views the spectres wandering past,
He hears their voices borne upon the blast,
He communes with the gods, advice demands,
And, from Avernus, Acheron responds.
There with his offering and supplicant,
A hecatomb of sheep, Father Latinus went:
The hundred fleeces on the ground he spread
And slept thereon: forthwith the response sped:
"Refrain, my son, by marriage to combine
Thy house Laurentian and the Latin line,
The Latin hymenæals are unblest;
Thy future son shall come, a foreign guest
Approved by Heaven: to whom and to our seed
One universal empire is decreed,
Of all that Phœbus from on high surveys,
Of earthly kingdoms and their subject seas."
These midnight admonitions the rash king
Divulged aloud—of woe the fruitful spring;

The race Ausonian heard, whilst to their shore
Laomedontian youth their vessels moor.

Æneas, and the peers, Iülus young,
Reposed their limbs the mighty oaks among.
Upon the sward the feast of cakes was spread,
Mended, with native fruits, the cereal bread.
The fruits consumed, forthwith the hungry band,
Jove so decreed it, with audacious hand
And tooth, broke round and square-crossed cakes:* the bread
Whereoff, as dedicated plates, they fed.

Ascanius took the word, and smiling, said,
"Behold we eat the tables whence we fed."
He spoke unwittingly, but every word
Was fraught with fate: Father Æneas heard,
He heard and rose; silent he stood awhile,
Then, "Hail! O promised land," he said; "all hail!
Gods of my country: Trojan deities,
Here is your refuge, here our country is,
'Tis manifest; ambiguous no more
Anchises' speech: 'When on a foreign shore,
Coerced by famine, ye on tables feed,
There is the land and resting-place decreed.
Then are your wanderings over: but prepare
Your city walls the brunt of war to bear.'
Behold the thing foretold and hour are come,
And ended are our wanderings wearisome.

* The liba, cake of salted meal, round, and marked with a cross, apparently, symbolising the sacred board and salt?

Therefore arise, and with the breaking day
We will explore the land; we will survey
Its walls and their inhabitants: but now
Libate to Jupiter, and pay the vow;
And let my sire Anchises be addressed
With wine and food, invoking him as guest."
He spoke, and bound his brows with oaken boughs
To Heaven and local genii offering vows,
Tellus, primeval power, and—yet unknown,
The fluvial nymphs, Nox, and the starry Zone,
Phrygian Cybele, and Idæan Jove,
And parents twain, from high the queen of love,
And sire from Erebus:
The sire omnipotent
Thundered above—the bolt thro' heaven went,
And thrice it flew and thrice around it rolled,
Involving heaven in purple light and gold.
The rumour ran that, Trojan fates fulfilled,
The destined hour was come the walls to build:
To hope and gladness they their hearts resign,
And feast with joy and drain the mighty wine.
And with the morrow's dawn, in diverse bands,
They sought the cities and explored the lands
Where the stern Latins dwelt, and pierced the brake
From Tiber's flood to far Numicia's lake.
One hundred orators deputed were
To proffer friendship, peaceful gifts to bear;
And crowned with olive, proud of honour high
They left the fleet to do their embassy.

Æneas ploughed the fosse, on war intent,
He gave the plan of mound and battlement;
Their earliest Latin seat and settlement.

Meantime the Trojans neared the dwelling-place,
And warlike turrets of the Latin race.
Before the walls the youth in martial train
With horse and cars contended on the plain;
They bent the stubborn bow and cast the spear,
And in the race bent in their fleet career.
Forthwith a horseman to Latinus told
That warriors, foreign garbed, of aspect bold
Approached: he bade them conduct have,
And in his father's hall he audience gave.
His father's royal hall which rose in air
Girt with a hundred columns, nobly fair—
Topping the town: but loftier than its frame,
Its sacred grove and its religious fame.
There Picus first assumed the regal state,
There, sceptered, first 'midst lictor bands he sate,
There met the senate: thither too was led
The sacrificial ram and feasts were spread,
The sacred feasts, where Latin sires repose.
Around the statues of their kings arose
In cedar carved:
Saturn, and Janus Bifrons, first in place;
And Italus, the founder of the race;
Father Sabinus, planter of the vine,
The pruning-knife in hand; and a long line

Of Latin warrior-kings all famed in war,
Their trophies hung around; the captive car,
The battle-axe, and crested helms and bows,
The bolts of city gates, and brazen prows
Wrenched from the hulls:
And with Quirinal wand
And the scant trabea on, and his left hand
Bearing the sacred buckler, Picus sate,
The steed subduer; who endured the hate
And golden rod of Circe, when in grove
The goddess wooed and he despised her love.
So sate Latinus 'midst his sires, as he
Thus greeting, hailed the Trojan embassy:
"Welcome Dardanidæ! for not unknown,
E'en here, your race, your wanderings and town;
Now speak your wants and wishes, wherefore ye
Cleave the blue waves of our Ausonian sea.
Has tempest or mischance unto our shores
(Since much of both the mariner endures)
Forced or misled ye? and doubt not nor fear
The laws of Saturn just and holy, here
We refuge all; mindful of ancient fame,
Unforced by laws, we own the stranger's claim.
And I remember, tho' long years have rolled,
That seers Auruncan, prophesying told
How Tuscan Dardanus should quit his race
For Phrygian Ida, and for Samothrace.
In Corythus, his native city, we
Uphold his fame and bless his memory—

There stands his golden fane, and in the skies
Himself augments our native deities."

Latinus ceased, and Ilioneus said,
"King, sprung from Faunus; hither are we sped,
Neither enforced by tempest nor by need,
Nor course beguiled, nor did the stars mislead.
Hither we come a voluntary band
Though exiled, truly, from our fatherland.
Once, the most favoured land by Phœbus viewed
From Asian Olympus; land endued
With worth by Jove himself, for Trojans trace
Descent from Jupiter, chief of that race
Trojan Æneas, who deputes us here.
How war unbridled in its fell career,
Swept from Mycenæ to th' Idæan plain;
How banded Europe crossed the Ægæan main
'Gainst Asia sworn; methinks the tale is told
From northern realms of Hyperborean cold,
To habitants, if such there be, made known
Beyond the solar path and torrid zone.
From that dread deluge, o'er the boundless wave
Water and air, common to man, we crave
And for our gods a refuge: let not aught,
Fears of dishonour, influence your thought,
Troy will not sully the Ausonian name,
Whilst ye for generosity may claim
The honours due: now by our prince I swear,
And fates Ænean! great in peace and war,
By his right arm, that ere we sought thy court,
Our friendship and alliance have been sought

By nations divers: suffer not our want
To sway your mind, nor scorn us suppliant.
Urged and commanded by the Gods on high,
Fate we fulfil, accomplish destiny.
Apollo sternly bade us to return
Unto the land where Dardanus was born;
And Tyrrhene Tybris named, and sacred fount
Numican.
These gifts of small account,
Save as from Troy, reliques of days of old,
Æneas sends: this chalice of pure gold
With which Anchises sacrificed of yore;
This holy panoply King Priam wore,
Sceptered and throned as he in judgment sate;
These garments and tiara demonstrate
Of Ilion's maids, the judgment and the skill."
Ilioneus ceased: the Latin king sat still,
Immersed in meditation, and his eye
And 'stonied gaze fixed upon vacancy;
He heeded nor the gifts nor orator,
Nor purple robes, nor golden sceptre more.
Before his eyes his daughter's nuptials pressed,
And midnight oracle usurped his breast.
The fated bridegroom from afar was there,
Exiled by fate, by equal fate led here.
Here was the progeny of promised worth
To rule the world and domineer the earth.
Then joyfully he spoke: "The Gods fulfil
Their auguries, O Trojans, to your will.
We take your gifts; and whilst Latinus reigns
Share ye the bounties of the Latin plains

With Trojan wealth. Let thy Æneas come,—
I long to welcome him to heart and home,—
Let him not fear malevolence, for I
Will grasp his kingly hand in amity.
My further mandates to Æneas bear:
I have a daughter, she mine only heir;
Now oracles paternal and high Heaven,
And lots and prodigies have all forbidden
Her wedlock with a prince of Latin line.
A son-in-law, they promise, peregrine;
One who the sceptre of the realm shall bear,
And raise our name and issue to the sphere.
That man foretold is, I believe, your king,
And I accept the omen which ye bring."

He ceased, and ordered steeds for each and all.
Three hundred noble coursers stood in stall,
With pendent poitrals and with bits of gold,
And purple trappings gorgeous to behold;
But for their king two others he decreed—
Broke to the car—born of etherial seed.
Dædalian Circe filched it from her sire,
And crossed the mortal steed with solar fire.
And so the Trojan embassy returned
With gifts and peace for which their hearts had yearned.

But now with smitten heart, the spouse of Jove
From Argos voyaging thro' realms above,
Unto Pachynus on Sicilian shore,
Beheld, her chariot from, the Trojans moor

The Trojan ships: she saw their labours done,
The fleet deserted and the walls begun.
Then sunk her heart, then sunk her haughty brow,
Yielding to grief she mused in accents low:
"Detested race! with fates opposed to mine:
Thwarted is vengeance and my power divine?
Sigeum's bloody field and battle plain
Conquered and conquered captive: all in vain?
From Troy uprooted, thro' the sword and fire
Behold them prosperous. Has my just ire
Slept? or is indeed my vengeance vain?
Is sunk and powerless Saturnia's fane!
Have I not chased them over land and seas
Pursued with perils, tried with miseries,
Yet what availed the Syrtes, what availed
Or Scylla or Charybdis, on they sailed,
And upon yellow Tiber now enjoy
Rest and repose. Unchecked might Mars destroy
His foes the Lapithæ: might Dian vent
Her rage on Calydon, nor Jove resent
Vengeance extreme on hapless Calydon?
And I—the queen of Heaven—refused alone,
Before a mortal and a man must bend
With acts defied and power at an end;
But if the power divine be baffled thus,
If Jove and Fate deny—to Tartarus
And Acherontine powers: though Latium be,
And though Lavinia his, by fate's decree,
Yet can the Stygian powers withstand, withhold,
Against the stranger rank the natives bold,

And through the blood and slaughter of his best
Latinus gain his son and warrior guest.
Yes, maiden, yes! blood shall endowry thee;
Bellona, bridesmaid, and her gift shall be
Trojan, Rutulian, blood.
The fire-brand! ha!
No longer shall thy child-birth, Hecuba!
Stand forth alone; for Venus yet prefers
Another Paris, other child of hers,
To fire again Troy's flickering remains
On Tiber's banks and on Hesperia's plains."

She spoke, descending and descending sought
Alecto, from the regions of resort
Of the dread Sisterhood, who sways the time
Of war and passion, envy, wrath, and crime.
E'en Dis with horror views her direful face,
Her sisters shun her, dread of her own race!
For action when, her serpent locks uprear,
Her, Juno sought: Saturnia sued with prayer.
"Daughter of Nox, lend me awhile thine aid,
Assert mine honour, Acherontine maid!
Let not Æneas gain, attesting fate,
The Latin heiress and Italian state;
Plant—for thou canst—plant in each Latin breast
Discord and hate towards the Trojan guest,
Scatter, their dwellings midst, the fruitful seeds
Of envy, malice, every vice which feeds,
Rankles and propagates in human hearts;
For thine the thousand terms and harmful arts

Which banish peace and happiness afar,
And nerve man's arm and prompt man's soul to war."

Alecto rose, black with Gorgonian blood;
Within the Latin royal dome she stood,
There sought the chamber where Amata lay,
Of female pride and carking wrath the prey.
The hymenæals and the king's behest,
And Turnus and the Trojan swayed her breast.
A snake cerulean wrenched from off her brow,
Alecto at the Latin mother threw;
It glided to her throbbing heart and ire,
Infused its baneful immaterial fire,
Urging the soul to madness—on it rolled
Unfelt, unseen, and formed a ring of gold
Her neck about, it glided 'midst her hair
And glossy locks, and o'er her bosom fair.
But ere the venom had attained its height
Or burned her blood within with fiendish spite,
The nuptials she denounced in accents mild,
And mourned as mourns a mother for her child.
"Husband and sire: and must Lavinia be
Wed to an exile? pity her and me—
He will not pity when with time and tide,
He sails from hence in triumph with his bride.
Was it not thus the Phrygian shepherd boy
Won Lacedæmon's queen, and sped to Troy?
Was it not thus Ledæan Helen fell?
And wilt thou trust the pirate; and as well

To Turnus faithless be, forgetful prove,
And break thy plighted faith, their plighted love?
If oracles, and if thy sire's commands
Impose a son-in-law from foreign lands—
All lands are foreign, save those we control,
Foreign is all, not subject to our rule;
And Turnus, when his ancestry we seek—
Acrisius and Inachus were Greek."

She spoke in vain: Latinus turned his head
From argument. Meantime the venom spread,
The demon venom coursed in veins unseen:
Careless, disguiseless, then the hapless queen
Distracted roamed:
As when the child in sport
Whips his gyrating top around a court
Unceasing lashes, whilst the gaping throng
Of urchins marvel as it speeds along,
Unwitting on what principle it moves—
Lashed by the Fury so the woman roves,
So gazed the men and matrons on her course,
Unwitting of the demon and her force.
But when, by madness fired, she ventured more,
And feigning Bacchanalia, when she bore
Her child to mountains and to solitudes,
"Evohe Bacché!" shouting through the woods;
"Evohe Bacché! thou and only thou
Deservest the virgin's heart and virgin vow;
With thyrsus and with song we consecrate
To thee her maiden locks, her maiden state."

And Fame divulged the deed—the deed made known,
Straightway the Latin mothers left the town,
Rushed to the hills and hurried to unbind
Their locks, and bared their bosoms to the wind;
Garbed in the skins of beasts, the smitten air
Echoed, as they upraised the vine-bound spear.
Amata reared a blazing branch of pine
And sung the hymenæal hymn divine
Of Turnus and Lavinia: then turned her head
Back on the frantic matrons, as she said,
"Iö! ye Latin matrons, lend me ears:
If I, Amata, claim your pious cares,—
If violated rights maternal move,—
Unbind your locks, and kindred feelings prove
In sacred orgies."
And, so overraught,
To savage scenes and deeds the queen was brought.

Alecto next, her mission thus begun,
Soaring aloft in air, on pinions dun,
Sought the Rutulian towers, of Danäe.
For fame records: across the ocean, she,
Thither propelled by Notus, built those towers
For her Acrisionian warriors:
Ardua it was, but time has changed its name
And destinies: now only known to fame
As Ardea.

Turnus there slept: there his offended breast
Shared in the placid night the boon of rest.

To him Alecto rose with terrors veiled,
Upon her face senility prevailed;
She came with bleached locks and with wrinkled brow,
And wore the wreath and bore the olive bough:
As Cabylé, priestess and prophetess
Of Juno's fane, she opened the address:
"Sleepest thou, Turnus?—Dost thou sleep, nor see
Thy sceptre pass to Troy's vile colony;
Thyself disowned, thy proffered dower denied,
An exiled stranger win thy plighted bride!
Go now, deluded warrior! and again
Scatter the Tyrrhene, shield the Latin reign.
Omnipotent Saturnia sends me here
With holy counsels to thy sleeping ear.
Up—and arouse the Latin youth and pour
Forth from thy gates the bands of glorious war,
Smite upon Tiber's banks the Phrygian's train,
And burn his imaged vessels on the main—
The Gods command it: let the king essay
The fruits of faithlessness and infamy.
Let him endure, if he the nuptials bar,
The wrath of Turnus and the brunt of war."

With eye of scornful pride, the youth replied:
"'Tis not to me unknown, on Tiber's tide
A fleet is moored; shall that afflict my thought,
Is Juno's aid and Juno's favour nought?
O mother, age and feebleness affright,
Appal thy vision, and obscure thy sight;

Tend thou the temple, be the Gods thy care,
Leave war to man: men peace and war declare."

Stung by his scorn, Alecto stood confessed;
Her direful aspect the brave youth oppressed;
Erynnis of the hydra brow, she stood
And quelled his speech and froze his curdled blood.
Two snakes from off her brow the Fury wrung,
Down flashed the scourge and rung the knitted thong
As thus she spoke:
"Behold me—sunk in feebleness and age,
Unfit 'midst regal slaughter to engage,
Behold me—if thou canst—and quail beneath
The hand infernal fraught with war and death."
She said and smote him: the infernal fire
Entered his inmost heart and raised its ire.
Starting awake and bathed in clammy dew,
He sprang from bed of slumber, and anew
Raving aloud for armour and his arms:
Frantic with rage and smitten with the charms
Insane of war: so o'er the brazen side
Of the hot cauldron leaps the boiling tide;
So leaps the heated liquid o'er its bound,
To die in vapour and in empty sound.

His embassy to king Latinus brought
War and defiance: the while Turnus sought
Around for means the Trojans to o'erthrow
And liberate Italia from his foe.

Alone against the force combined he stands,
Invoking Heaven and his Rutulian bands.
And many, hasting, to his standards run;
Some knew his sires, and others love the son,
And prestige of his name and former battles won.

Turnus thus fired, Alecto spread her broad
And Stygian pinions, meditating fraud:
She sought Ascanius, who pursued the boar
With hounds and toils, upon the Latin shore.
Before the dogs the Cocyteian hag
Cast down the well-known odour of the stag;
That the first cause of quarrel, first of harm
Which bared to fight the peasants' forceful arm.
A fostered stag it was of noblest size,
With branching antlers and with beaming eyes;
The boys of Tyrrheus caught it in the weald,
Whilst Tyrrheus tended herd upon the field.
Their sister Sylvia oft with flowers would deck,
In maiden glee, his antlers broad and neck,
Would bathe him in the fountain's limpid tide,
And smooth his dappled coat and glossy hide:
Tame and familiar, he was wont to roam
By day afar, but aye at eve came home,
And well he knew his stall and master's shed:
Now on the river's brink he couched his head,
And in its herbage found a cooler lair;
The rabid hunt came on and roused him there.
With youthful love of prowess and of prey
Ascanius launched the shaft: its deadly way

The Fury guided, and the purple tide
Deeply it drunk, fixed in the panting side:
Bleeding and faint, he sought his well-known stall
And seemed to speak his tale, imploring all,
Stretching his leathern coat with groans, as though
He asked for human vengeance on his foe.
  First Sister Sylvia raised the voice of wail,
And the rude rustic answered to her hail;
All came prepared; Alecto led them there
With brands and staves, and spirits void of fear.
Tyrrheus, who clove an oak, he heard the cry;
Responding to her call he reared on high
His woodman's axe; Alecto on the roof,
Gloating on turmoil raised at her behoof;
Her brazen trump adds its Tartarean sound
And speeds their signal of distress around;
The groves and sylvans quivered as it passed,
And forest's depths untrodden heard its blast—
Heard it, the Lake of Trivia from afar—
Heard it, the waters of sulphureous Nar,
Heard it, his fount Velinan: mothers pressed,
Trembling with fear, their children to the breast;
But their indomitable countrymen
Upraised the shout and grasped their arms again.
  And heard, the Trojan camp, those notes of wrath
As bearing needful aid they sallied forth.
It was no rustic broil of staves and brands,
But martial arms, and grasped in practised hands.
The plain now bristled wide with sword and spear,
And brazen helms and shields reflecting there

The solar beams back to their native heaven.
So when the yeasty wave, by Hyems driven,
Progressing gathers, its o'erpeering sway
Breaks in its pride, and disappears in spray.
Great Almon died the first, the eldest born
Of Tyrrheus he, and foremost stood that morn;
The arrow pierced his throat, and vital breath
And utterance failed him in the hour of death.
And others fell: Galesus old, who then
Only stood forth to calm the wrath of men;
A rich man and a just; broad lands his care,—
Five flocks, five herds, a hundred yoke of steer.

Her task performed, her arts infernal crowned
With full and sad success; Hesperia's ground
Polluted now with slaughter, war, and blood;
Alecto soared aloft and proudly stood
In presence of Saturnia: "Lo!" she said,
"Discord is launched, the bolt of war is sped.
Essay, now if thou wilt, by deed to foil
The bands whose gore will fatten yonder soil:
Now grant me license, seal thy sure assent,
And I will on, unsparing and unspent,
And through surrounding realms and regions sow
The lust insane of war, of death and woe."
"Enough!" Saturnia said, "war is begun,
Terror and fraud are rife: enough is done:
Now have they cause, now let their passion rage
Till flowing blood and slaughter it assuage.
Such Venus! such the nuptials thou hast won,
Such Latin hymenæals for thy son.

Now hence away, for the Olympic sire
Forbids your influence and presence here;
I can dispel all chances which may rise,
Hence then away from our etherial skies."
The Fury heard with silenced snakes; her broad
And demon wings she closed, and took the road
Unto Cocytus:
There is a valley lies,
Where Apennine's primeval summits rise,
Well-known and famed through regions of the world.
Amsanctus 'tis: the torrent through it hurled,
'Midst riven rocks and densest scrub bursts on
With force impetuous, till its course is done,
Where at a yawning rift and portal wide
The realms of Dis demand its subject tide:
Down through those jaws pestiferous, the dread
Erynnis plunged, and Heaven and Earth were glad.

Saturnia meantime with her proper hand
Fostered the war: now all the rustic band
Rushed to the town and thither bore the slain,
Young Almon and Galesus: to the fane
Of Heaven they rush, Latinus they implore.
Turnus reproaching stood, perplexing more;
With hand the corpses on, he spread the fear
Of violence and fire: states "Trojans were
Invited guests, of the vile Phrygian race,
And he expelled to give the pirates place."
The youth—whose mothers at Amata's call
Rushed to the mountain wilds, performing all

Orgies of Bacchus—they assenting heard
Demanding war: and thus, even thus, allured
To mad impiety—'gainst omens and
'Gainst fate, and oracles—war they demand;
Demanding war they would coerce their king.
But he, like to a rock, when thundering
Its sides against the stormy billows rave,
Casts off the foaming and the sedgy wave,
And stands undaunted and unchanged; so he
Unchanged, undaunted, bore their mutiny—
But all in vain, authority had failed,
And Juno's wrath and Juno's power prevailed.
Then speaking to the winds, the old man said,
"Fate conquers us, the storm bursts o'er our head.
With mad impiety, yourselves down draw
Impending ruin and unhallowed war.
Thou, Turnus, thou on thine own head draw'st fate,
Too late thou'lt know it, and repent too late:
My life is run—ye but forestall its hour
And rob me of funereal pomp: no more."
He spoke no more, but shunned the rising tide
Of human deeds, which he no more might guide.

A custom in Hesperian Latium held,
And afterwards through Alban towns prevailed,
And now in mighty Rome,—that Mars, when he
Decrees hostilities, whether the doom may be
Against the Geti, or Arabia,
Hyrcania, or Auroran India,
Or Parthia repentant:

The double gates, with name,
Attributed by fear and ancient fame,
To horrid war; whereon a hundred bars
Of brass and everlasting steel, and Mars
And Janus warding on the threshold, hold
Inviolate—then when the Senate old
Pronounces doom to foes—the Consul there
In Gabine garb, Quirinal trabea fair,
Forces the creaking hinges and proclaims
War, amidst trumpets and the crowd's acclaims.
By custom and his office, when as head
The king should this perform, Latinus fled,
He shunned the irreligious deed and hid.
Saturnia from Olympus, she undid
The bolts and bars; they to her hand gave way;
She oped the portals: and with reckless sway
Ausonia raved, quiescent until then.
Then rushed to field her foot and mounted men;
Then helms and bucklers furbished were and shone
'Midst glittering brands, fresh whetted from the stone:
The lust of martial panoply encharms.
Three cities straightway manufactured arms,
Ardea, Atina, and Antemna vied
With Crustumerium and Tibur's pride;
And helms they shaped and willow saplings twined
To bear the shield; and greaves and breastplates bind
With silver mountings o'er the face of brass.
And now their fields of tillage and of grass,
And shares and scythes they quit; and in the fires
Temper anew the weapons of their sires:

And when the banners waved, and trumpets spoke,
They joined their startled horses to the yoke,
Trembling with haste their buckled helmets don,
Their gilded breastplates and their shields braced on,
And slung their trusty swords, their fearless hearts upon.

Now, Goddesses of Helicon! declare
Who the first kings and warlike chieftains were?
What bands our fair Italia supplied,
What men, what warriors, what martial pride?
For, maids Aönian, ye alone can tell,
Lost unto mortal memory, what befell.

Mezentius first! the Gods' contemnor! dight
In Tyrrhene arms, aye foremost in the fight.
Lausus, the beautiful, his only son—
Second, save haply Turnus, unto none.
He left his steeds, he left the chase, and led
New to the field, from Agyllina sped,
A thousand men; worthy position higher,
Unblest in that Mezentius was his sire.

And Aventinus, offspring of a God,
Of Hercules, his palmy car bestrod
And reined victorious coursers round the field;
His father's ensign glared upon his shield,—
Hydra begirt with snakes:
Rhea, from vestal shrine,
In wooded glen and mount of Aventine,

Endured the God's embrace, and bare a son.
'Twas after, Geryon slain, Tirynthus won
The shores Laurentian; and Iberian kine
Drank of the Tyrrhene Tiber's wave divine.
Armed with the pilum, and the heavy spear,
With Sabine javelins, pointed swords they bear.
With buckled paws, he wore the lion's hide,
The mane and monster jaws a helm supplied;
With garb Herculean on Herculean frame,
Thus rugged and thus terrible, he came.

Twin brothers next from towers Tiburtian came,
So called Tiburtus from, their brother's name.
They, Coras and Catillus, Argive youth,—
As cloud-sprung Centaurs putting strength to proof
Rush from their mountain peaks, from Omole
Or snow-clad Othrys, crushing every tree,
Through hazel glades resounding,—so did they
Crush ranks of men opposing their joint way.

Nor was Præneste's founder absent: he
Found in the ashes and confessed to be
The son of Vulcan, king of rural reign.
Accompanied was he by rustic train,
A sturdy multitude. Præneste's height,
And Gabii Junonian joined their might
With Anio cold, Anagnian meadows green,
Hernican rocks and Father Amasene.
Scant armour theirs, nor boast they battle-car
Nor burnished shield—but darts they cast afar,

Or hurled from slings the deadly plumb of lead.
Instead of helm, the hide of wolf was spread
Above their heads, their covering and their pride;
One naked foot—one wrapped in undressed hide.

Messapus, steed subduer—by his sire
Charmed against steel and fated against fire—
He led his bands new to the battle-field;
The sword, Fescennians, just Faliscans, wield,
Men from Soracte's summits, and the plain
Flavinian, lake and mountain fane
Ciminian, and Capena's grove and glen:
In order marching, as they tramp along
They chant and celebrate their chief with song:
So troop the swans, high in the liquid cloud,
From pasture back returning and aloud
Chant their melodious music; on it floats,
And Asia's streams and lakes resound the notes.
Ah! who that heard such melody, would deem
Them martial strains to be, which rather seem
The joyful chant of birds on some fair flowing stream.

Next, sprung from Sabine blood, with native bands
Clausus the strong: from whom in Latin lands
Descends the Claudian race, the era from
When Sabines co-inherited in Rome:
With him the old Quirites marched, and great
Cohort from Amitern; Eretum's state,
With olive-clad Mutusca; Nomentum's town,
And where Velinus through rich meads rolls down

Rocks Tetrican, and high Severan mount,
Casperia and Foruli, and the fount
Hymellan, and from Tybris, Fabaris,
From Nursia's snows, to where Hortina is;
All Latin lands which Allia divides—
Ill-omen'd name—like waves that bleach the tides
Of Libyan waters, when the wintry main
Orion sways: many as ears of grain
Dotting the Lycian fields and Herman plain
The gladsome sun beneath: they shake the ground
As to their tread the brazen shields resound.

Next came Halesus, Agamemnon's son,
Hostile to Troy by birth: high mounted on
His battle car, followed by warriors from
A hundred tribes; from Massicus they come,
And vine-clad summits, hardy mountaineers
Deputed by Auruncan sires and seers;
Shepherds from Cales, fishers from the main,
And husbandmen from the broad fruitful plain
Where flows Vulturnus; Oscans Ausonian,
And hard inhabitant Saticulan.
Their arms are rounded* aclides, and slung
To a short stave, by a firm leathern thong;
The cetra on their arms, and fauchion by them hung.

Nor, Œbalus, shalt thou omitted be
From this our verse: the nymph Sebethide
Bare thee to Telon, in his island cell
Of Capri where the Teleboans dwell.

* Such as Gog holds in Guildhall.

But Telon senior, that restricted reign
Contented not the son: he sailed again
To tribute subjecting Sarrastians and
Dwellers by Sarnus, and the Rufan land,
Celenna's fields and Batulum, and all
The fields of fruit seen from Abella's wall.
In mode Teutonic they accustomed were
To hurl the bolt* cateias from, and wear
A helm of bark of cork; they also wield
The brazen sword and bear the lunar shield.

Nursia the rugged, sent great Ufens forth
Glorious in arms, glorious in martial worth.
The men of Equi followed him; a race
Brought up in toil and hardened in the chase;
If that they plough, they plough in arms; but they
Better delight to raid, and drive a prey.

Umbro the mighty, their renowned priest,
A wreath of peaceful olive on his crest,
Marrubium and its king, Archippus, sent:
With charm and incantation he was bent
To tame the viper's brood and Hydra's fire,
Soothe them to peace and medicine their ire.
He charmed the Hydra, but he could not charm
The martial vigour of the Trojan arm;
Vain was the incantation, vain the power
Of soporific herb or magic flower.
Yet Umbro, 'twas for thee Fucina's wave,
For thee Angitia's groves their sorrows gave,
And mourned thy timeless fate around thy grave.

* The Teutonic crossbow.

Virbius came next: Aricia taught thy son
Hippolytus, Hesperian lands upon,
Where Dian's cherished and benignant fane
Stands in the glen 'midst springs Egerian.
For fame records,—Hippolytus, when he
The victim fell of hate and calumny,
That drugs Pæonian reinspired the clay,
And Dian's love restored the soul to day.
But he, the sire omnipotent, irate
That mortal hand should dare resuscitate
Inanimated dust; smote for the deed
Apollo's offspring to the Stygian shade.
Yet alma Dian saved, in grove above,
Hippolytus; and in Egeria's grove,
Virbius surnamed, he passed a length of days
In peaceful life, though wanting fame and praise;
For, ever from the Trivian precincts, they
Chased the hoofed steed; remembering the day
When that, amazed, they fled the sight abhorred
Of the Neptunian brute, and slew their lord.
The ban removed, young Virbius rode to war
Reining two steeds, yoked to his battle car.

But foremost, chief came Turnus—none like him
For martial excellence and strength of limb.
And on his triple-apexed helm, the crest
Chimæra, breathing flame in his behest;
Fast as the battle grows, the onslaught draws
The stream of lightning faster from its jaws.

His shield upon, fashioned in matchless mould,
Iö strode forth, bright in barbaric gold;
Some daring sculptor had not feared to trace,
'Midst heifer attributes, her maiden face;
And Argus watched, and Inachus looked on
With hidden urn and living fount, thereon.
His Argive youth on foot, with brand and shield,
Attend his steps and cluster o'er the field;
With them, Auruncans and Rutulians, and
Sicanian aborigines; and band
Sacranan; and Labicians, noted for
Their painted shields—Numicus' sacred, or
Thy, Tiberinus, glades; and thence around
Past hills Rutulian to the seagirt mound
Circæan; thence to Feronia's grove,
Where domineers, on marble steep above,
Jupiter Anxur: Satura there sleeps
In her black marsh; and the cold Ufens leaps,
And through the vale winds to the azure deeps.

One more, or ere we cease, O muse, one more,—
Camilla, Volscian maid:
She led to war
Her martial horse flaming in brazen arms.
For her Minerva's craft was void of charms,
Distaffs and baskets suited not her hands;
But foremost in the battle-field she stands,
Or in unrivalled speed, surpassing air;
Lo, o'er the glade she flees, nor leaves she there

A track of her light foot, or bruised blade;
Nay, o'er the wave she sped her course, nor made
One billow chafe, nor wetted her fair feet:
She passes, and admiring gazers greet
Her coming and pursue her with their eyes,
Men, matrons, youth, all in a mute surprise.
The regal purple veiled her bosom fair,
And golden fillets mingled with her hair;
The Lycian quiver from her shoulder fell,
And her sharp spear was myrtle pastoral.

BOOK VIII.

When that the banners of Laurentian war
Turnus unfolded: when the spheres afar
Echoed the bruit of steeds' and armour's clang,
And to the brazen trump responsive rang,
How was Ausonia troubled! as one man
Her generous youth rushed to the battle van.

Messapus first, and Ufens thither sped:
Contemnor of the Gods, Mezentius, led
His ranks from devastated regions round:
And Venulus deputed was to sound
Great Diomedes, with an embassade;
To bear him tidings and to ask his aid;
To tell him that, with Gods and exiled host,
Trojan Æneas stood on Latium's coast,
Asserting as his right, decrees of Fate:
That many a people and that many a state
Avouched his cause; that fickle Fame had spread
Widely his name, that he was making head.
What might, should Fortune favour him, ensue,
Was better Diomedes known unto
Than Turnus or Latinus.
Whilst these things passed
The Laomedontian hero in his vast

Capacious mind weighed likewise these events,
But strove in vain to fix his mind's intents,—
Which fluttered o'er his soul as flits the gleam
Of the unsteady and the fitful stream
Of rays of light poured downward by the sun,
Or radiant moon, the brazen caldron on;
Reflected round on every side which play,
Or seek the skies, lost in their native day.

Again 'twas night: the night when Nature gives
Her boon of rest to everything that lives;
And in the air, beneath the gelid sky,
Father Æneas lay, the river by,
With perturbated mind and throbbing breast,
Till Sleep, him likewise, mantled into rest;
When rising 'midst the trees that shade his flood,
Its god and genius, Tiberinus, stood:
Green and transparent was his mantle spread,
And nodding rushes crowned his hoary head,
As with benignant aspect, thus he said:—

"Offspring of Heaven! to us restored once more
From Grecian foes and from the Trojan shore
Expected long: now dost thou plant again
Eternal Pergamus, on this my plain.
Doubt not, this is thine home: doubt not, at last
The wrath of Gods and Heaven is overpast;
The promised fields Laurentian, they are here.
And thou! lest that misdoubting thou shouldst fear
This vision of the night a mockery,

The promised sow shall lie, a sign to be,
Beneath a spreading ilex on the ground;
White and her thirty milkwhite sons around.
There raise thy walls: there look to taste repose
Until—when thirty circling years shall close—
Ascanius shall the walls of Alba rear.
I sing not things uncertain, therefore hear
And mark my precepts, guides to victory!
Here dwell the Arcadians: sprung from Pallas, they
Followed their king, Evander: here on high,
My hills among, their waving banners fly,
Called Pallantëum, from their ancestor—
The Latins 'gainst them wage perpetual war:
Be they thy friends, confederate with them;
I will conduct you, safely shall ye stem
The upward passage of my friendly stream.

And now, O goddess-born, arise, away;
For lo! the stars pale to advancing day.
Address thy prayer to Juno—supplicate,
Subdue her wrath, soothe her dissolving hate—
Hereafter, when victorious, honour me.
Lo! this abounding river! I am he
Cerulean Tyber—on my palmy side
Hereafter, Heaven favoured, shall my pride,
My mighty house, my crowning city, spread."
He ceased, deep waves closed o'er his honoured head.

Then, hand in hand departing, Sleep and Night
Fled the etherial sun: the rosy light

Æneas marked: in instant prayer he stood,
With hollowed hands libating from the flood,—
"Nymphs, ye Laurentian nymphs, whose urns bestow
The fountains whence these mighty waters flow;
Thou! Father Tyber, and thy sacred wave,
Receive us, and, 'midst perils threatened, save.
Where'er it be thy wave benignant flows,
Whate'er thy bounty or thy love bestows,
Ever, O noblest stream! for aye be thine
Our offerings and our vows; thou source divine,
And bicorned ruler of Hesperian streams."

He said, and from the shore launched two biremes
And chose the crews, and rigged them for the oar;
When—omen apt and timely—on the shore,
The oaks beneath in shade and verdure, lo!—
Suckling her thirty milk-white young—the sow.
Her and her offspring, there Æneas slew,
To thee, Imperial Juno! thee unto.

And Tyber all that livelong night delayed,
And retrogressive with waves tranquil stayed.
As on the placid surface of a lake
The oars their course through waves cerulean take;
Onward they swept with soft and dreamy sound,
And murmurs of delight arose around.
On sped the unctuous barks—the waves amazed
And woods around upon the marvel gazed,
Gazed on the painted prows and warriors' shields,
As night and day they rowed by verdant fields,

By many a grove of diverse trees between,
And many a bend and reach of sparkling sheen.
The fiery sun his mid-day height had gained,
When the Æneadæ their goal attained—
The citadel and scattered dwellings, where
Unrivalled Rome now towers in mid air—
'Twas then Evander's infant colony:
They put to shore: it chanced upon that day,
A sacrifice to Heaven and Hercules
Was offered in the grove of sacred trees.
Pallas, his only son, the Senate poor,
And chiefest youth burnt frankincense before
The fanes, then hissing with the tepid blood,
When the biremes appeared upon the flood
Gliding to shore, oars silent and released.
All rose astonished and had fled the feast,
Save only Pallas—who forbade them thus
The rites to quit: and from the tumulus,
Armed, thus he hailed them:
"Warriors, declare
The cause and purpose which impel you here,—
Tracking through paths unknown our dwelling-place.—
Declare your purpose; tell your name and race,
And whether peace or war?"
And from the prow
Father Æneas held the olive bough.
"Trojans, the Latins' enemy, are we,—
Since Latins will it so, since they decree
War against wanderers: deputed chiefs we are
Evander unto, seeking aid in war."

The name renowned with marvel Pallas heard,
"Descend," he said; "the suit must be preferred
Before my Father—as our guest descend,
And enter 'midst our dwellings as a friend."
Then straining with long grasp the hand he took:
They sought the grove and king; Æneas spoke:—

"O best of Greeks, to whom fate wills I bow,
And proffer thus the peaceful olive bough,
And fearless proffer it: albeit thy race,
Albeit thy lineage Arcadian trace
From the Atridan kings: for mutual worth,
And oracles,—thy fame spread through the earth,
Assenting Fates, and kindred blood, join us.
Our ancestor, Troy's founder, Dardanus—
Greece witnesseth to this—Electra bare,
Electra sprung from Atlas; Maiä fair
Bare then your sire, Mercurius, her son
Brought forth Cyllene's peak of snow upon.
But Maiä's—if authentic be the fame—
And our Electra's sire was the same,
Atlas, the mighty Atlas, who uprears
The vault of heaven and bears the solid spheres.
Thus are we kinsmen; trusting whereupon
Hither I come, unheralded, unknown,
Myself my hostage, suppliant unto thee.
Thy foes, the Daunians, are foes to me.
Hesperia, if we succumb, will be
Their prostrate prey—even from sea to sea.

Then let us take and plight our mutual hands,
And link the Hesperian and the Trojan bands."

Æneas ceased: with an unconscious gaze
Evander listened had, in mute amaze,
But promptly answered: "Noblest son of Troy,
I know thee well and welcome thee with joy.
How do I recognise in face and tone
The great Anchises and the days bygone!
I can remember, Priam sailing sought
Hesione, his sister, at her court
Of Salamis; our plains Arcadian
Then visiting—I was a stripling then;
By Teucrian splendour dazzled much was I,
By Priam much, but most Anchises by;
With youthful confidence my spirit planned
Him to address—of him to take the hand;
Him I addressed, and proudly led him through
The gates of Pheneos: when he withdrew,
A chlamys interwove with gold, he gave,
Quiver of Lycian shafts, which yet I have,
And two gold bits, which Pallas useth now.
The hand and faith you ask, do I bestow:
And when to-morrow's dawn shall glad the earth,
Thee will I speed with aid and treasure forth.
Now join our annual sacrifice, which we
May not defer: assuming seats, to be
Henceforth your due, at feasts of your ally."

He spoke, resuming the unfinished rite,
And ordered back the meats and goblets bright.

On turf reposing, round the people sate;
But with the king upon a throne of state,
Of maple wood, spread with the lion's hide,
Æneas sate; and chosen youths supplied—
Aiding the priest—the roasted bowels, and
Ceres, her kneaded gift, and Bacchus hand.
The Trojans of the lustral entrails taste,
And with the undivided chine were graced.

Hunger appeased, Evander spoke again:
"No superstition false or worship vain,
No slight towards the elder deities,
Prompted this feast with these solemnities.
Trojan, for perils past we offer now
Our gratitude, and pay the plighted vow.
Behold yon crag projecting in mid air,
And at its base the ruins: it was there,
In caverned darkness and recesses dread,
Half-human Cacus veiled his brutal head;
Miry with daily slaughter was its floor,
And human heads depended o'er its door—
The solar beam ne'er penetrated there.
Vulcan begot him—in vulcanic lair
He breathed forth flame; but succour was at hand,
Aid and a present God, when to this land
Alcides, great avenger, clad in spoils
Of triform Geryon, came unbent by toils;
Hither his captive bulls the victor led,
And in this valley, by this stream, they fed.

The robber Cacus dared to covet them:
With sacrilegious pride and stratagem
He filched forth from the herd four chosen steers,
And four the choicest heifers for his lairs.
And, lest their struggling footmarks should betray,
He dragged them by the tails, so that the way
Deceived the searchers, leading from the cave.
But when Amphitryonius would brave
These seas again, assembling then the herd,
The rocks and mountains round their lowings heard,
And from the caverned depths one cow replied,
And so was Cacus and the theft descried.
Alcides raved, all stirred was his black bile,
Quivered his club of knotted oak, the while
He scaled the mountain brow—then did we see
Cacus in fear: swifter than Eurus, he,—
Fear lent him wings,—his den ensconced him in,
Let fall the balanced rock which he within
Had slung with iron and paternal lore
Ingress to bar: Alcides raved the more;
He sought in vain, grinding his teeth with spleen,
An entrance, rocks of Aventine between.
Thrice, hot with rage, he girt the mountain bound,
Thrice did he shake the portal 'neath the ground,
Three times he sat and breathed, on rocks around.

There was one pinnacle of rock which stood
Towering in air, impending o'er the flood,
The home of fetid birds that shun the day:
The hero smote it and it rent away,

It fell—then Tiber fled—his banks around
And heaven above reverberate the sound.
Then was displayed the dread abyss between,
Then were the cavern and the horrors seen,
Not otherwise than though the earth should burst,
Disclosing Orcus and its reign accurst,
By Gods detested, and, through chasms riven,
The spirits crouching from the light of heaven.
Thus ta'en at unawares, and blind with light,
Caught in his den and roaring with affright:
Above, Alcides armed, and hurling down
Each tree within his reach, or weighty stone:
He from retreat cut off, belched clouds of fume—
'Tis true, though marvellous! a pitchy gloom
Involved himself and den: more thick and thick became
The gathered cloud, which flashed with sheets of flame.
Alcides, stirred by anger, leapt below,
And groped his way the flame and vapour through,
And seized the monster in a vengeful clasp,
Seized him despite his flames, and in a grasp
Herculean strained: his eyes burst forth the head,
And from the arid throat the blood-tide sped;
Then wrenching off the portals of the cave,
To the filched beasts their liberty he gave.
Forth by the foot then dragged the shapeless brute:
Spectators we! in admiration mute—
Our eyes beheld the face and form he wore,
In bristles clad and jaws that flamed no more.
It is from thence—sacred to Hercules—
This feast we hold, and celebrate his praise:

Potitius claims its priesthood, aided by
The noble house of the Pinarii.
The rites Herculean he administers;
He raised this altar in its grove, which bears
Its title "Highest" now and evermore.
Therefore arouse ye, warriors, and adore:
Enwreath your locks with verdure, pour the wine,
Invoke our common God, and hail his shrine."
He said, and placed the wreath upon his head
Of poplar double-hued, Herculean shade!
Then filled the scyphus with his own right hand;
Around the tables all libating stand,
Invoking Heaven.
When Vesper from Olympus borne drew nigh,
The Priesthood, by Potitius led, passed by
Garbed in accustomed skins: the fires they bore
And spread with grateful gifts the tables o'er,
Piling with meats the altars more and more.
The altars flamed; the Salii chanted round,
Herculean poplar on their temples bound—
One choir of youth and one of age the lays
Of Hercules recite, transcending praise:
"How that in infancy he rendered vain
The stepdame's hate, strangling the serpents twain.
How that in manhood, towns he razed in war,
Troy and Œchalia: further, how he bore
A thousand toils, suffered beneath the king
Eurystheus—Juno fate administering.
Thou, O unconquered, thou with mighty hand
The cloud-begotten Centaurs Pholus and

Hylæus crushed. Thou deal'dst the blow
Laid Cretan bull—Nemeian lion low;
Thy force the Stygian waters fled before,
And in his den the trifold janitor
Of Stygian Orcus. No monsters thee affright:
No, not Typhoeus, nor his height nor might;
Nor Hydra with his springing heads, who found
Thy wisdom prompt to aid, thine hand to wound.
Hail, son of Jove, glory of Heaven, hail!
Propitious hear, nor let our offerings fail."
So flowed their numbers, which again aspire
To sing of Cacus and his den of fire.
The hills and woods reverberate the strain
Till, all the rites concluded, once again
They sought the city, wending o'er the plain.

To lead the way uprose the aged king,
Æneas and his son—accompanying,
And disquisitions long beguiled the way.
He asked, and heard the various history
Pertaining to each monument of days
Long since gone by; and his approving gaze
Confessed that site matchless for strength and pride.
Rome's founder then, Evander, thus replied:
"The fauns and nymphs first reigned these groves among,
And from each knotty trunk a nation sprung
Indigenous—rough as their rugged sires;
No hoarded grain nor wintry garner theirs,
No steers—nor even cultivation rude,
But the rough chase and mast supplied their food.

And then when Saturn fled the etherial plain,
And bolts of Jove, and abdicated reign,
Hither he came, and to his dwelling-place
He lured the savage and indocile race.
Laws he imposed, and named the region round
Latium, for latent there a home he found.
The golden age, of which men speak, was then—
With a most blessed peace he governed men;
But sullied grew that age as it grew old,
And rose the lust of war and love of gold.
Then hordes Ausonian and Sicanian came,
And oft, too oft, Saturnia changed her name
And kings—the huge and bloody Tybris rose,
To whom the stream Italian its name owes,
'Twas Albula before.
And I a wanderer,
Exiled from home, Fortune and Fate led here.
But I my mother nymph's monitions bore,
And great Apollo's—her admonitor."
So spoke Evander, passing by the fane
And gate Carmental, names which still remain
In Roman memories—Carmenta deified
Fatidicating power—she who first prophesied
Æneian growth and Pallantëum's pride.
Next pointed out the grove which since that day
Romulus decreed asylum: Lupercal lay
Its rock beneath; in speech Parrhasian
That grove is known as of Lycæan Pan.
And Argiletum, where the Argive died,
His fate thereby avowed and justified;

Tarpeia's rock they passed, and rough and poor
The Capitol—now golden, but of yore
Its sanctity appalled by equal gloom.
God, they affirmed, dwelt there—'twas God, but whom,
What God it was, unknown: the Arcadian deemed
'Twas Jove apparent, that the ægis beamed,
When through the gloom the Cloud-compeller trod,
And thunders spoke the right hand of the God.
Disjointed walls and ruins met their gaze,
Reliques of other towns and other days,
Saturnia and Janiculum:
Onward they sped
The way unto Evander's roof which led,
And oxen only grazed upon the land
Where now the Forum and Carinæ stand.
Here paused the king: he paused and turning said,
"Alcides crossed the threshold of this shed;
This lowly threshold Hercules hath trod:
Despising wealth, we emulate the God:
With his example, enter we this door,
Nor scorn the lowly welcome of the poor."
He said, and led the way: Æneas passed
The lowly roof beneath, and sunk his vast
And wearied limbs a hide of bear upon,
As with her dusky wings all covering Night rushed on.

But Venus by maternal feelings wraught,
By threats Laurentian and by tumult, sought
Vulcan, her lord.

Him she caressed
Stretched on the golden couch; upon his breast
She breathed love's accents from their source divine:
"When kings Atridan battled, husband mine,
And Pergamus and Ilium fell their prey,
I asked no aid, assistance none of thee.
Armour or arms, of mine no futile prayer
Troubled thy spirit for our vain career.
What though the sons of Priam votaries were,
And oft, too oft, Æneas claimed a tear:
But now by ordinance of Jove he stands
On realms Rutulian—and now at thy hands,
Husband and holy power by me adored,
Thou, that the prayer of Thetis did'st accord;
Thou, who did'st grant Aurora—grant to me,
A mother for her son—in misery,
The arms we need: for many him oppose,
And many towns forge armour for our foes."
She spoke, and, as he hesitated, wound
Her snowy arms in gentlest folds around;
He felt the fire, he felt the wonted flame
Which smote and penetrated all his frame,
As smites the lightning flash that rends the cloud
And vibrates earth and heaven with thunders loud.
And Venus smiled, of conscious beauty glad,
As he, by love eternal vanquished, said,
"Why dost thou dive for reasons to persuade?
Is my love doubtful or my faith decayed?
If then, as now, it had thy pleasure been,
I would have forged thee armour, O my queen!

Lawful it was—nor Jove denied, nor Fate,
Ten years more misery to Priam's state.
And now if such thy will and thy decree,
Whate'er is in my power demand of me,—
Of iron, liquid bronze, the blast and flame;
But cease to doubt thy power aye the same."
He said, embracing her, till on her breast
Sleep rocked his frame in ever grateful rest.
He rose again ere half the night was gone,
What time the sempstress—she who toiling on
Struggling with life, the distaff and the thread—
Steals from the night its hours, and quits her bed,
Rakes up the dying embers, to allot
Her maids their daily tasks; and toils for what?
Chastely to live and gain her children's bread—
So Vulcan rises, so he quits his bed,
Before the morn upreared her rosy head.

'Twixt the Sicanian coast and Lipari,
'Midst fume and spray an island rises high,
Quarried with vaults Cyclopean within
And caves Ætnæan; whence resounds the din
Of roaring furnace, of the metal's flow,
The ringing anvil and the echoing blow;
The seat of Vulcan 'tis, Vulcanian land, I trow.

From heaven descending, Vulcan sought his hall,
Where labouring with bared arms the Cyclops all—
Steropè, Brontè, and Pyracmon—frame
The unfinished bolt of Jove with fire and flame,

For wrath and ruin: and their adjuncts bind,—
Three forkèd rays for hail, and three for wind,
For deluge three, and three for scorching fires;
They add the attributes such bolt requires,—
The flash to startle, thunder to appal,
And awe to daunt, and wrath to follow all.

"Lay these things by, lay by your wonted tasks,
Ætnæan Cyclops—for this hour asks
Arms for a warrior: add to ready will
The rapid stroke, and all the master's skill;
Haste and begin." He spoke no more, and they
Bent to the task, each in his wonted way—
Brass flowed, and gold, and from the furnace fell
Steel liquified, the death-devoting steel!
They shaped the shield—the shield foredoomed to bear
Alone the Latin darts and Tuscan spear;
Orb upon orb its sevenfold folds they lay,
They plunge the metal and the blast they play;
The caverns echo as the strokes resound,
And the mass tortured writhes and writhes around.

Whilst Lemnius toiled Æolian shores upon,
Evander, lowly lodged, woke with the sun
And swallows twittering in the morning dew.
The senior rose, his tunic on he drew.
His Tyrrhene sandals, Tegeæan sword,
And hide of Panther donned—upon their lord
Two faithful dogs, his threshold's guard, attend;
And to the Trojan's resting-place they wend,

Mindful of his discourse and promised aid,
Pallas attending him. Æneas too had paid
His orisons; and he, accompanied
By true Achates ever at his side,
They joined their right hands and they sat them down;
The king began his purpose to make known:—

"O Teucrian chieftain, I can never think
Troy wholly vanquished, or her fates extinct,
Beholding thee; and all too small our state
To join alliance with a name so great:
Yon bounding river is the Tuscan's, and
Rutulian walls close on the other hand;
War hurtles at our gates: but kings we have
Warlike and great, with subjects rich and brave.
Fate leads thee hither in their hour of need,
And past our hopes, Fortune is good indeed.
Agylla's walls of antique frame and fame
Rise near at hand: the sons of Lydia came
In years gone by, and hills Etruscan won
And colonized and flourished them upon,
Until Mezentius ruled: but how narrate
His bloody deeds—his actions why relate?
May Heaven reward them on him and his kind:
Alive and dead he wonted was to bind
In bonds together—he bound them hip to hip,
Limb against limb, and lip conjoined to lip,
Horrible torture! so corruption grew—
The festering corpse the living body slew.

But soon the wearied citizens rebelled,
And house and home assailed and minions quelled,
And his domestic dome of thatch they fired.
He to the realms Rutulian then retired;
Where he and his, fostered by Turnus, are.
So now Etruria urges holy war;
Their king condemned, his forfeit blood must flow,—
And thou, Æneas, doomed to strike the blow.
Their forces on the sands assembled stood,
Their vessels congregated on the flood
Ready to sail—the aged seer restrained,
Haruspex and the oracle detained—
He sung:
'Mæonian youth! pride of the race of eld,
By justice and by holy ire impelled,
And hard oppression roused against thine head,
No chief Italian may thy forces lead,—
Seek ye a foreign chief.'
Upon my lands
This doom was uttered to the Etruscan bands,
And Tarchon's legates straightway sought me here
With sceptre, crown, and their regalia rare.
They tendered me the realm and the command;
But all too old my frame and weak my hand;
My mind unnerved—ill-fitted now to guide;
And Pallas, Sabine by his mother's side,
Neither responds the call: but now in thee
Do age and country, Fate and Gods, agree.
O Trojan and Italian chief, arise
Pallas of thee must learn war's high emprize,

Two hundred horse Arcadian thee attend,
Two hundred more with Pallas will I send;
Be thou the guide and guardian of my boy,
Mine only hope who is, and only joy."

Silent Æneas Anchisiades,
Silent Achates stood, whilst by their eyes
Fixed in deep thought, flashed o'er their memories,
Passed perils, pains, and countless miseries.
But now maternal love on high unfolds
The will of Heaven, and calms their doubting souls.
Its lightnings flashed—its thunders boomed around,
Mingling the Tyrrhene trumpet's clanging sound,
And the pure ether stirred tumultuously
As one by one another blast sped by.
Arms on a cloud, albeit the region clear,
Flashed on the sight and clanged upon the ear.
All stood amazed—save Anchisiades:
He hailed his mother's signs and promises,
And owning spoke:
"My host! O marvel not,
Nor let these portents dread disturb thee aught:
Olympus calls; my Goddess mother soars
With arms Vulcanian for impending wars,—
For so she promised.
Ah me! what blood must flow,
Slaughter Laurentian: Turnus wills it so!
O Father Tyber—must thy sacred wave
Clog with the arms and corpses of the brave?

It must—they raise the lance, the truce is flown."
The hero said, and left the royal throne.
The waned Herculean fire he restored,
And fed the flames—then joyfully adored
The last eve's Lar, and the Penates small.
The chosen ewes he slew—assistant all,
The king and Trojan, at that festival.

That done, Æneas sought his ships, and chose
The warriors boldest; and retaining those,
Dismissed the rest on Tyber's favouring flood
To tell Ascanius there how matters stood.
They mount the Trojans for the Tyrrhene war,
But chose unlotted steeds Æneas for,
Yclad in lion's hide, paws gilded o'er.
Fame bustles, and the little city rings
Bruiting of embassies and Tyrrhene kings:
The matrons rush to altars in affright,
And pale imagination paints the fight
As Mars—his image—grows upon their sight.

Evander clasped young Pallas, and his tears
Fell big and fast as, parting, woke his fears.
"O Jupiter," he said, "would'st thou restore
My youth and strength as in Præneste's war,
When their best ranks I scattered on the plain,
And burnt a pyramid of shields of slain;
When Herilus, ill-fated king, I slew,
And sent his soul to Tartarus—'tis true

Feronia at his birth on him bestowed
Three lives and armour trine: three times he bowed
Beneath my sword, and twice he rose again;
But thrice he fell and thrice I stripped the slain.
Not then, beloved son, not then, had we
Parted as now we part: neither had he,
Mezentius, this hoary head defied,
And from my towns his hostile ranks supplied:
But, O ye Gods, and Jove, of Gods the king,
See thine Arcadian votary's suffering!
Hear ye a father thee soliciting—
  If ye, O holy powers and Fate, restore
Pallas, my son, victorious from war:
Then heed no intervening misery,
But grant me life, and let me live to see.
  But if, O Fortune, thou betoken'st woe,
Let me not live—let me not live to know;
But whilst the event and hope be all unknown,
My son beloved, my late and only son,
Holding thee thus, ne'er let mine aged ears
List to the messengers." So, bowed with fears,
The old man to his son at parting said,
Ere senseless borne and laid upon his bed.

  Forth by the Latin gate the horsemen rode,
Æneas first, Achates next bestrode,
Followed by Trojan peers, and Pallas there
In chlamys and in armour blazoned fair.
So Lucifer amidst the shining host,
Star of the sphere which Venus loves the most,—

So Lucifer arises o'er the main,
And spreads his rays o'er the etherial plain.
The trembling matrons lined the wall to view,
The dusty cloud and helmets beaming through;
The horsemen spread more widely and more wide,
They leapt the bushes upon either side,
And the earth echoed to the warlike stride.

There is a grove, upon the frigid stream
That flows by Cære, which our elders deem
Sacred to be; shadowed by rocks and fir:
The old Pelasgi—so doth fame aver—
That grove devoted, with a festal day
Sylvanus to, the God of husbandry.
Behind that sacred grove, in camp secure,
Did Tarchon and his Tyrrhenes bide the war.
From the high crest the Trojans them beheld,
The martial field the tents spread widely held.
Father Æneas and his chosen force
Dismounted there, and freed the wearied horse.

And there descending in her cloud-borne car
The Queen of Beauty sought the seat of war,
Fraught with immortal gifts:
Him pensive found
In vale secluded with stream's bubbling sound.
Confessed to sight she stood as thus she said,
"Behold, my son, the promises I made;
They are performed: Lo, here my husband's skill:
Now let the fierce Laurentians bend in will

And savage Turnus." She embraced her son,
And placed the radiant arms an oak upon.

Elated he, with gladness and surprise
Feeds on their beauties with insatiate eyes;
The death-devoting sword he first essays,
And crested helm, beaming immortal rays;
And the dense armour rough with gleaming brass,
Ensanguined seemed its complicated mass—
Like to the evening cloud, what time the sun
Pours his red rays or ere his race be run;
And cuishes light of mingled metal rolled,
And shield—and shield of undescriptive mould,
Where deeds Italian—Roman triumphs—where,
Prescient of things to come, the Fire God there,
Had in long order shown, Ascanius from,
The triumphs and the victories of Rome.

There in green grot and in Mavortian cave
The wolf reclined; her milky dugs she gave,
And on them fearlessly the brothers hung
And milked their stepdame, as she with her tongue
Fashioned and formed them; with reverted head
By turns she licked them.
Next portrayed
Rome and the Sabine maids: the theatre,
The games Circensian, and the ravished fair,
The war relumed; Tatius and Romulus
And the stern Cures: next depicted thus,
With wrath appeased, the chalices they bear,
Armed at Jove's altar do the kings appear;
And o'er the sow they sacrifice—they swear.

Next Metius by quadrigæ torn in twain;
Alba, beware, of perjury the pain!
Avenging Tullus dashing through the wood,
And scattering far and wide the traitor's blood.
And Porsena advancing to sustain
The House of Tarquin: Æneadæ again
In armour dight to strike for liberty:
Indignant, chafed and threatening, stands he
Beholding Cocles save the bridge and Rome,
And Clœlia 'scaped swimming old Tiber home.

The rock Tarpeian towered over all,
And Capitol, and Manlius on its wall.
There stood rethatched the roof of Rome's first kings:
There too the bird fluttered its argent wings,
Which rung the alarum of the ascending Gaul:
For on the ramparts of the Capitol,
Through the dense scrub and night and darkness there,
The Gaul had once prevailed: their yellow hair
And golden torques glittered their necks upon,
Their golden vests and their striped cassocks shone,
Two Alpine spears their better right hands wield,
The left sustained the frame-protecting shield.
The leaping Salii, naked Luperci,
The woollen tufted caps, shields fallen from high
To earth descended: Rome's noblest dames
Borne in pilenti * soft to sacred games.
All this was there, and added unto this
The seats Tartarean and black halls of Dis,

* Some obsolete litter or carriage.

Seats of the damned: thou, Catiline beneath
The rock and furies, with arrested breath:
Opposed to whom—opposed the sculptor draws
Seats of the blessed, and Cato framing laws.
Within this sculptured margin rolled the main
With waves and breakers on its golden plain,
And silver dolphins dashing through the spray.
At Actium moored the brazen vessels lay,
Leucadia bristling beneath warlike spears.
Augustus Cæsar there his standard rears,
And, marshalled round, Rome's Senate and her sons,
Greater and lesser Gods, and Legions.
Himself, the poop upon, discerned afar
By the two flames and the paternal star.
Agrippa there befriended by the winds
And fates propitious, on his temples binds
Of victory the nautic coronet.
And Antony—Mark Antony—beset
With erst victorious, but discordant bands,
Splendours barbaric of wide-spreading lands,
Aurora's people from the Red Sea's shore,
Egypt, the East, and furthest Bactria bore,
Followed alas! by one, Egyptian woman, more.
All seek the deep, launching in yeasty foam:
You would have thought the Cyclades to roam,
And mountain hurtle mountain, as they met
And brazen prows opposed poops turretted:
Where fire and steel are gleaming on each side,
And Neptune with unwonted hues is dyed.

With the Egyptian sistrum in her hands,
Right in the midst the queen invokes her bands,
Nor sees the serpents following in her rear;
Her monster gods and dog Anubis there
Opposed to Venus, Neptune, Pallas, fail:
And Mars destroying in his flashing mail,
And the pale Diræ hovering o'er the throng;
With palla torn, there Discord borne along—
Bellona following all with bloodied thong.

Actius Apollo saw and loosed the bow,
And scattered panic fear and flight below.
Egyptians, Indians, and Arabians, fled—
And the Sabæans turned the back and sped:
The queen herself is seen the wind to hail,
To loose her ropes and spread the bulging sail.
Her, pale with fate, with slaughter overworn,
The God of fire had limned Iäpyx-borne,
And Nilus grieving spreading his broad vest,
Calling his sons to his cerulean breast,
On his reed-shaded wave to give the vanquished rest.

In trifold triumph, through the Roman walls
Cæsar returns, and to her Gods instals
Three hundred Temples to redeem his vows,
And victim steers on every shrine bestows;
And every temple, every altar round,
The matron choirs of joy and praise resound.
He on the snowy porch of Phœbus waits,
Accepts the people's gifts, and dedicates.

Long files of conquered captives lined the way,
Various in language, garb and arms are they;
Numidians, Lelegans, and Carians,
Gelonian archers, loose garbed Africans,
And the Morini—earth's extremest sons:
With humbled waters there Euphrates runs,
Dahæ untamed, and Rhine bicorned flows by,
Araxes, 'neath its bridge, passing indignantly.

Such was the shield, such the Vulcanian prize
Venus displayed to her son's joyful eyes,
Fraught with the future fates and Roman destinies.

BOOK IX.

But on the other hand Saturnian Juno fought.
Iris, dismissed from high, unto the court
Of old Pilumnus stooped; where Turnus sate
In his sire's sacred grove, in moody state;
As through the holy gloom her brightness broke,
'Twas thus the rosy lipped Thaumantias spoke:
"Turnus arise, revolving time, unsought,
Has brought us blessing past our fondest thought.
Æneas, quitting comrades, camp and fleet,
Sought Palatine, the King Evander's seat;
And now at furthest Corythum he stands,
Collecting rustic hinds and Lydian bands.
Now drive distrust and vacillation far,
Now yoke the steed and mount the warlike car,
Seize their camp half-deserted."
The Goddess said;
On pinions broad then heavenward she sped,
The bow and cloud cerulean veiled her head.
The warrior heard, and raising up his hands
To her departing, supplicating stands,
"O Iris! Grace of Heaven, at whose behest
Dost thou to earth descend a welcome guest?
Why broke such light celestial through this gloom?
I see heaven open, and the stars resume
Their places in the sphere: Thou call'st to war,
Thou biddest me—thy counsels holy are."

He said, libating from the fountain head,
And many a God invoked and vows he made.
And now the martial panoply 's unrolled,
Horses and painted vests and cloth of gold.
Messapus led the van: the Latin train
Composed the rear; and Turnus heads the main.
So by its seven tributaries fed,
Flows silent Ganges, or old Nilus led
From saturated fields, back to his native bed.

The Trojans mark the clouds of dust arise,
And from the beacon mole Caïcus cries,
"Trojans to arms! some turmoil comes this way;
Back to the camp—it is the foe—away!"
The Trojans seized their arms, obeyed the call,
Rushed to the camp and lined the intrenching wall.
For so Æneas parting gave command:—
Should Fortune bring the foeman, to withstand
All martial aspiration, to forbear
The lot of arms, nor battle-field to dare.
Obeying precepts, they the portals closed,
And turrets to assaulting foes opposed.

The ardent Turnus, ever in the front,
With twenty horse appeared to bide the brunt.
Him, a bespotted Thracian courser bore,
And the red crest floated his helmet o'er.
"Warriors," he cried, "who first will meet me here,
Here on this field?" He cast his spear in air,

Prelusive of the fight with gesture proud;
His comrades gathering up, with war-cries loud.
But none replied; and they to fear impute
The Trojan discipline and voices mute.
And Turnus spurred the camp's entrenchments round,
An ingress seeking to the embattled mound—
Like to the rabid wolf that haunts the fold,
'Midst night and darkness, 'midst the storm and cold,
Whilst by their mother dams the lambkins lie,—
Thwarted and savage, baffled fences by,
Hunger him gnaws, his thirsty muzzle dry.
Not otherwise that hot Rutulian's path
The camp around, with self-consuming wrath;
Not otherwise he sought and sought again
To burst their camp or taunt them to the plain;
Then as he rode he marked the vessels lay,
By dikes defended, floating in the bay.
To his applauding comrades he commands
To fire the fleet—and armed with fire-brands
They hear, obey: a flaming pine he bore,
Headlong they follow and invade the shore,
From every hearth they snatch the rushing fire,
And Vulcan, smoke and ash to heaven aspire.

What God, O Muses, then opposed that flame,
What power preserved the fleet, averted shame,
Do ye declare, while we lend credent ears
To that which Fame perennial declares.

When Phrygian Ida to Æneas gave
A refuge and a fleet to cross the wave,

Then the great mother of the Gods above,
Then Berecynthia's Goddess spoke to Jove:
"My son, to whom Olympus bows, O hear
Thy mother to thee sue, and grant her prayer.
Those sylvan pines sacred to me which were,
Which holy Ida on her summit bare;
The crowning grove of maple-tree and pine,
Which witnessed many rites of votaries mine;
Which for the Trojan fleet I gladly gave,
For them I pray, solicitous to save:
O reassure me, promise me that ne'er
Shall tide them overwhelm nor tempest sear,
And let it profit them—mine own they were."

To whom her son who rules the starry state:
"O mother mine! what dost thou ask of Fate;
Have keels constructed by the mortal hand
A claim the lot of mortals to withstand?
Or hath Æneas in man's chequered lot
Immunity from ill, which Heaven hath not?
It cannot be; this only may I do:
They which the winds and waves pass safely through,
And land their chief upon Laurentum's shore,
They shall forsake the body that each wore,
And like Nereian Doto shall they roam,—
Or Galateia when she rides the foam,
As Nereids immortal."
Jove bowed his pride,
Olympus trembling, as he ratified

By Styx the promise—by the torrents rude
And pitchy whirlpools of his brother's flood.
Now was that day, now that revolving hour
Fate was fulfilled, and Turnus with his power
Aggressive, moved the Berecynthian dame
To work her will and save her pines from flame.

Then flashed another fire on mortal eyes,
And a bright cloud spread from Auroran skies,
With choirs Idæan; then words through the air
Startled the Trojan and Rutulian ear:—
"Trojans, desist; leave to defend my care;
Sooner shall Turnus fire the main, than sear
One sacred pine: back to your wonted sea,
Back, Goddesses marine: Cybele sets ye free."

Then with a bound each burst her mooring chain
And plunged, as plunge the dolphins in the main,
And rising thence displayed to mortal view—
O marvellous!—a maiden's face and hue;
Steering through waves, in number as before,
With brazen prows they ranked upon the shore.
Amazed, Rutulians saw—Messapus reins
His startled steeds, himself with thrilling veins;
E'en Tiber ceased his hollow banks to lave,
And stayed the progress of his deep-toned wave;
Turnus alone, Turnus still pushes on,
Haranguing thus, with louder, prouder tone,
"These omens threat the Trojans and not us,—
Jove now forsakes that people timorous;

Assault they flee, but flight is theirs no more,
The sea snatched from them, ours is the shore ;
Ours are the shores and lands, nor theirs the main;
False are their Phrygian oracles and vain.
Venus and Fate already are fulfilled,
The fields Ausonian they have held and pilled ;
Now my fates rule : I oracles have too,
To sweep from off the earth a raiding crew,
My betrothed coveting ; for not alone belongs
To kings Atridan Mycenæan wrongs
And ravishers. But who would not have thought
Enough their former chastisement had wrought,
To change their lust to hate of womankind.
Have not yon very men who skulk behind
Yon dikes and trenches, have they not beheld
The walls of Troy Neptunian, felled and quelled,
Succumb in fiery flame ? Say, comrades, say,
Will ye not o'er yon trenches break a way,
And beard them in their den, of fields afraid ?
It needs no arms Vulcanian, nor aid
Of thousand keels. But let them rest to-night,
Let them ally Etruscans to their might,—
For no Palladium will we break their ward,
Surprise their citadel, or slay their guard ;
Let them not dread a hollow-bellied horse ;
By day it shall be, and by martial force,
When to yon walls we set the fire-brands—
Nor, like Achivan and Pelasgian bands,
Stand baffled, ten years, by some Hector's hands.

But now to rest, this day is right well done;
To-morrow ends the work to-day begun."

Then to Messapus he consigned the ward,
To kindle watch-fires and the camp to guard;
Twice seven Rutulian chieftains, with a band
Each of a hundred men, then took command;
A hundred youth, with purple crests and gold,
By turns who rested and by turns patrolled.
Upon the greensward and by beacon light
They drank and gambled deep to cheat the night.

The Trojans meantime from their wall descried
The foe with anxious hearts; they fortified
Ramparts and outposts by the bridges high,
Patrolling all and watched with jealous eye.
Mnestheus and brave Serestus held command;
Æneas ere he went had to their hand
Committed all,—a chosen watch and ward
Patrol the walls, with a most strict regard.

Nisus held ward, Nisus Hyrtacides;
A soldier's soul and hunter's arm was his—
Ida the huntress to Æneas gave
In him a comrade true and warrior brave.
Euryalus, his consort, too, was there,
Than whom no Trojan comelier or more fair.
No steel had yet profaned his youthful beard;
Inseparable they, in field or guard—
Together now the portal pass they trod—
When Nisus said:

"Is it a present God

Inspires my mind—or doth my heart create
Its phantom God, and frame its own deceit?
Euryalus,—the blood within my veins,
My very soul, this passive war disdains.
Behold how carelessly our foemen lie;
Their watchfires glimmer, as beneath the sky
Wearied with play they sleep: all seems at rest.
Yon camp is hushed, as turmoiled is my breast,
Turmoiled with indignation and desires.
Euryalus, the present need requires
Æneas back: princes and people fain
To spare a troop, to have him back again;
If they will grant to thee, what I shall ask,—
For fame is my reward,—be mine that task.
Beyond yon mound I'll pass their careless powers
To friendly Pallanteum's walls and towers."
With admiration smitten, and with pride
Of his high-minded friend—the boy replied,
"And I—am I disdained, cast off to be?
O Nisus, would you do this without me,
As worthless in such dangerous emprize?
Son of my sire Opheltes, I despise—
Nursed 'midst the Grecian and the Trojan war—
The dangers which to glory adjunct are,
The great Æneas following from my youth;
You know it well, you know I speak the truth;
My soul disdains to live contempt beneath,
Honour is cheaply bought, with vital breath."

Nisus replied, "Distrust you? never I—
So prosper me Omnipotence on high!

So may whoe'er the God that tends on us
Render me back again victorious:
But if, as sometimes haps, that fate forbodes
Some chance from fortune or from hostile Gods,
Your youth unsacrificed will still survive,
With friendly aid, to ransom me alive,
Or to redeem and sepulchre my dust.
But if my doom and if harsh fortune must
Deny e'en that, yet on my empty tomb
Appease the gods infernal and their doom;
Yea build my sepulchre. Your mother, too,
She the sole matron, who to follow you
Renounced Acesta's rest—we must not be
The cause to her of childless misery."
But he, Euryalus, rejoined, "Away,
Your empty reasons fail my mind to sway;
Let us away." And the relieving guard
Appearing then, fulfilled their hours of ward,
They left and straightway sought the council board.

The mortal world was then enlapped in sleep;
Man's sorrows in forgetfulness lay steeped,
Save to the Trojan peers and delegates,
And mighty matters prompted their debates.
In midst of arms, armed they deliberate,
The question being, how communicate
Æneas with, and who the messenger.
Then Nisus and Euryalus stood there
Requiring audience; matter of moment they
Averred they bore, admitting no delay.

Breathless they came—Iülus them receives
And bids them speak; then thus Hyrtacides:
"Hear me, Æneadæ; O hear, nor weigh
Our years untried 'gainst our proposed essay.
Buried in sleep and wine, Rutulians lie—
A road unguarded, lies the ocean by,
Where near the haven the road parts in twain;
Their smoke obscures the stars, the watchfires wane.
If Fortune sanction it, we ask to bear
Æneas tidings; he will reappear
Cumbered with spoil and red with slaughtered foes.
Well do we know the course the river flows,
For ofttimes hunting have we marked uprear
The Pallantëan towers in mid-air."
He ceased, and rose to speak Alethes staid,
Of years and thought mature: "Ye Gods," he said,
"Ye Deities of Troy, who guard us well,
Whilst hearts like these within our children dwell."
He said, and strained them in a strict embrace,
And the full tear ran down his aged face.
"Warriors," he said, "a due reward for this
Beyond our gift, beyond our power is.
But deeds like these, the Deities regard,
And fame and honour are the heart's reward;
Such act the just Æneas will requite,
And young Ascanius never will it slight."

"And I," Ascanius added, "who desire
As earth's best blessing to recall my sire,

O Nisus, by my household Gods, the Lar
Assarican, I swear; by crypts that are
Sacred to hoary Vesta, do I swear
Henceforth with thee my future weal to share,
If thou bring back my sire and dissipate
The clouds now gathering round the Trojan state.
Two silver flagons, perfect in design,
Paid in Arisba's ransom, shall be thine;
An antique bowl Sidonian Dido gave,
A pair of golden tripods, shalt thou have,
And talents two of gold: and if yon powers
By law of arms and victory be ours,
Then shall the armour and the steed bestrode
By pompous Turnus, glittering as he rode,
From lot exempted be awarded thine;
Twelve captive warriors shall my sire assign,
Their arms and armour; and twelve captive dames,
And all the lands that king Latinus claims.
And thou co-mate in years and worthiest boy,
My friend and comrade be—in sorrow, joy,
Or glory or disaster—peace or war,
Be thou my comrade and my counsellor."

"O may the sun ne'er rise that may behold
My soul degenerate or purpose cold,"
Euryalus replied—"But yet I have a prayer,
One boon to ask of thee—my mother dear,
Of Priam's royal race, who left the shores
Of Ilium and Acesta—who endures

Exile for me, and whom I quit, e'en thus,
A mission on, doubtful and perilous—
For by this night and thy right hand I swear
Her tears and misery I cannot bear—
O comfort her, console her, let her not
To destitution by my act be brought—
Of that assured, with spirit light I go,
Careless of danger—fearless of the foe."
He struck the heart's chord, and the hearers wept;
But through the bosom of Iülus swept,
Reflected thence, this burst of filial love.
He answering said—"O may my actions prove
Worthy my promise, worthy of thy worth,
Be she my mother also from henceforth;
Thou prosperous or unprosperous the same,
My mother all, save in Creüsa's name:
Now by my head, I swear, my father's oath,
My promise unto one is made to both,
To all—that to thy father's house belong."
Tearful he spoke, and from his neck unslung
The golden sword Lycaon's art had made,
And ivory scabbard for its Gnossian blade.
His lion's hide Mnestheus on Nisus threw;
And his own helm Alethes good and true.
So they departed led by small and great,
With vows and aspirations to the gate;
Iülus young with presidential care,
Injunctions speaking for his father's ear,
Injunctions for the winds, words uttered to the air.

They passed the fosse the shade of night beneath,
And trod the hostile camp, preluding death:
Immersed in wine and sleep men lay around,
'Midst banquetings and armours on the ground
And chariots bristling; the wearied charioteer
Slumbered amidst the wheels and coursers' gear.

Then first Hyrtacides: "Euryalus,
Yon lies our way, and fortune favours us—
Keep thou a space behind and guard the track,
Lest foes assail us from behind our back;
My arm shall carve the way and passage through."
Whispering he said: on Rhamnes then he flew,
And slaughtered him—unconsciously who lay
In gorgeous tent and slept the night away.
A king he was, augur king Turnus to,
But augury did not foretell him true.
And next three serving men he slaughtered there:
The armour-bearer, and the charioteer
Of Remus, found the horses couched among,
And cut their pendant throats that nerveless hung.
Remus their lord, next he decapitates,
And passed their throbbing trunks and gory pates.

Lamus and Lamyrus, Serranus young,
In play and deep debauch indulging long,
Had slept the latest: happier had their play
Equalled the night and ushered in the day.
So when the famished lion leaps the fold,
Mute with affright the trembling lambs behold

Him, tearing and destroying to the full,
Urged on by hunger unappeaseable.
Nor was Euryalus behind more slack,
Nor blood nor slaughter less proclaimed his track:
Of common men, Fadus and Abarim,
And Hebesus and Rhœtus fell to him;
But Rhœtus watchful and awaking fled,
And in a monstrous caldron hid his head,
As there surprised he rose, received the blow
Deep in his breast, and he fell slaughtered so—
Yielding his spirit in a fate condign,
Voiding his purple soul, in blood and wine.
  Euryalus elated held his course
To where Messapus fed his tethered horse.
Grazing in peace the tethered steeds were left,
The watchfires slumbered and the watchmen slept.
Then Nisus briefly spoke; too well he fears,
Too much of slaughter and success is theirs.
"Halt there," he said, "unwelcome daylight springs:
Our course is clear, cease we these slaughterings."
They left the prey, the armour and the bowls,
The solid silver and the purple folds,
Save that Euryalus the trappings rare
And golden studded belt that Rhamnes' were—
Which wealthy Cædicus of old bestowed
On Remulus of Tibur, friendship owed,
Who dying, these descended to his heirs
Till lost and won in the Rutulian wars—
Euryalus these seized and stripped the slain;

Messapus' crested helmet, too, has ta en;
And left the camp and sought the safer plain.

But now three hundred horsemen galloped down,
Buckler'd, to Turnus, from the Latin town;
Volscens their leader; bearing to their king
The promise of their legion following.
'Twas now they touched the camp and drew the rein,
As our flushed warriors issued to the plain.
The helmet of Euryalus beamed through
The shades of night betraying them to view,
And Volscens cried, "What, ho! who passes there,
Stand and unfold your purpose, and declare
Whither so bound by night?" Answer to whom
Nought did they give, but scudded to the gloom
And won the brake: the horsemen galloped round
And scattered to the pathways of its bound.
The wood was wide, the ilex threw its shade
O'er brake and bramble, and thick darkness made;
Few were the forest paths to intervene,
And few the tracks of beasts those paths between;
There lagged Euryalus—the heavy spoil
And care of following adding to his toil;
But Nisus 'scaped, improvident! he ran,
Alba he reached—in speech Albanian
Since called, where king Latinus built his stalls.
He stood, and on his absent friend he calls,
"Euryalus—
Euryalus, unhappy! where art thou?
Where did I lose thee, whither seek thee now?"

Again he plunged the devious wood within,
Again he tracked the course which he had been,
Again he hurried through the silent shade,
Again the horsemen heard and yells they made—
He heard their clamours, thither then he pressed,
And saw Euryalus with force oppressed:
Perplexed and puzzled the brave boy, who bore—
Dealing vain blows—alone unequal war.
But how to aid him, how to liberate,
Or by his side to share an equal fate,
And close life mortal in immortal death?
Poised was the spear his body swayed beneath,
When the bright Dian beaming from the skies,
With her full rays smote his uplifted eyes—
"Goddess," he said, "thou guardian of the grove,
Queen of the stars and grace of heaven above,
Dost thou regard—a present deity?
Aid me, propitious Power—if e'er for me
My father Hyrtacus enwreathed thy shrine,
And if it never incense lacked of mine;
If from thy dome and pedimented nave
My firstlings of the chase depended have,
O guide my weapon and confound yon crew!"
He said, and through the gloom the weapon flew:
Sulmo it struck, right through the back the spear
Transfixed the heart, and snapping halted there.
He fell—his sobs betrayed the inward strife,
As slowly welled the tepid tide of life.
The rest entranced beheld; another flies,
Another weapon whistles from the skies;

They trembling heard: Tagus the weapon slew,
Pierced his hot brain and passed his temples through.
Volscens, he raves; no enemy in sight,
Nought visible the slaughtered to requite.
"'Tis thou shalt pay for both! thy captive blood
Shall pay the pains for my two followers good!"
Volscens exclaimed; and with his unsheathed sword
Made at Euryalus. Then farewell fraud,
Nisus sprang forth to view—"I did the deed;
On me, on me, I am the man to bleed—
O ye Rutulians, mine the whole design:
He durst not, could not,—all the crime is mine.
Heaven I attest; ye conscious stars attend;
His only fault—too well to love his friend."
  In vain he pleads—the ruthless blade descends,
His side transfixes and his bosom rends;
The falling corpse in blood and death declines,
The nerveless neck, the shoulder on, reclines:
  So falls the purple blossom, that the spade
Uprooted has to wither and to fade;
So falls the poppy—which with storm bestead
And overcharged with dew, bends down its head.
  And Nisus in their midst—but only one,
Volscens, he seeks, and Volscens seeks alone:
In vain his path around the foemen hem,
Onward he rushed, with flashing steel to stem,
And in the face of the Rutulian chief
He buried it, its last and dying sheath;
For on the bosom of his friend he fell,
Content to fall on that he loved so well.

O happy both!—if immortality
Live in my song, your fame shall never die;
Whilst on the Capitol immovable,
And as its rocky basis durable,
Romanus and the house Æneian rule.

The troop Rutulian firstly stripped the slain,
And wailing bore their leader o'er the plain.
In camp was equal wailing; slaughter round,
Numa, Serranus, Rhamnes headless, found:
The mighty concourse silently regard
The bleeding trunks yet warm—the steaming sward
Drunken with blood; and turn to marvel more,
To recognise the spoils the Latins bore;
Lost and redeemed at such expense of gore.

From Tithon's croceate bed Aurora springs,
The daylight juts anew on eastern wings,
Sol reinvests and gladdens mortal things;
Turnus is up, Turnus harangues to arms,
Inspires the fearful and the fearless warms;
Rumour and he there revelling aloud.
Besides, with mighty clamourings, a crowd
Bearing the heads—O miserable sight!
Bearing the heads aloft on spearheads dight,
Of Nisus and Euryalus.
Assaulting foes
Meantime the firm Æneadæ oppose;
The river flanked their right; their left they man,
The fosse and turrets, with their battle van.

Mournful they stood—the heads, borne by the shore,
They recognised despite polluting gore.
Whilst wingèd Fame scuds through the frighted town,
And on the ears, the mother's ears, lights down;
Blood flees her cheek and heat deserts her bone,
The shuttle stops, its revolutions done;
Forward she springs—again the female cry,
The woman's cry of sorrow mounts on high—
Freed her gray hairs, nor man nor danger heeds,
Nor fears man's weapon forward as she speeds—
"'Tis he—Euryalus!
My boy, my boy,—
Of my old age sole solace, only joy,—
Have you deserted me?—O did you run
In danger's path and shunned me, O my son!
Alas, alas! on lands unknown you stay,
Of Latin dogs and Latin birds the prey.
No rites, no mother's wail, no obsequies,
With unwashed wounds and with unclosed eyes.
And naked—naked—I who night and day
Worked but for you, charming mine age away.
And now where lies his body—his remains?
Lo! now the end of voyages and pains—
Cast, O Rutulians, cast your darts on me,
In pity cast, and end my misery!
O mighty Father of the Gods, do thou
This hated head in Tartarus bestow,
Grant me the aid mortals refuse below!"

So raved the matron, and the warriors groaned;
Unbent by wars, their manly spirits moaned.

Ilioneus and Iülus gave commands,
And Actor and Idæus, in their hands
Uplifted, bore her home.
Then trumpets rung,
And clamour rose the answering skies among.
Volsci afoot, their tortoise moving on,
The fosse to fill, the vallum to tear down;
With scaling ladders they the gate assail,
Where'er its circling spears appeared to fail.
But the besieged defensive arms employ,
Well taught by practice in the wars of Troy:
Hard iron prongs protrude, and rocks they cast,
Rocks of enormous weight, dimensions vast,
To break the tortoise. But the daring foe
Trust in long-found security below—
Unequal force; the well-compacted field,
Crushed by the thundering rock, is made to yield.
The bold Rutulians trust blind force no more,
But urge an open and a missile war.
Right in the fosse the dread Mezentius stands,
The pine Etruscan and the torch in hand—
Messapus, steed subduer, heading all,
Tears down the vallum and assaults the wall.

O Muses tell, O Calliope, say,
What deeds and slaughters Turnus did that day;
What shades to Orcus, warrior shades he sent;
With me detail each notable event,
O Goddesses, ye can, with song and memory blent.

A tower arose pre-eminently there,
An outpost with its bridges reared in air,
Thither their hot assault the Latins led;
And there against them the besieged made head;
Stones from its battlements and darts they throw
From hollow casements on the hosts below.
Turnus is there, a flaming torch in hand
He to the structure fixed the fire-brand;
The winds assist, the planks involve in fume,
And the strong posts with carking flame consume.
And now the troubled Trojans fled the heat;
But whilst they gathered, whilst they would retreat,
The ruin sinks, the tower toppling falls,
And heaven resounds the blow—the ruined walls,
The planks and engines fallen, crushed the main,
By their own darts transfixed, own weapons slain,
Save Lycus and Helênor.
Lycimnia fair,
A slave, in secret this Helênor bare
To the Mæonian king; and sent her boy
In unaccorded arms of war to Troy,
A naked sword and an unscutcheoned shield.
So he confronts the Latins in the field,
And as the stag encircled by the ring
Of hunters, takes the unadvisèd spring
And leaps on death, and dashes on the spear,
Not otherwise doth the hemmed warrior dare,
Dashing 'midst thickest foes and dying there.

But Lycus, swift of foot, athwart the plain,
Hoping through hostile hosts the wall to gain,

Leaps at the battlements and seeks the aid
Of hands above; but Turnus following said,
Close at his heels and touching with his spear,
"Fool! swift of foot and nimble though you are,
Escape you shall not;" as to earth he flung
Him and the battlement whereto he clung:
So stoops the bird of Jove, his armiger,
To truss the snowy swan or dusky hare;
So from beneath the udders of its dam,
The wolf of Mars snatches the bleating lamb.
Then rose the Latin shout and battle din,
Then they assailed the agger, and within
The very walls their flaming torches cast.
Then Ilioneus with fragment vast
Of riven rock, the very threshold on,
Firing the gates, Lucetius slew upon:
Then Liger's spear laid Emathion low,
Asylas Chorinæus with his bow,
Cæneus Ortygius slew or ere he fell
Himself to Turnus; Turnus slew as well
Clonius, Promulus, Dioxippus, and
Itys and Ida, Sagaris, with brand.
Capys, Privernus doubly wounded, slew,—
Themilla's spear the first his blood that drew.
He dropped the shield to press the wounded part,
When the shaft nailed the hand and pierced the heart.

And there in arms the son of Arcens shone
With dyes Iberian, broidered chlamys, known;

From Mars, his grove, and the Simæthian streams,
And where the fane of the Palici beams
Benignant now and kind.
Mezentius whirled the sling,
With arms deposed awhile, he loosed the string,—
Full on his forehead smote the whizzing lead,
And struck to dust his fair and comely head.
And there Ascanius fought; his bow, which erst
In sylvan warfare bent essayed its first,
Now bent in warfare and in manly strife.
He sped the shaft which took Numanor's life,
He Remulus surnamed, and wedded to
Turnus's youngest sister; full in view,
Swollen with new-blown dignity and pride,
He stalked before the Trojan lines and cried:
"Again besieged, again encooped in hold;
Twice captive Phrygians, behind bulwarks bold!
Are ye the men that seek our maidens' hands?
What god or madness led ye to these lands?
Here no Atridæ nor smooth Ithacan,
Albeit with theirs our hardy race began:
To the cold stream our new-born babes we bear,
Their limbs with icy waters hardened are;
The bow and chase and steed our boys delight,
Our youth the labouring steer or deadly fight;
The soil they till, cities they overthrow,
And the spear goads the oxen at the plough;
The use of arms doth everyone know here,
Nor age debilitates the mind nor fear,

The bleach'd locks don the casque, and well we thrive
By daily rapine and by raids we live.
Yours is the croceate garb and purple vest,
The song and dance your toils, the couch your rest,
Sleeved tunics, mitras filletted, ye wear.
O Phrygian women! hence, I say, repair
To Dyndyma; where modulated sounds
Of flutes and tabors call you to the bounds
Of Ida's Berecynthian solitudes;
And quit this field, unsuited to your moods."
So vaunted Remulus. Ascanius heard,
And as he drew his bow his prayer preferred;
His hand on the horse sinew he repressed,
He stayed the indignation of his breast.
"O Jupiter omnipotent!" he said,
"Aid this first effort, my first effort aid;
A bull with gilded horns shall fall to thee,
With brows as broad as his own mother's be."
The Father heard, and thundered on the left;
Through skies serene and clear the omen swept.
Then twanged the string, the hissing arrow flew,
And smote the head and hollow temples through.
"Go now, taunt valour with opprobrious words;
Twice captived Phrygians to Rutulian lords
Send such reply!" the young Ascanius said:
The Trojans' shout a worthy response made.

Golden-haired cloud-borne Phœbus, passing by
The realm Ausonian, marked from ether high:

"Go on, illustrious boy, to heaven aspire;
Sprung from the gods, of gods the future sire,
A scion of the house Assaracan
Shall, one day, war with fetters bind and ban:
Troy was not worthy thee." Apollo said,
As, from his seat on high, the Godhead sped,
And downward tending took the form and face
Of Butes old; and on the walls his place.
Anchises' armiger in days of yore,
Old Butes led his grandson now to war.
Wrinkled and with blanched locks, the God addressed
The flushed Iülus, and his zeal repressed:
"Enough, Æneidé! the deed that's done;
Unhurt, unharmed, the conquest thou hast won;
Apollo thee applauds with honours due,
And joys to own a rival to his bow;
Enough, now, boy, desist:" Apollo said,
As he resumed his form divine and sped
With quiver, shaft-resounding, to his skies.
Him did the Dardan leaders recognise:
Obedient to the mandate, they restrained
The ardent boy from battle; they remained
Themselves to answer every urgent call,
Defending every bulwark of the wall.
The stubborn bows they bend, amenta* writhe,
In fierce and rugged warfare both sides strive;
Darts strike and glance, their weapons strew the ground,
With blows the helms and hollow shields resound:

* An obsolete engine.

So when Auriga and the Kids arise,
And from the west bring storm and watery skies,
Doth Auster liberated rage, and Jove
Enwrapped in hollow clouds resound above.
  Bitias and Pandarus, two brothers, sprung
Alcanor from, Idæan; born among
The groves of Jupiter, Hiera bare
Those giant sons, and educated there;
In their strength proud and insubordinate,
They open threw the portals of the gate,
Challenged the foe, and right and left they stood
Instead of towers, to hold the passage good.
In iron clad and crested helms on high,
Like two young oaks, the mighty waters by
Of Mincius or Eridanus—that wave
With crests unshorn and rattling tempests brave.
In rushed Rutulians, prompt to seize the hold;
Quercens, Equicolus, and Tmarus bold,
Mavortian Hæmon, and as quickly fled,
Save who, within the narrow pass, fell dead.
Then rose discordant shouts and rage again,
And to that post the Trojans thronged amain,
And flushed with slaughter, and with triumph too,
Presumed to sally forth and to pursue.
  A messenger to Turnus brought elsewhere
The tidings that the portals open were.
Wrathful and foiled, his bosom beamed again,
As off he rushed to battle on the plain.
Antiphates he met—the son, base-born,
Sarpedon of, by Theban dame forlorn.

Him Turnus met; the Italian cornel flew,
His breast it pierced and the black blood-tide drew,—
The vital lungs received the point of steel.
Merops, Aphydnus, Erymanthus fell;
And Bitias, of ardent eyes and soul,
Not with a dart—for darts have no control
On frames like his—a bolt falarican
Turnus dismissed like lightning; on it span
Through two bull's-hides, two plates of gold it went,
The shield and breastplate passed, with force unspent,
Prone on his shield the warrior fell to ground,—
Earth echoed the reverberated sound:
So upon Baiæ's once Eubœan shore
Drops the enormous mole, projecting o'er
The realm of ocean—prone the rocky pile
Falls on the smitten wave, which parts awhile,
Until recumbent by its base it lies;
When waters roar and sable sands arise:
Echo the cliffs of Prochyta afar;
Echoes Inarime—the island bar
Imposed Typhoeus on, by Jupiter.

Now Mars descending mingled in the fight:
O'er Latin hearts poured confidence and might;
Black dread the Trojans on, with panic, fear, and flight.
Forward the Latins rushed, as in each breast
The martial spirit of the Godhead pressed.
But Pandarus, who beheld his brother slain,
And fortune adverse on the battle plain,

Applied his shoulders to the gate, to close
The creaking hinge and portal to the foes.
And many a hapless Trojan by that deed
Excluded was in hopeless fight to bleed;
And on the other hand included were
Rutulians many—Madman! to mark not there,
Like to a thirsty tiger in the fold,
The Latin chieftain pent within the hold—
Turnus, with flashing eyes and weapon steel'd,
The crimson nodding crest and beaming shield?
Him did the Trojans mark and recognise
By his fierce bearing and his mighty size.
But Pandarus, grieving sore his brother's fall,
Then said—"Not this Amata's dotal hall,
No walls paternal here—no Ardea this,
But a camp hostile, whence no exit is."
  Turnus responded him with tone sedate,
"Strike, sith so brave you are, and meet your fate;
Tell Priam how you found Achilles here."
  Then Pandarus his rough and knotted spear
Hurled with his strength; fair did the weapon fly,
Saturnian Juno turned its course awry—
Through air it hurtled, fixing in the door.
  Turnus continued—"Thy last hope is o'er,
Not thine the force nor Daunian brand I wield."
Sheer on his forehead fell the weapon steeled,
It smote the head, and passing through the brain,
Cleft the unbearded face and neck in twain;
Down dropped a gory cheek on either side,
As prone to earth the warrior dropped and died.

The Trojans fled: and had the victor then
Unbarred the gate and let his comrades in,
That day had closed the war and Trojan name;
But rage unbridled, and the lust of fame
And carnage lured him on.
Then Phalaris
And Gyges with lopped leg, and Prytanis,
First fell; their spears their comrades slew;
Juno the strength supplied. The buckler through,
Phegeos he fell; and Halys as he fled;
And on the walls, as unawares they sped,
Alcandros, Halius, Noëmon, and
Lynceus, who well aware called on his band
And comrades to beware; with sheer descent
Clean through the flexile neck the weapon went,
And the helm'd head rolled tumbling o'er and o'er.
And Amycus the hunter, to the war
Lured from the sylvan chase and poisoned gear;
And Clytius Æolides; and dear—
Dear to the Muses, as the muse to him,
Creteas, who loved the lyre and the hymn;
Chanting in numbers as the notes replied—
War ever was his theme; a warrior's death he died.
At length the Trojan chieftains sought the scene,
Where fame proclaimed such slaughter to have been.
Mnestheus and stern Serestus finding there
Turnus triumphant, flight and panic fear;
"Where, whither are you fleeing?" Mnestheus cried,
"Or have ye walls or battlements beside?
Before one man, O Trojans, do ye flee
And suffer slaughter with impunity?

O fallen country—O degenerate race!
How shall we meet Æneas face to face,
Or how the grieving gods?"
The men addressed
Turned in a mass, and upon Turnus pressed,
Who pressed gave way, retreating to the bound
Where the broad Tiber flanked the guarded ground;
Hotly and fiercely, Trojan troops appear,
And, like a lion pressed by hunter's spear,
Facing retreats, still threatening the foe;
So Turnus yields, with footstep firm and slow.
Twice had he turned on the pursuers' path,
Twice had they fled his fierce and deadly wrath;
But now whole bands advancing pressed him sore,
Nor durst Saturnian Juno aid him more;
For Jupiter sent Iris through mid-air
With stern injunctions to his sister's ear,
Forbidding aid to Turnus in the walls.
Then sinks the weighty shield, the right hand falls,
The helm, the breastplate, and the shield must bear
The rattling tempest of the stone and spear;
The helm is battered, the shield's boss is gone,
The crest is rent, and Mnestheus coming on—
Hot, wearied, faint, and breathless, by the flood
The overpressed retreating warrior stood;
Armed as he was, he plunged into the wave:
The yellow waters strength and refuge gave,
Purged him of blood and slaughter, and restored
To a rejoicing host, their Daunian lord.

BOOK X.

Now Jupiter to the Olympian hall
Convoked the Gods to council: thither all
Repaired, where from the starry seat
The world expanded was, and at their feet
The camp, the Dardans, and the Latins lay.
The Thunderer spoke:—"Offspring of Heaven, say
Why disregarded thus and disobeyed
Is our decree? why is Italia made
A field wherein to sow the seeds of hate
And mortal struggle, 'gainst the will of fate?
Who raised unsanctioned discord and impelled
The jealous warriors to yon bloodstained field?
The day must come, but hasten not the hour
Of war inevitable—when Punic power
Must ravage Roman territories, and
Bursting the Alps will devastate her land.
Then vent your hatreds and unbridled wills;
But cease the while, nor urge unsanctioned ills."
So briefly Jove: then loveliest Venus rose,
Indignantly, unwontedly verbose:
"Father! of gods and man, eternal king,
To whom save Thee in peril can we cling?
Thou seest our foes, what the Rutulians dare;
Thou seest the car-borne Turnus victor there;

Our walls defend us not, the battle joins
Within the portals and defensive lines:
Æneas knows it not, he is afar:
Is Troy then doomed to never-ending war,
And wilt thou never grant her sons repose?
Lo! where Tydides arms again our foes
Ætolians at Arpi: Father! must I again
Bleed by a mortal arm, endure immortal pain?
If that, unsanctioned, disallowed thee by,
Troy seeks Italian realm, do thou deny,
Do thou repel; but else, if she fulfils
Of Heaven and Hades the high oracles,
Who may oppose her fates and thy decrees?
Yet I remember the Siculian seas
And fleet consumed; and the Æolian king
And unimprisoned vassals blustering,
Iris the messenger—on cloud-borne wing.
Yet I remember, rash expedient,
The powers infernal loosed, Alecto sent
To raid the earth and madden human hearts.
We seek not empire now, for empire sorts
With fortune only—fortune is thy will.
But if the queen, thy wife, refuses still
To us a resting-place, yet spare the boy—
Oh, by the ashes and the stones of Troy,
Spare young Ascanius from war and wrath!
Æneas, be it so, must urge his path
Through stormy waters; but the boy release
From war and misery, to joy and peace.

Cythera and Idalian groves divine,
And soaring Paphos, Amathus, are mine—
There let him, sword deposed, ignobly live.
Then let the doomed Ausonia vainly strive
And yield to Carthage: be it nought to him.
But ah! what profits it the war to stem,
And thread the mazes of Argolic fire—
For what? to die in Latium, build the pyre
In foreign shores and for a future doom.
Better, far better in a native tomb,
In native dust to rest, commingled low;
Where Troy once was, where Xanthus, Simois flow.
Father! deny us not, rest and a home to know."

Then stung with wrath, Saturnia replied:
"Why am I forced to speak what shame would hide
In decent silence—but my heart is wrung.
Who persecutes thy son? who does him wrong?
Who wars 'gainst him by kings and stratagem?
He led the Trojans, or he misled them
To yonder shores—by Fate! well be it so—
Or ravings of Cassandra as I trow.
Was't we beguiled him from his camp; was't we
Who bade him tempt the winds and trust the sea?
Was't we that prompted him to leave his towers—
Left to his child, whilst he sues Tyrrhene powers?
What God was it,—deceptful power on high,
Was't I—or cloud-borne Iris—was it I?
O but 'tis monstrous, that young Turnus stands
Armed to defend his violated lands;

Turnus! allied to Gods and Heaven, where
Pilumnus and Venilia thron'd appear.
No, let the Trojans raid, the Trojans spoil,
Let them take tribute of Hesperian soil,
Let them coerce her princes, seize her brides,
Moored in their vessels, safe on Tiber's tides;
Venus, forsooth, may snatch Æneas from
The Grecian sword, and from impending doom
Hide him from fate in a celestial screen;
Ay, and convert the ships to nymphs marine;
But we, should we assist his foes at all,
Or aid our votaries—Oh! 'tis criminal.
Æneas absent is—a wanderer, far,
And let him wander. Paphos, Cythera, are,
And sacred groves Idalian, thine—thine own:
Then leave us one rude hold and martial town.
Not we the cause of Phrygian annoy,
Not we who poured the Greek on feeble Troy:
What was the cause, which stirred the world to arms,
Europe 'gainst Asia banding?—Spartan charms.
Was mine the hand or auspices which led
Adulterous Paris to the Spartan bed?
Did I that lust inspire? then had'st thou feared
These consequents; then had we never heard
This most unjust reproach, this plaint absurd."
So Juno; and the Gods celestial moved,
Murmured as they approved or disapproved.
As when the first blast stirs the forest trees,
The sigh of omen vibrates to the seas,
And warns the sailor of the coming breeze.

Then spoke the Sire immortal, Lord of all;
Silence the while ruled the etherial hall,
Lulled was the ether and the earth at rest,
Stilled were the zephyrs, calmed the ocean's breast.
"Now hear my words, and mark the words ye hear:
Since fate forbids that mutual treaties e'er
The Trojans and Ausonians may blend,
So neither have your discords any end.
Be Fortune umpire then to-day: to whom
She victory grants, to whom she utters doom,
So let it be. If the besiegers fall,
Or Troy succumb, pent in a hostile wall,
By omens misinterpreted, misled,—
Jove will impartial be. The doom is said,
The Fates they rule."
Then by his Brother's flood,
Styx, of the pitchy wave and whirlpool rude,
He bowed his head and ratified his word;
He bowed, Olympus trembling as it heard.
Then Jove through ranks of Gods—o'er the star-studded floor,
Quitted the golden throne and sought the threshold door.

Meantime with sword and fire the foeman bold
Assailed the town: pent up within their hold,
The Æneadæ despaired of force or flight;
Yet did they man the ramparts for the fight,
But thin the rank and broken was the line.
Asius Ambracides, Thymœtes, join

With twain Assarici, old Tybris and
Castor the brave, to form the foremost band.
Clarus and Hæmon, Lycian chieftains, came—
Sons of Sarpedon they: his mighty frame
Lernissian Acmon, who in battle hurled
A rock, no trifling fragment of the world—
Whose brother Mnestheus was, Clytius his sire,
Nor he inferior in his martial fire.
With darts ascending, stones descending clash,
And fire-brands, the death-fraught arrows crash.

With comely brow and undefended head,
O worthy care of Venus! them, Ascanius led.
So shines the gem set in barbaric gold,
So shows the ivory amidst its mould
Of terebynth Orician or box—
Spread o'er his snowy neck the floating locks,
Compassed the golden diadem his brow.
There, too, Mæonian Ismarus, didst thou,
'Midst high-soul'd warriors prove a warrior's claim
By shafts envenomed, and unerring aim.
Thy fields the waves Pactolus of enfold,
And irrigate with waters and with gold.
Mnestheus was there, proud of his latest deed,
Turnus repulsed, and the pressed city freed.
Capys was there, founder of Capua, he
Decreed Campania's capital to be.

Meantime, Evander gained, Æneas sought
By midnight o'er the main, the camp and court

Of the Etruscan king: there he avowed
His purpose, name, and race; his need allowed,
Mezentius owned and Turnus for his foes;
But 'gainst their arrogance presumptuous, shows
The uncertain tenure of all human might,
Adding entreaty to his plea of right.
King Tarchon heard and tarried not, but signed
The strict alliance, and his troops combined.
Then with accordant fates, by Heaven's commands,
The sons of Lydia, leagued with foreign bands,
By foreign chief were led on Latin lands.
The ship Æneian led the van—its beak
The Phrygian lions joined on Ida's peak;
Ida, still cherished, rising in relief,
Sculptured behind: there sate the mighty chief,
And in his breast revolved the eventful tide
Of mortal things—and Pallas by his side
Questioning still, of constellations bright,
The silent stars, those beacons of the night,
And perils which by seas and lands affright.

Open the founts of Helicon and deign,
Ye maiden Goddesses, to prompt the strain;
What navies, launched upon the deep, declare,
And what the bands and who their leaders were.

Prince Massicus, a thousand warriors led,
Tigris,* in brass, bedecked the galley's head;

* The river Tigris.

From Clusium's walls and Cosa's towers they go,
Bearing light quivers and the deadly bow.
With Abas, and his armour-bearing troop;
A gold Apollo gleaming on his poop.

Six hundred fruitful Populonia gave,
Youths trained to war; and Ilva of the wave
Three hundred more supplied—island renowned
For steel, in unexhausted mines profound.

The third and next Asylas was, the seer,
Of Heaven and human fate interpreter;
From quivering entrails, from the stars of heaven,
The chant of birds, and from the fiery levin;
Bristled his thousand spears in dense array
From Pisa, Tuscan town, whose ancestry
From the Alpheian Pisa erst had sprung.
And Astur followed, Astur fair and young,
Of party-coloured arms and war-horse proud.
Three hundred youths around his banner crowd;
Unanimous in that, supplied although
From Cære and the plains of Minio—
From Pyrgos and its earliest towers—and where
Gravisca spreads contaminated air.
And thou, Ligurian Cinyras, mayst claim
A foremost place for thine ennobled name;
Another foremost place thy name assumes
Cupavo—of the crest of cygnet plumes.
Unsparing love! hostile to thee, the cause—
And ensign of paternal woe, it was.

For Cygnus mourned for Phaeton, 'tis sung,
The amber-weeping sister boughs among,
Invoking still the muse, his only stay,
Till woe and age fulfilled their ministry,
When, changed and garbed in snowy plumes, he rose,
And 'midst the stars, chanted his mortal woes.
Sailed with his son, his small but native bands
Of brother warriors: the huge Centaur stands
High on his prow, and heaves in act to throw
A rugged rock, which threats the deeps below.

There Ocnus from the shores paternal trod,
Of Manto sprung and Tuscan river-god.
From his prophetic mother, Manto fair!
Those walls he built, and name he planted there.
Mantua! renowned for old nobility,
Yet not of pure and unmixed blood are they;
Tribes three, of fourfold races, mixed had been,
Blood Tuscan ruled, and Mantua was the queen.

Five hundred subjects of Mezentius sailed
(Hate towards his rule and enmity prevailed),
Whom Mincius, crowned with nodding verdure, bore
In native pine, from sire Benacos' shore.
Auletes led them on: a hundred oars
Foaming the deep whereon his ensign soars,
Shadowing the main—Triton the mighty, and
The conch cerulean, grasped within his hand.
Aloft he rears his rough and shaggy brow,
But sinks his piscine folds the waves below,
And the main murmured round the shadowing prow.

Thrice ten the ships, thrice ten the leaders were,
Allied to Troy, who sailed confederate there.

Now day departed, alma Phœbe drove
Her course nocturnal through the orb above;
Æneas slept not: mortal cares prevailed,
He held the rudder watchful as he sailed,
When unto him, as o'er the deep he swept,
A choir of nymphs around him played and leapt;
Those nymphs were his own ships, which his had been,
Changed by Cybele unto nymphs marine.
In choir they floated; many as of yore,
Their glittering prows had ranked upon the shore,
They sported now their well-known chief around:
Cymodocëa, for sweet speech renowned,
Rose where the hero sate—an arm of snow
She cast the vessel's bank above, below
The other played amidst the subject main:
Æneas, marvelling, listened to her strain.
"Hail! watchman of the night, Æneas hail!
Hail, goddess-born—watch and spread every sail.
We, Pines Idæan, from its sacred wood
Torn for thy fleet, now nymphs are of the flood;
For when the base Rutulians, with brands
Forsworn assailed, we burst our mooring bands,
Unwillingly, and since have sought thee thus;
These forms our mother granted unto us
To pass the term of immortality
As Goddesses eternal of the sea.

But to Ascanius: he demands thy care,
Pent within moat and wall, beleaguered there,
Whilst march, as preconcerted, to those lands
Horsemen Arcadian and Etruscan bands.
Turnus has sworn he will, if that he may
Oppose their junction, bar and ban their way:
Therefore arise, Aurora's beams appear,
Arouse your comrades, arm for battle near;
Assume thy shield Vulcanian, orbed with gold,
For this succeeding dawning must behold—
Deem not my words unauthorised—the coast
Burdened with dead of the Rutulian host."
She spoke, and by her hand and will divine
Propelled the vessel, which shot through the brine
Fast as the bolt, or shaft winged from the yew,
As speeding on the fleet she sank from view.

Albeit of consciousness awhile bereaved,
Tros Anchisiades was heart relieved;
His soul the omen owned, as to the skies
In utterance of brief prayer he raised his eyes.
"O thou, great Mother of the Gods above,
Whose heart doth Dindyma and Ida love,
And lions yoked, and turret-girded walls,
Thine augury it is, thy mandate calls
Thy Phrygian sons to field; Goddess, assist them there."
Night fled the while that he pronounced the prayer,
Then marshalled he his men and bade prepare,
And donned their arms and nerved their minds to dare.

And now the Trojan camp appeared in view;
High on the poop the Trojan stood and threw
Aloft his beaming shield: they recognize,
And shouts of Trojan welcome rend the skies.
Hope nerves their arms anew, and the darts sped—
As when Strymonian cranes, by winter led,
Flee from the threatened gale with clamour loud,
And blacken, as they fly, the gathered cloud.

But Turnus and the chiefs Ausonian, who
Marvelled in ignorance, till prows anew—
For still the teeming ocean furnished more—
Wore into sight and moored upon the shore.
Shot through the falling crest the apex bright,
Blazed from the golden orb its dazzling light—
Like to the blood-red rays the comet throws
Through dewy night pregnant with mortal woes;
Like to the deadlier rays which Sirius sheds,
With thirst and fever fraught to mortal heads,
And threatening Heaven with inauspicious fire:
But Turnus dauntless stood, with martial ire
To guard the shore, and chase them back to sea,
Rousing their souls, and boasting fearlessly—
"Comrades, behold! our hopes are gratified:
Behold the foe, and battle by his side.
Now each invoke hearth, wife, or lady-love,
And ancestry, and worthy of them prove;
Assail them now, or ere they gain the shore,
And ours the vantage ground, their steps unsure,

And fortune aids the bold." He said, and chose
The bands the lines to keep, and to oppose
The landing foe.
Meantime the Trojan band
Put forth the planks and joined the poops to land;
Some neared the bank where the wave eddying slept,
Whence, watching opportunity, they leapt;
Some glided down an oar; but Tarchon eyed
Where the smooth billow broke in noiseless tide,
And, "Now brave friends," he said, "lay to your oars;
We need but once to land on yonder shores,
Give way—and drive them high and dry to land,
There let them rot or split upon the sand."
So Tarchon spoke: his warriors obeyed,
Reckless they strained, and way impetuous made
Until the beaks, and every keel in sand
Unharmed lay bedded on the Latin strand;
Save thine, O Tarchon—on the treacherous shore
Cast on a shelf infirm, thine tottered o'er
This way and that, until it reft in twain
And tumbled out its warriors in the main,
Who gain the land though broken oars impede,
Fragments encumbering as the waves recede.
And Turnus who delayed not, he withstood
With all his force and Latin hardihood;
Then clanged the trumpets and the fight began.
Omen of victory! in battle's van
Great Theron fell, hugest of mortal men;
He sought Æneas, and he perished then:

His golden armour did not save its lord,
Nor brazen shield withstand th' Æneian sword.
Then Lycas fell; ripped from his mother's womb,
To Phœbus thence devoted, but to whom
Then was denied immunity from steel.
Then Cisseus fell, and mighty Gyas fell,
Whose iron maces now no more prevailed;
No more their arms Herculean availed,
Or lineage, Melampus from their birth,
Alcides' comrade whilst he toiled on earth.
Then Pharos fell, there ended his loud boast,
Transfixed his tongue which aye offended most.
Then, guilty Cydon, hadst thou fallen beneath
The spear Æneian in a warrior's death,
But fate denied such glory to thy shame,
Nor granted crime like thine to live in fame.
A cohort linked of brethren barred the way,
Thy seven sons, O Phorcus; banded, they
Launched forth their spears; the seven failed to wound;
Some from the helm and golden orb rebound,
Some Venus turned, which harmless fell to ground.

Æneas, to Achates at his side
Then turning, said, "Give me my weapons tried,
They fail not 'gainst Rutulians, which have stood
In Grecian mail and drank of Grecian blood."
He took and grasped the weighty spear; it flew,
And passed Mæone's shield and armour through—
Alcanor rushed his brother to sustain;
Alcanor next was numbered with the slain.

And Numitor, who from the corpse withdrew
The spear Æneian, and returning threw;
Unwinged by fate it flew—but all awry,
In course oblique it grazed Achates' thigh.

Then Clausus of the Cures, drawing near
In youthful confidence, dismissed his spear;
Dryops it slew, the steel and quivering wood
Transfixed the throat, with breath and speech endued,
Forward he falls, and falling vomits blood.
Three Thracians also, sons of Boreas they,
Three sons of Idas, born in Ismara's bay,
He smote and slew.
Halesus, too, fought there
With men Auruncan; and the Neptunian heir,
Messapus, with his steeds: the battle grows—
Ausonia the prize; and these succumb and those.
E'en thus, e'en thus, discordant winds engage,
Equal in courage, strength, and headlong rage;
None conquer, nought is won; nor sea nor sky,
Though turmoiled in their strife for victory.
And even so are Troy and Latium met,
Man's arm to arm opposed, man's foot 'gainst foot is set.

But where the torrent of autumnal rain
Had lodged its mountain ravage on the plain,
The Arcadians, all unused on foot to fight,
Gave way before the Latins: to alight
Forced were they from the nature of the ground,
And vantage to forego. With grief profound
This Pallas saw—his prayers and threats resound,

"Flee not, my comrades—call to mind your fame,
Your deeds of war, your king Evander's name,
Your victories, your hopes, your country's praise;
Nor trust retreat, to shun your enemies,
Rather, far rather, with the sword in hand,
To cleave their ranks! turn then at my command,
Pallas your leader, for your nation's fame
No God opposes—but eternal shame
Before a mortal enemy to flee,
To whom in force, equal, at least, are we.
Flee! why the main is in the rear, no more—
Ocean behind, the Trojan camp's before."

He said, and rushed 'midst thickest of the men:
With hostile fates did Lagus meet him then.
Lagus, who heaved a rock in act to throw,
When the swift spear anticipates the blow;
Fixed in the spinal bone it quivering sped,
And hardly rendered back its iron head.
Whilst he retrieved his spear did Hisbo deem
Unarmed to smite him: as in heedless dream,
Preoccupied by his companion's death
And blind revenge, his breast became the sheath
Of the Arcadian sword. Then Sthenolus,
And of the Rhœtan race, Anchemolus,
The foul defiler of his sire's bed,
And, brethren twins, Liris and Thymber bled:
So wondrous like were they, they oft beguiled
The eyes maternal, which in erring smiled;

No more that likeness holds; the Evandrian brand
Lopped Thymber's head and Liris' right hand,
Which, severed, grasped and quivered on the sand.

Now fears to honest indignation yield,
And the Arcadians re-assert the field.
Rhœteus fell next; he drove his biga from
The battle-field, but not from fated doom.
From Teuthres and from Tyres as he fled
A lance attained him and him struck down dead—
A lance for Ilus meant—to earth he reels,
And wounds Rutulian dust with dying heels.
As when, with thought premeditate, the swain
In summer solstice fires the stubble plain;
Views the Vulcanian element devour
The brake and wood in unresisted power,
And gladly views the deed of his own hands—
So Pallas viewed the progress of his bands,
And joyed, considering the deed his own.
And lo Halesus then came thundering down
In armour strong, stronger in human might:
Ladon, he first, and Pheres slew in fight;
Demodocus he slew, and lopped the hand
Raised 'gainst him by Strymonius, with brand,
And Thoas, with a stone stretched on the land.
Studied in future fates, his sire withheld,
Whilst that he lived, Halesus from the field:
Now fates allured him to th' Evandrian spear.
Approaching him, Pallas addressed his prayer:

"Grant, Father Tybris, grant my missile steel
Fortune and way Halesus proud to quell,
Then shall thy oak his arms and armour bear."
The Godhead heard, and the Arcadian spear
Smote his side undefended, as he o'er
Imaon cast his shield, comate of war.

Lausus, young gallant warrior, lest the slain,
And lest discomfiture unchecked should reign,
Headed the host. Abas opposed he slew,
Abas the prop of Trojan war: anew
The battle raged, and on the gory plain
Etruscans and Arcadians, and—preserved in vain
From Trojan ashes—men of Teucer lay.
Leaders and courage equal, thither they
Concent'ring rush, and lack the space to strike.
Here Lausus and there Pallas: how alike
In youth, in excellence, in mortal doom:
Each fated never to review his home,
Their homes paternal: one thing to each denied,
To meet the other: for fate had decreed—
And the Olympic Arbiter accords,
An end ennobled by the mightiest swords.

His sister nymph warned Turnus then afar,
He cleft the space betwixt with rushing car,
"Comrades, withhold!" he cried: "the Fates bestow
Pallas to me—to me his death is due:
Would that his sire were here, that death to view.

With marvel Pallas marked his comrades yield,
And the hosts part from the commanded field.
He turned to meet the chief and to reply,
"Either thy spoil enriched by victory
Or death—such is my noble sire's award:
Forbear to threat."
He sought the middle sward,
But cold the blood stood in Arcadian veins.
Then Turnus leapt to earth and cast the reins:
And as the lion, viewing from afar
The lordly bull premeditating war,
Rushes to slay—so Turnus rushes near:
Against him Pallas poised the missile spear,
Of strength unequal conscious, yet elate,
Trusting in favouring Fortune and in Fate,
And prayed to Heaven thus: "Alcides! hear,
Friend of my father and his guest, my prayer;
Alcides, nerve my arm; let Turnus feel,
And own expiring, my victorious steel!"
Alcides heard the prayer, he heaved the sigh,
And the vain tear-drop trickled from his eye.
Whom Heaven's Sire bespoke with soothing words;
"All have their hour allotted: Fate accords
Time brief and irreparable to all;
Life to oblivion; fame shall never fall—
That virtue's prize.
How many sons of Heaven and mine own
Fell before Troy: Sarpedon, my own son!
Fate marks the goal—in turn must Turnus yield."
The immortal said, and turned him from the field.

Then Pallas launched his spear and drew his sword;
The spear the Daunian armour smote and scored,
And pierced the shield and rent the armour where
Glittered the upper shoulder-plate in air,
And grazed the flesh. Turnus then poised to throw,
And taunting, said, "Now let me mend the blow,
If mine perchance can pierce a shield"—then cast,
Through plates of iron, brass, and hides it past,
The breastplate's stay, and pierced the breast at last.
The falling warrior grappled with the dart,
Which warmed and drank the life-blood from the heart,
In vain, the blood and soul together fled,
Falling his limbs and ringing armour spread,
As, on unfriendly soil, he sunk his dying head.
Then Turnus standing o'er—"Arcadians, hear,
Mark! and my words to king Evander bear;
Thus Pallas to his sire do I restore
Honours sepulchral, funeral ritual for,
And guerdon meet for the Æneian friend."
Then pressed his foot the corpse upon, to rend
Thereoff the spoil; the mighty belt which told
That tale of crime, sculptured in massy gold,
How in one night, one bridal night, was slain
The bridegroom band and nuptial rites profane;
Fresh from the hand of good Eurytion
By Pallas worn, and now by Turnus won.
How blind, O mortal man, how purblind thou;
Elate to-day, to-morrow steeped in woe.
Turnus! the hour draws on, when thou shall hate
Thy trophy won; and penitent, too late.

With groans and tears, upraised upon his shield,
His comrades bore the body from the field.
O grief, but glory! let remembrance tell,
Soothing paternal grief, that when you fell
One day—your first of battle—gave a claim
To fame immortal and a warrior's name.

No flying rumour, but report most sure
Told great Æneas that discomfiture
And death fell on his bands: then carved his sword
A bloody passage through the opposing horde.
Turnus he sought, Turnus with slaughter red;
Whilst thought and memory together sped,
Perturbing and usurping all his mind:
Pallas, Evander, the reception kind,
Aid, hospitality, hand-plighted friends.
Four sons of Sulmo then alive he sends,
Of Ufens four, to immolate, and flood
The pyre with captive and with victim blood.
At Magus next casting his fleeing spear,
Who stooping let it waste its force in air,
And grasping at his knees, embracing prayed,
"O, by thy son, and by thy father's shade,
Spare me, both son and sire: heaps of gold,
Talents of silver and of gold untold,
Unwrought and wrought; for not upon one life
Doth victory hang, or mine affect this strife."
"Gold, silver, talents," the dread chief replied,
Thy son may reap: for Turnus has denied

Ransoms and laws of war in Pallas slain;
So says my sire, Iülus says again,
So they decree"—then spurned him to the plain.
Æmonides, Phœbus' and Trivia's priest,
Shining in armour and resplendent vest,
The fillet of his order on his brow,
Æneas met, and meeting, overthrew
And immolated him, a mighty ghost below.
Sergestes gathered up the arms to be
A trophy, king Gradivus! unto thee.

Now Cæculus, Vulcanian progeny,
And Umbro from the Marsian mountains, they
Renewed the fight: over against them raved
Dardanides: him the seer Anxur braved
To lose his left arm with a cloven shield:
Anxur the seer, whose own eye oft revealed,
Whose own verse oft foretold, things great and high,
On earth grey hairs and age and immortality.

And Tarquitus, nymph-born—by Dryope
Unto the forest Faunus—foremost he
Then dared the sword Æneian, but the shield
His spear unequal to its task repelled.
Beat down to earth, the victor stopped his prayer:
"Thou dread and fearful warrior, lie there;
Thy mother nymph for thee may not uprear
A tumulus or build a sepulchre;
But birds on land or fishes in the vast
Shall on thy huge and bleeding frame repast!"

Antæus then, and Lycas next he slew,
Numa the strong, golden-haired Camers too:
He Volsces' heir—by waters Amyclane,
Those sleepy waves, his rich Ausonian reign.
With hundred arms and hundred hands so strove
Titan Ægæon 'gainst Olympic Jove;
Flame from the heart through fifty jaws expelled,
And fifty swords as many shields repelled:
So seemed Æneas multiplied, and gore
Flowed from his sword.
Afar he marked the four
Coursers Nyphæus drove in battle car:
Thither he rushed; the steeds in fear, afar
Swerved, started, cast their lord upon the plain,
And scudded o'er the shore with trailing rein.

Next in a biga drawn by snow-white steeds
Came Lucagus, his brother Liger leads,
Encountering Æneas: Liger to whom:
"Thy life shall close this war; behold thy doom:
No Diomedan steeds, no Phrygian plain,
No Achilleian car, and flight is vain."
So vaunting Liger. The Trojan chief replied
With the huge spear; and Lucagus who vied
To smite the steeds, and fight left foot before,
The steel attainted—through the shield it bore,
Pierced the left groin and sunk him to the dust.
"Is such the strength in which ye put such trust?"
Æneas answering, said with bitter smile;
"Thee doth no flight betray or heavenly guile,

Thyself desertest thy biga"—as he spoke
Backward he bore the steeds upon the yoke,
And Liger rolled to earth: fallen he sued:
"O mighty Trojan chief, with strength endued,
By thee, and by thy parents, O forgive:
Grant me my life, in pity let me live!"
"No, vaunting craven, die!" the chief replied;
"Nor brother desert brother, side by side."
So like the tempest or the torrent's force,
The Dardan chief destroyed without remorse.
Ascanius reappeared, too, on the plain
With Trojan bands, besieged so long in vain.

Now Jupiter unprompted marked the strife:
"O sister mine and well-beloved wife,"
He turned and said, "thy thoughts are ever true:
Venus the Trojan aids, 'tis even so;
Such is not mortal might, or man in war
And peril, fierce and dauntless as they are."

To whom Saturnia bending said, "If thou,
Mine honour'd lord, try my obedience now,
I keep thy mandates and thy frowns I fear.
Yet were I, as I once was, to thee dear,
From power omnipotent I should not crave
The boon denied, my votary to save,
And Turnus unto Daunus to restore:
No, let him perish, let his righteous gore
Be libated to Troy. What though his race,
Fourth from Pilumnus, might accord him grace;

What though with constant gifts and piety
He piles thy thresholds?—even let him die."
To which the eternal King of Heaven replied,
"Is such the boon that I have still denied,
To spare a mortal for another hour:
Hence then to earth and use immortal power,
Snatch him from present fate; but if, my wife,
You hope to change the fortunes of this strife,
If these thy words conceal some specious prayer,
You harbour vainest hopes,—for future care."

Saturnia wept: "What if," she made reply,
"Thy heart accords the boon thy words deny,
And life to Turnus? but I fear, I fear,
'Tis death awaits him, and such death is near.
O that I am of groundless fears the prey,
Or thou, who canst, would'st cancel this decree."

She said, and girded in a wintry cloud
She shot from heaven descending: then the crowd
Of Trojan and Laurentian bands she sought.
A Phantom formed of mist she thither brought
To personate Æneas: on its brow
The likeness of the crested helm, below
The golden shield—Æneas like it spoke,
Æneas like its airy weapon shook.
So do we deem the shade in Hades roams,
And so from thence the dream nocturnal comes.

The hosts between, stalking in martial pride,
The Phantom challenged Turnus, and defied,

But when young Turnus with his sounding spear
Answered the challenge, then it sought the rear.
Turnus deceived, and to vain hopes betrayed:
"Æneas flees, and yields the bride," he said;
"Æneas flees, and yields his destined reign;
Yet stay and from my hand take it again."
So Turnus spoke, nor knew he followed air.
It chanced a galley moored to land was there,
With ladder and with landing bridge on shore
Joined to the cliff, which king Osinius bore
From Clusian Cosa; thither the Phantom sped,
And with feigned fear within its cabins hid:
Him Turnus followed, but his foot on board,
When burst the rope—Saturnia burst the cord—
And from Æneas and the gory plain
The galley bounded o'er the sounding main.
Then rose the Phantom from his lurking lair,
And soaring proudly disappeared in air.

So Turnus drove alone across the sea,
Fixing his thought, recalling memory.
At length, with hands and voice upraised on high,
"Father Omnipotent!" he said, "am I,
Am I thus punished? whither am I sent?
Inflicted why with such a chastisement?
Borne whither? taken whence? O flight! O flight!
How shall I ever meet my warriors' sight,
Or in the ranks of war how reappear,
Their scorn and their opprobrium to bear?

O deadly spite! my scattered bands I see,
I hear their dying groans, betrayed by me,
By me betrayed to death. Where shall I find
On earth a hiding-place—hear me, thou wind,
O sink me now, and you I will adore;
Cast me the Syrtes on, on rocks ashore,
Where the Rutulians may forget my shame
And conscious fame blot my dishonoured name."
So prayed the warrior, but his wounded mind
Harboured despair; despairing, sought to find
Relief from aught around, the sword, or wave,
With hope forlorn of flight or of a grave.
But mightiest Juno present still repressed
Each thought as it arose within his breast,
Thoughts of despair: until he Ardea neared,
Until her venerable walls appeared.

Now Jove inspired Mezentius to redeem
The field from Troy exultant: against him
Seen in the battle van the Tyrrhenes ran,
By hate impelled, a host against a man.
Alone did he sustain their battle shock,
And as, when foaming waves invade the rock,
Unmoved it stands, and scatters from its side
The spray to heaven, so he.
Then Hebrus died
He son of Dolichaon, and with whom
Palmus and Latigus find equal doom;
A stone smote Latigus and crushed his brain,
And Palmus fleeing, hamstrung pressed the plain,

Fair was his armour, though unwarlike he,
And seized for Lausus, his thenceforth to be.
Then Phrygian Evas fell, and Mimas, son
Of Amycus—companion he was one,
Of Dardan Paris—born of Theāno bright
In the same hour and on the self-same night
That the queen Cisseïs produced her birth,
Paris the firebrand!—And yet on native earth
Doth Paris sleep: Mimas, he wots not where.
So like a boar at bay, Mezentius there—
A stalwart boar, such as Mount Viso breeds,
Or the Laurentian wilderness of reeds—
Caught in the hunter's toils, chafing in wrath,
And none so daring as to cross its path,
Who stand aloof and shout and ply their darts;
But vain the rage and terror he imparts,
Vainly he champs his tusks and rends the spear;
So fought Mezentius—and the foe in fear,
None daring then to meet him hand to hand
Shouted, and cast their darts, from distant stand.

Acron of Corythum, of Grecian race—
He left those bounds antique, his dwelling-place,
His spousals unconsummated he left,
And through the fight in bridal favours swept,
Purple and scarlet, caught Mezentius' eye;
And as the famished lion prowling nigh
The guarded fold, sees haply wandering there
Some straying goat or antler-beaming deer,

He roars with gladness, as with bristled mane
He springs and fixes on and drains the slain,
Revelling his muzzle in the gore; e'en so
Mezentius headlong dashed amidst the foe;
So Acron fell, and falling spurned the ground,
Tearing the sward—gore welling from the wound.

Orodes next, who unawares had laid
His back unguarded to the conqueror's blade,
Disdaining so to smite, but face to face
(Stronger in battle—fleeter in the chase)
He met confronting—then trampling with his heel
His fallen foe, and resting on his steel,
"Comrades!" he shouted, "see, Orodes low
A hostile champion, and redoubted foe."
Shouting applause his comrades pæans sung,
Whilst he expiring said with faltering tongue:
"Exulting conqueror, your doom I see,
And equal fate demands both you and me—
We meet again, in regions of the dead."
With mingled scorn and ire, Mezentius said,
"Die thou—and I, what time th' Olympic Sire
And King of Men decrees: so I desire."
Silence and iron sleep then closed his sight
In the dim shades of everlasting night.
Then unto Cædicus Alcathous fell,
Hydaspes to Sacrator's swooping steel,
Rapo, Parthenius and Orsas slays;
Messapus, Clonius and Ericetes.

The young and noble Valerus o'erthrew
Agis the Lycian; and Salius slew
Anthronius, falling to Nealces, who
Knew well to cast the dart and twang the yew.
Through war and slaughter, death and misery rife,
With fortune indiscriminate and strife,
Nor conquered yet nor conquerors, alike
Each nerves to battle and each stands to strike.
The Gods above wept o'er the scene of woe,
And grieved for mortal misery below,
Venus except, and the Saturnian queen.
And pale Tisiphone, who foes between
In slaughter revels, wheresoe'er the scene.
Lo! where Mezentius striding o'er the plain
Balanced the spear: so rises o'er the main
Orion huge—so onward holds his way,
His shoulders tow'ring high, his foot in spray.
Or thence descending with his staff on high
Treads earth, and hides his forehead in the sky.
Such and so mighty strode Mezentius; and
Æneas saw, and sought him hand to hand.
Undaunted stood Mezentius, and eyed
His foe magnanimous with warlike pride,
As he approached he said—"My God, attend
Thou my firm steel! and thou right hand befriend!
Lausus! the battle spoils I vow to thee
Æneian trophies—robber of the sea!"
He said, and rising cast the sounding spear,
It smote the shield Æneian just to sear—

Thence glancing pierced Anthores: he had come
From Argos, friend of Hercules whilom;
Argos he left to join Evander's band,
And shared his fortunes on Italian land;
Now smitten by an alien wound, his eyes
He casts to heaven, and as his spirit flies
Thinks upon Argos and her meads, and dies.

His sounding spear pious Æneas cast,
Through the big orb and brazen plates it past,
Through knotted network and the tripled hide,
And holding onward fixed within the side,
Not fatal yet; but forth Æneas stood
With glittering blade, elate at sight of blood.

Troubled in soul with filial love and fears,
Lausus beheld it through his gushing tears.
Illustrious boy—a lasting fame is won
By that great deed thy death depended on:
Long shall posterity repeat through me,
Thy meed of praise and tale of piety.

Wounded, borne back, and crippled by the spear,
Mezentius faltered—the boy rushed in there,
Opposed his buckler to the blow, and brought
The rescue and retreat, the father sought;
Followed his shouting comrades, to behold
The buckler of the boy shield warrior bold,
And fell their missile storm: Æneas fain
To rear his shield to ward the pelting rain:

As when some cloud suffused with hail pours down,
The husbandmen and ploughmen seek the town,
The traveller rests, nor cares the storm to brave,
Safe in the shelter of some bank or cave
Whilst lasts the storm; but when Sol beams again
They issue forth, and scatter o'er the plain;
So paused Æneas! on his shield he bore
The rattling tempest and the hail of war;
So patiently the threats of Lausus bears—
"Desist, brave youth and bold beyond thy years;
Desist from fight unequal, ere too late,
Nor let such piety lure on to fate."
He threat'ning boasts, till indignation rose;
Fates, the last threads of Lausus' life dispose,
And fell the swooping sword, and in its fall
Drove to the hilt, through buckler, armour, all,
Defence unequal—
And through the tunic which a mother's pride
With gold had broidered; through the snowy side;
Out gushed the blood—until life slowly spent,
Loth to depart so sweet a tenement,
Ebbed into air for Hades.
He, Anchisiades,
Gazed on the dust, gazed on the pallid brow,
And groaning from his heart, he bended low
And held the listless hand; remembrance roved
To time gone by and to the sire he loved:
And said, "O hapless youth, could I bequeath
Aught worthy thee, and this most hapless death;

All that I can, though insufficient, have—
Armour untouched, dust to an honoured grave,
And, for some solace, tell upon the tomb
The great Æneas dealt the stroke of doom."
Then beckoning the comrades of the dead,
They raised the corpse, they raised the bleeding head
Entwined with locks of youth from off its gory bed.

The sire, meantime, he sat by Tiber's flood,
Reposed his frame and purged the wound of blood;
His helm and sword hung on the trees around,
His shield and heavy armour strewed the ground;
Faint and in pain he propped his weary head,
And his kempt beard adown his bosom spread.
His chosen guard stood round: his mind intent
On Lausus, on his son; and oft he sent
Reiterated warnings to the field—
But e'er they reached, the corpse upon its shield
Was back returning, with its wound profound.
His ear prophetic caught the mournful sound
Or ere he saw—dust on his head he cast,
Dust on his grisly beard: his hands at last
He raised to Heaven and sunk the corpse upon.
"And is my love of life so strong, my son,
That to preserve it I could forfeit you,
Only-begotten, to our foe? And do—
Do I survive, my life for thine, my son?
Ay, now I feel the curse to be alone,
Exile and solitude exact their own.
I, having soiled thy name, thrust from the throne,

My father's sceptre, for my wickedness,
Now justly am I chastened, and confess
This penalty retributive for crime:
Yet still I live, but for a little time,
This world I quit." He said, and rose with pain
Slowly, and forth the deep wound welled again.
Yet dauntless, bade he bring his battle steed;
He was his pride and trusty aid in deed,
Had shared his wars and triumphs; and his head
Declined in sorrow as his master said—
"Rhœbus, 'tis long—if aught that's mortal may
Long be entitled—we have lived: to-day
Either the bloodied spoils and victor's head—
Revenge for Lausus, vengeance for the dead—
Let us achieve, or if our efforts fail
We die together, as we lived—for quail,
My gallant steed! I trow that wilt thou ne'er;
Neither submit a Trojan lord to bear."
He said, bestriding him: his hands he filled
With javelins; assumed his mighty shield,
Glittered his helm and waved the horsehair crest;
Deep shame and mourning mingling in his breast;
Deep in his inmost heart, grief, madness, strove,
And conscious worth, rage, and paternal love.
So fraught, he thrice "Æneas!" shouted round:
Æneas heard and hailed the welcome sound.
"O Sire of Heaven and Father Phœbus!. lo,
Grant this no empty boast, but even so;"
He prayed, confronting him.

Mezentius spoke and said,
"Inhuman as thou art! my son is dead:
Such power o'er me thou hadst, but that alone:
I dread not death, and fate respecteth none:
Forbear to threat: I am come here to die,
Perchance, but take thou first my legacy."
He said, and hurled a javelin at the foe,
Another, and another—at each throw,
His courser wheeling in huge circles round;
But the gold shield repelled each destined wound.
Thus circling to the left Mezentius wheeled,
Casting his weapons, and the Trojan shield
Showed like a thick impenetrable wood.
Impatient and perplexed the Trojan stood,
Nor wrench the darts, nor fight beneath the load.
He chose his course, and at the forehead broad,
Betwixt the hollow temples of the steed,
He launched his spear: the wounded quadruped
Reared, pawed the air, and fell: his vanquished lord
Prone to Æneas, and the unsheathed sword.
Who said, "Where is Mezentius now? where now
His fierce and reckless spirit?"
"Bitter foe!"
Tyrrhenus answered, striving to retain
His puzzled sight and fix his swimming brain,
"Thou bitter foe: dost thou threat me with death?
Threaten me not, but take my forfeit breath;
Hither I came to conquer or to die—
I and my Lausus take no boon of thee:

Yes—one I would accept and only one—
If that the vanquished may request the boon,
Let me have sepulture. Full well I know
The hatred which the Tyrrhenes to me owe,
Defend my dust from hatred: let me share
Consort in death, my loved son's sepulchre."
He said, and sought the liberating blow
Which shed his blood on earth, and sent his shade below.

BOOK XI.

Meantime Aurora rising left the wave.
What though the rites of sepulture and grave
And his own comrades slain demanded cares,
Yet with the light, the Victor poured his prayers;
And bared the oak, and built the tumulus,
And raised the trophy of Mezentius,
O God of Battles! sacred unto thee.
The bloodied crest there fluttered on the tree,
The broken weapons and the breastplate scored,
And through and through in twice six places bored;
The brazen shield depending on the left,
And from the neck the sword of eburn heft.
In exhortations, then, Æneas broke—
The Trojan leaders crowding as he spoke:—
"Friends, Chieftains, much is done, so banish fear;
Lo! the first fruits of victory are here—
Haughty Mezentius given to my spear.
Now forward 'gainst the Latin camp and king,
Now cast afar distrust and wavering;
When, with assenting Gods, our youth upraise
The plucked-up standard, sanction no delays;
Furbish your armour, and at once prepare
With heart and hand aggressive war to rear.

First give to Earth the dust that lies thereon,
Sole honour due on this side Acheron;
Those high illustrious spirits, unto whom
We owe the bloody victory, inhume!
The dust of Pallas to his sire restore,
Whom night, not lack of worth, hath ta'en before
His hour untimely."
He spoke, and weeping went
Where old Acœtes o'er the body bent.
He, in old days, was armour-bearer to
Parrhasian Evander; and anew
Gave service to the son as hapless as 'twas true.
Within the servants and the Trojans crowd,
And dames with unbound tresses weep around—
Like dames of Troy. The portals huge and high,
Æneas passed; echoed the plaintive cry,
As blows and sobs together rent the sky.
He, when he marked the pallid countenance
And bosom gored by the Ausonian lance,
With gushing tears—"O thou, Misfortune's child!
Was Fortune envious, envious when she smiled—
Denying thee unto our future reign,
Or e'en thy seat paternal to regain?
Not such—not such, the promises I made
Evander unto, when he lent thine aid;
When I departing, he with prescient woe
Warned us, admonishing how strong the foe!
Now he perchance before the altar stands,
With prayers and gifts, with lavish heart and hands;
And we upon thy dust are bending low,

And nought of thine to Gods celestial owe;
But follow thee with honours vain below.
Unhappy sire! thou must receive thy boy—
O triumph and anticipated joy!
Fallen, 'tis true, but by a warrior's fate;
No shame or blushes on his memory wait.
But ah! how much of future promise lost,
To thine Iülus, thine Ausonia's cost."

Now they upraise the corpse inanimate;
A thousand men selected on it wait—
A fitting honour, but a vain relief,
To share the burthen of paternal grief.
And others, zealous, weaved a flexile bier:
The oak and arbutus there mingled were
With boughs o'ercanopied.
As when the maid
With rosy finger plucks from forth its shade
The languid hyacinth or violet,
Its form and beauty it retaining yet,
Though earth hath ceased to feed and nourish it—
So lay the youth in vestments twain, of gold
And dazzling purple: Dido in days of old,
With skill Sidonian, cunning needle dight,
When the light heart made all employment light;
One clothed the boy, last honour to the dead,
And, due to flame, the tresses of his head.
The spoil he won in fight, Laurentian spoil,
Was carried by a troop in single file:

Horses and arms unransomed from the foe,
And victims to attend the Shade below.
With pinioned hands they march towards the pyre,
Doomed with their blood to feed the funeral fire;
Chieftains themselves, Chieftains the trophies raise
Inscribed with names of vanquished enemies.
Acœtes, poor old man, would follow too;
His flesh he bruised, and blood his fingers drew
Until he fell, vanquished by sorrows true.
They bring the car, foul with Rutulian gore,
And Æthon follows his dead warrior;
Unharnessed, uncaparison'd, he goes,
And the big tears ran trickling down his nose.
And others bore his spear and helmet bright,—
Turnus had seized the rest, the victor's right.
And then the mournful phalanx—Teucrians passed,
Arcadians trailing arms, and Tyrrhenes last.
Now when this long procession had filed by,
Æneas stood, and unrepressed the sigh:
"Fate calls," he said, "to other wars and woes—
Pallas, all hail!—hail Pallas and repose!—
For aye, farewell!"
And now returned to camp and guarded ground,
Heralds of Latium, suppliant, olive-crowned,
Awaited, asking leave from carnage spread
To clear the fields and to entomb their dead.
They represent the conquered dead to be
Objects unfitted for hostility.
The while remembrance to the fact they draw,
He was their guest and promised son-in-law.

The good Æneas spared to spurn their prayer,
Granted the leave they asked, and answered there:
"Latins, with fatal fortune, ye despise
Our proffered aid, and make us enemies:
Peace for the dead ye ask, the fallen in war;
I to the living would concede as far.
I not unbidden am. Fate led me here,
Nor arms against the Latins did I rear:
The King rejected me, and puts his trust
Upon the arm of Turnus; it were just—
If he must chase the Trojan from the land—
'Twere just that Turnus met me hand to hand;
That would become a warrior, grace his fame,
And give a right to a presumptuous claim.
Now go and give your slaughtered sepulture:"
Æneas said, and ceased. They silent were,
And heard with wonderment and mute surprise;
Till Drances old, with fixed antipathies
To the young Turnus, raised his voice and said:
"O great in fame, greater in martial aid,
Chieftain of Troy! can words thy worth impart,
Thy soul of justice and thy fearless heart?
We will depart, well pleased with what you say;
And if kind Fortune will vouchsafe the way,
We will with King Latinus urge your claim:
Let Turnus seek alliance whence he came.
The destined walls and fated citadel
We—we ourselves, will build; in faith we will."
So Drances spoke, and the applausive sound
Of murmured acquiescence vibrates round.

For days twice six the armistice endured,
And Trojan troops and Latins, re-assured,
Wandered and mingled through the forests round;
Hurtled the two-edged axe, trees strewed the ground;
The ash-tree toppled, the pine thundered down,
The oak and scented cedar lay o'erthrown;
Heaped upon wains which murmured ceaseless moan.

And now Fame flies, prenuntiate of grief;
She who brief space before—a space how brief!—
Had bruited triumphs to the royal ear,
Now filled the streets and royal house with fear.
Out—out—the Arcadian population pour,
And funeral torches,—ancient custom, bore.
One endless stream of light divides the plain,
And meets the mourners of the Phrygian train.
They come: the matrons on the walls on high
Upraise the voice of wail, upraise the cry.
Evander, too, vainly would they restrain
His parting steps, and presence there in vain:
He met the bier and threw himself thereon,
Yet sobs found utterance in broken tone—
"Not these, O Pallas! these the promises
Of care and caution with our enemies;
Yet well I knew—too well I knew—in sooth
The generous hopes and confidence of youth:
The aspirations of the youthful soul,
Glory and honour, bursting from control;
Ah me! the Gods rejected every prayer—
All my paid vows!
Yet thou exempted are,

O holiest wife! thy happier race is run;
My fates are conquered, and I drag life on
Childless and widower. I, not my boy,
Rutulians, leagued confederate with Troy;
Then should have been for me this pomp of woe,
I should lie stretched, O Pallas! and not thou.
Trojans, I charge not ye. Our treaty stands,
Nor I accuse or curse our plighted hands.
The bitter lot of age I undergo;
He died the Trojan's friend, the Volscian's foe.
Since Fate decreed a lot so immature,
'Midst heaps of Volscians slain he fell in war,—
More noble obsequies I could not claim;
Pious Æneas and the Phrygian fame—
And Tyrrhene chiefs and Tyrrhene army all
Bearing his trophies at his funeral.
Thou huge-limbed Turnus, there thou should'st lie,
Had but his years some touch of parity!
Trojans, farewell! Thy mournful task is o'er;
Say to your Chief from me, 'If I endure
The load of life, it is that we require
The blood of Turnus; we the son and sire,
Of his right hand, and that we worthy are.'
That is the only tale to soothe my ear;
Not that I seek the joys of life to know,
But for my son's, or ere we meet below."

Aurora, meantime, cast benignant rays
O'er human toils, and works, and miseries;
Father Æneas now and Tarchon rear
The funeral pyres; unto the bay they bear

Their comrades' corpses, and apply the fires
Blotting the heavens,—custom of their sires.
Thrice, girt in shining arms, they march around;
And thrice they gallop mounted o'er the ground,
Hooping and hallcaing; and their tears like rain
Fall on their armour, fall upon the plain.
The shouts of man join with the trumpet's sound,
And Latin spoil is cast upon the mound;
And fervent wheels and bitted bridles burn,
And swords and helmets; also they return
Unto their lords the gifts they sacred held—
The useless spear and unavailing shield.
Bodies of oxen huge and bristly swine,
And flocks of sheep, swept off in raid condign,
There slaughtered die—their comrades tend and gaze
Upon the charring dust and waning blaze;
And quit unwillingly when dewy night
Spreads o'er inverted heaven her mantle star bedight.

Nor less the hapless Latins build elsewhere
Their pyres unnumbered, albeit they inter
The bodies of their chiefs; or to the town
And neighbouring plain send corpses of their own.
The rest, in heaps confused unhonoured thrown,
Without distinction burnt in dust unknown.
When the third morning's dawn dispelled the dew,
The mourners to one heap the ashes drew
And on the tepid mound imposed more earth.
Then from the Latin towns there issued forth
The mingled voice of mourning and of wail;
Matrons, and widowed wives, and sisters pale,

With heavy hearts, and boys that orphan'd are,
Curse Turnus, hymenæals, and the war.
"Let him," they say, "sustain the fight alone;
His is the empire and the cause his own."
And Drances there inveighs with bitterness
Turnus the cause of war and wretchedness;
But Turnus, too, hath friends and many ties,—
The queen's high favour, his own victories,
And fame and trophies won from enemies.

'Midst this distraction, where all railed or mourned,
The embassy to Diomed returned;
They mournfully declared their mission failed,—
Nor gifts, nor gold, nor added prayers prevailed.
That arms and succour must be sought elsewhere,
Or else perforce cease must they war to bear.
By weight of woe Latinus sinks oppressed,
Æneas fated was—'twas manifest;
And flaming tumuli before his eyes
Proclaimed the wrath of the offended skies:
Therefore he summoned to his opened gate
The Council and the Magnates of the State.
Convened they come; and first in place and years,
Enthroned, but sad, the King the sceptre rears.
The Legates sent to the Ætolian town
Here make the fulness of their failure known.
Summoned they were: silence enjoined obeyed,
And Venulus, to speak commanded, said:
"O citizens, commissioned from this court,
The Grecian camp and Diomed we sought;

Ways perilous passed happily and well,
And touched the hand by which great Ilion fell.
The Victor builds Argyripa—a name
Significant in Argive speech and fame—
Beneath Garganus in Iäpygian land.
We entered, were to him admitted, and
We gave the gifts; we told our country's name
And wars, and wherefore we to Arpos came.
He heard us patiently, and calmly said:—
'Ancient Ausonians! o'er whom is shed
The blessed influence of Saturnian rule—
Ye, nursed and nurtured in a peaceful school,
What chance of fortune hurries ye to war?
We who defiled the Asian fields with gore,
We expiate—and I omit the woes
Endured beneath the walls where Simöis flows;
We expiate in woes retributive
The miserable days in which we live,
Which Priam's self might pity. What those woes
Arcturus, the sad star of Pallas, knows,
And Caphareus and rocks Euboïcan.
And Menelaus tempest-driven ran
To the Proteian pillars wandering wide;
Ulysses the Ætnæan Cyclops eyed;
And Neoptolemus—But ah! what use
To tell of him, or of Idomeneus?
Of Locrians dwelling upon Lybian sands,
Of Mycenæus, murdered by the hands
Of his own wife, on his own threshold slain—
Adulterers slew the Victor Asian.

Or of myself, by the great Gods denied
My glorious Calydon and darling bride;
Myself, e'en now, by prodigies pursued,
Left by my comrades, who, with wings endued,
As birds—O woeful punishment!—haunt so
The rocks and waters with their plaint of woe.
And justly I such punishment endure,
My hand insane, red with celestial gore;
Venus, by my hand wounded, forced to flee—
Ah, no! no more to fatal fields urge me;
To fallen Troy no enmity bear I;
Her lot remembered, brings tears to my eye;
Those gifts from Latium that ye proffer here,
Bear to Æneas,—to Æneas bear.
Yclad in arms we met, and well I know
His shield's defence and his resounding blow;
Had Ida borne another, his compeer,
The Asian onset Greece had had to bear,
And Dardanus Inachian towns had won.
Before the walls of Troy whate'er was done,
The siege delaying to the tenth long year,
'Twas done by Hector's or Æneas' spear.
Both famed for courage and for might; but he,
Æneas, famed the more for piety.
Go now, accept the hand he proffers you:
If not, resist his arms; resist and rue!'
This, best of kings, was Diomed's reply;
And condemnation uttered passionately."
So spoke the Legates; and a rumour ran,
Hoarse and confused, through ranks Ausonian,

As when, by rocks delayed, the foaming flood
Murmurs to find its free descent withstood,
The banks reverberate the conflict rude.
In the first lull of their unquiet breast,
Latinus, having first the gods addressed,
From his high throne began:
"O, wiser far,
Latins, it would have been, decreeing war,
That we had taken counsel and debate
Before the foe was hurtling at the gate.
O citizens, it needs not words to tell
The heaven-descended foe invincible,—
No battle weakens them, no dangers daunt:
The aid we asked, Ætolia will not grant:
Our hopes once more upon ourselves depend:
How slender they, how ruin doth descend
On every enterprise, ye feel and see!
Think not I blame or slur your bravery,
Unanimous our kingdom to protect;
Ye have essayed what valour could effect.
The thoughts of my unsettled soul let me
Now briefly tell: list, and attentive be.
An ancient realm the Tuscan river by,
To West Sicania owes me fealty.
That realm Auruncans and Rutulians sow;
They subject rugged regions to the plough,
The steeper mountain-tops depasturing;
That region all and pine-woods bordering
Cede we unto the Trojans; so we gain
Their friendship and alliance towards our reign.

With us by equal laws confederate,
Here let them build their walls and fix their state;
But should they choose to go and leave these bounds,
And sail again in search of foreign grounds,
Then twice ten barks, oak of Italian plain,
Or more, if they can man them for the main,
For them we'll build. Materials are at hand,
Let them the number and the build command,
And metal, all, so they will quit this land.
A deputation of one hundred go,
Let Latins bear the peaceful olive-bough,
With ivory, golden talents, and the pall,
And chair of state, and robe imperial:
Such is my counsel; now deliberate
Upon the common weal and harassed state."

Then Drances rose, to Turnus hostile aye,
With subtle hate and envy to inveigh.
A magnate he, and eloquent, withal
Unprompt in battle-field, but prompt in hall;
Reputed wise, but aye of factious mood;
Of noble stock by the maternal blood,
Doubtful his sire's: then Drances rose to blame,
To rouse man's wrath, and fan it into flame.
"O gracious king, the matter is most plain,
Debate and counsel thereupon are vain;
The obstacles at hand all know too well,
And fain to tell, if that they dared to tell.
Let him the liberty of speech concede,
Whose pride and inauspicious counsels lead—

Nay, I will speak his menaces despite—
Our realm to ruin, chiefs to hopeless fight.
Trusting in flight the Trojan camp he storms,
And wearies Heaven ranting in his arms.
Add yet one other gift, O gracious king,
Add yet one other precious offering:
Let not his vaunts deter thee, but bestow
Your daughter's hand on your illustrious foe.
Such worthy hymenæals will assure
A lasting peace for a destructive war.
Doth Turnus sway each heart, unnerve each limb?
Then let us fall to earth and beg of him—
'Thou head and cause of Latian misery,
Conquered in war, we beg our peace of thee:
O condescend our miseries to feel,
And yield thy claim to king and commonweal;
Do thou the only pledge of peace resign.
Behold me, deemed an enemy of thine;
Behold me kneel; submissively I kneel;
Pity your country and consult her weal!
Enough of death, enough of doom is done;
Vanquished, we do entreat thee to be gone;
Or if, if truly glory hath such hold—
If thy heart entertain a thought so bold—
If royal Latium hath for thee such charms,
Go, meet thine enemy in equal arms,—
Go, meet his challenge; win the royal wife;
We, humble souls, forsooth we quit this life,
Unburied and unwept we strew the plains;—
Go now, if patriot virtue fire thy veins,
Meet him who calls, meet him who thee arraigns.'"

His rising wrath young Turnus scarce restrained,
He groaned in spirit, but his words maintained:
"O Drances, ever eloquent you are
When battle hurtles, and the word is war;
First midst the fathers in high words art thou:
But mighty words are not the matter now.
Words harmless fall whilst bulwarks check the foe,
Or ere blood flow the battlements below.
Then thunder on in eloquence—thy wont—
And fear impute, and cowardice, and taunt:
Thou, by whose valiant hand such heaps lie slain,
Thy trophies scattered up and down the plain,
Why is thy vivid virtue forced to yield?
Behold the pighted foe and battle-field!
Rise, let us thither! What! thou dost not stir?
Mars calls to field, and Drances need the spur!
O'erweening and fugacious as a cur.
I beaten! I, thou filth! who will say so,
Who saw the tumid Tiber swollen flow
With Trojan blood, extinct Evander's race,
Or corpses of despoiled Arcadian trace?
Not so I proved to Bitias, Pandarus,
And all the crowd I sent to Tartarus,
Pent in their camp and girded by their wall.
No hope have we? assurance, none at all?
Utter thy moodiness to men of Troy,
And thine own party, factious to annoy;
Go, laud the foe, twice beaten as they are,
Traduce the Latin name, and blame the war:
Achilles Larissæus, tremble now;
Bow Diomed and Myrmidonians bow;

Flee Aufidus, O retrogressive, flee;
Nor seek thy bourn, the Adriatic sea.
Behold, the coward shrinks, and feigns to fear;
Souls base as thine would but debase my spear;
No, keep it in thy breast, to batten there.

"O king and sire, I turn to thee again:
If truly for the state no hope remain,
If we, deserted, are to weep and mourn,
If fortune have for us no further bourn,
Then sue for peace with our right hands held forth.
But, oh, if aught remain of pristine worth,
Rather, far rather, deem that fate more blest
From slaughters and from worthy toils to rest,
Or dying, fall; and falling, bite the ground.
But if our troops untouched, and friends surround,
If towns and chiefs maintain alliance good,
If Troy has purchased victory with blood,
If pyre for pyre is reared from them and us,
Why raise we now this wailing piteous?
Why do we tremble ere the trumpet sound?
Our lot will vary ere the year turn round;
Fortune will fickle and befriending prove,
Aye mutable, inconstant in her love.
Arpi refuseth aid, and Ætolus;
Not so Messapus and Tolumnius,
Gifted Tolumnius and many more.
Large is the congress from the Latian shore,
And plains Laurentian; and the Volscian maid,
Camilla, brings an army to our aid,
Her troops of horse and crowds in brass arrayed.

Or should the Trojans challenge me to fight,
Nor you refuse, and none deny my right,
Not yet hath victory so shunned my spear
That I to be your champion should fear.
I shall go forth with confidence, although
Great as the great Achilles were my foe;
With equal armour forged by Vulcan's hand,
I, Turnus, for my home and country stand,
With Daunian spirit, undegenerate!
Fate grant Æneas call me! grant it, Fate!
From Drances far, ye gods, let me atone,—
Unless your wrath forbid it, me alone,—
Where death or fame, and honour may be won."

Whilst they contentious thus the moments spent
Æneas moved his camp and armament:
And lo! amidst their loud tumultuous din,
Unheralded, a messenger burst in;
The foe was up—Trojans and Tyrrhenes stood
Spread o'er the plain that bordered Tiber's flood;
Then rising passion vents itself aloud,
And sinks the hearts and spirits of the crowd.
For arms they bustle—arms the youth demand:
The while the murmuring sires trembling stand.
Discord, with tones discordant, rumbled there,
As when in leafy haunts or forest lair
The birds, in countless myriads, light down;
Or as, the fishy mouths of Padus on,
The scream discordant of the noisy swan.

Then Turnus rose, and seized the moment fit:
"Now peaceful citizens in council sit,
The whilst the enemy shall rob and raid."
Then rushing forth, impetuously said:
"Away, away; and thou, Volusus, hie!
Warn ye the Volsci! arm the Rutuli!
Messapus bid, his horsemen to the plain;
Bid Coras and Catillus him sustain;
The rest that man not battlements or gate
Descend in arms, and for my orders wait."

With mind dejected, and with hopes o'erthrown,
Father Latinus from his throne came down,
And mindful sighed, remembering—self-accused—
Dardan Æneas for his son refused.

They trench before the gates, and fortify,
With stake and stone, the portals stern and high:
Matrons and boys are toiling in the moat
Whilst the rauk trumpet sounds the battle note:
A varied crowd of beings line the wall,
Necessity demands and summons all.

And now the Queen and Matrons, a great train,
Ascend the Arx unto Minerva's fane—
Offerings they bear: with bright and downcast eyes
The Maid Lavinia them accompanies,
Misfortune's child! the Matrons following
With frankincense, the mournful accents sing;
"Tritonia Virgin, Warrior-goddess, hear!
"Break with thine hand, O break the Phrygian spear,
"And crush to earth the pirate seaborne here!"

Now raging Turnus girds his armour on:
Rough with its brazen scales the breastplate shone;
The greaves descending flashed in gilded pride,
Unhelmeted as yet, with sword on side,
Fulgent with gold descended he the height
Exulting, hopeful, burning for the fight:
So the freed courser, from his broken chain,
Dashes in liberty athwart the plain;
He seeks the females on remembered meads,
Or well-known waters canopied by reeds,
And with dilated nostrils, streaming mane,
He petulantly neighs, thrilling at every vein.
And opposite, with troop of horse, is seen
Approaching him, Camilla, Volscian Queen!
She vaults to earth beneath the portal gate,
And the whole troop their chieftain imitate;
Whilst thus she spoke: "Turnus—if confidence
And firm belief may sanction my defence,
Alone I dare oppose the Trojan band,
Alone the Tuscan horsemen will withstand;
Thou and thy foot beneath the wall remain,
And grant to me the battle of the plain."

Turnus, with eyes entranced upon the maid,
"O Grace Italian—Virgin Queen," he said,
What shall I strive to say, what thanks return?
How praise the courage wherewithal you burn?
Share we the toil:—Æneas sends a band,
A light-armed force, to devastate our land,

So fame reports;—the body of the foe
Meantime he leads across the mountain brow.
Meet we this stratagem with counter guile:
I occupy that double pass, the while
You, preconcerted, meet the Tuscan horse.
Take you Messapus and the Latin force,
And band Tiburtian; but do thou command."
Then he addressed Messapus and his band,
And led his men unto their ambushed stand.

There is a crooked valley, suited for
The daring ambush and for wily war.
Black are its cliffs and dense its leafy screen,
And blind and narrow passes them between;
Above, 'midst caves and rocky jags, there lies
A secret area, fitted to surprise,
On either side its ridge, advancing foes:
Itself a sure retreat, but to oppose
Or to heave rocks, deadly to enemies;
Thither they wend, and there the ambush lies.

Meantime Diana, in the realms of air,
Called Opis from the train of damsels fair,
And, woe depicted on her face, she said:
"Opis, to battle is Camilla sped,
Girded with my, there, unavailing arms;
Dearest of all; nor is the love that warms
Diana's breast a charm to be erased.
For Metabus, from old Privernum chased,
By hate and envy banished his domains,

Fleeing through hostile camps and battle-plains,
His child Camilla in his breast sustains—
Her mother's name, Casmilla, and he found
Joy in the similar but varied sound—
She nestling at his breast, the exile flees
Through mountain fastnesses and thickest trees,
Infested and beset by Volscian foes.
Barring his way, lo! Amasenus flows.
Upon its bank in doubt the warrior stood,
The abounding river poured a raging flood;
Prepared and fain to swim, his step he stayed,
Not for himself but for his charge delayed.
At length this daring thought upon him broke:
Unto his gnarled spear of knotty oak,
Cradled in rind and cork he swathed the maid;
Then poised and paused the while the father prayed—
'Alma Latonia, Virgin-Huntress, hear!
This little maid a father offers here,
Trusting to thee, upon thy spear she flees:
Goddess, accept and sway her destinies!'
He said, and cast her through the yielding air:
Above the sounding waters flew the spear,
And with the spear my little votary flew.
Then Metabus—the foemen full in view—
Leaped in the raging and the roaring flood.
Victor upon the grassy turf he stood,
And from the sward retrieved, my gift, his child.
A shepherd thence, he nursed her in the wild;
No roof above, no city walls surround—
Them he detested—but with glades around,

Fed with the milk of mares my maiden grew,
And her own lips that rugged nurture drew.
Soon as she ran she played with hunting-spears,
Or bow in hand the sounding quiver bears;
Her hair no gold, her limbs no palla deck;
A tiger's spoil was fastened round her neck;
A little child with tender hand she drew
The missile dart, or with the sling she slew
The crane Strymonian or the snowy swan.
Many a Tyrrhene mother for her son
Chose her, in vain; contented to be free,
A virgin huntress and to follow me:
O fain am I that she had never known
The trump of Fame, or Trojans left alone,—
A loved and cherished nymph had she been now.
Opis descend; glide to the world below,
Seek Latium's fields where fate decrees the fight
With unpropitious omens;—there alight,
From forth this quiver draw the shaft of fate.
And who, by wound, her form dares violate,
In expiation his own blood must flow;
Or Trojan, or Italian, lay him low—
I, in a cloud, her dust unspoiled will save
And sepulchre in a paternal grave."
Diana spoke—her flight the ether rends,
As the bright nymph, hid in black mist, descends.

Meantime the Trojan army neared the wall,
Approaching Tuscan chiefs, and horsemen all,

Deployed in companies; the trodden plain
Rings to the courser's hoof and iron rein.
A wood of lances flashes o'er the field,
And the plain glitters with the spear and shield.
Coras, Catillus, and Camilla's band,
Messapus and the Latins them withstand;
Their good right hands protrude the heavy spear,
And darts they brandish as the foe draws near:
Now they draw near, 'midst shouts of battle din,
A short cast of a javelin within.
Then rose the shout of war, their steeds they prick,
And darts, from darkened heavens, fall as thick
As falls the flaky snow from skies of jet.
Forthwith Tyrrhenus and Aconteus met,
And man to man, and spear opposed to spear,
And steed to steed in unrestrained career.
As falls the bolt, or bullet-engine strung,
So fell Acontius, and to distance flung
Yielded his life in air.
The Latins fled;
With shield behind, straight to the walls they sped.
The Trojans follow,—them Asylas leads;
But near the gates the Latins turn their steeds,
And shouting charge!—in turn the Trojans flee.
Thus, in a shelvy bay of rock, the sea
With force alternate presses on the strand,
And heaves the rattling beach and sweeps the sand,
Then back returning re-absorbs its foam
Madly retreating, to its level, home.

Twice from Etruscans the Rutulians sped
Twice, with their shields behind, Etrucsans fled.
But when the third assault of war began,
The battle joined, and man encountered man.
Then verily was heard the dying groan,
Then horse and man on bloody field, o'erthrown
In common doom ;—and battle reigns alone.

Orsilochus, who feared to face the force
Of Remulus, cast spear against his horse ;
The wounded brute impatient made a bound,
And falling dashed his master to the ground.

Catillus slew Iölas ;—next he slew
Herminius, big in frame and courage too ;
Whose yellow locks, no helm his head upon,
Were loosely o'er his naked shoulders thrown :
Weapons he feared not, but the Latin spear
The naked back transfixed and settled there.
On every side blood flows and weapons wound,
Glory is won, and death, more glorious, found.

Camilla there, exulting Amazon,
One bosom bared, the quiver belted on,
Scattered her darts, or, arm unwearied, paid
Blows with the battle-axe of two-edged blade.
Her, Dian's arms and golden bow bedeck,
And she retreating, with reverted neck,
Wings a true shaft from the resounding yew.
Her maidens her attend—a chosen few :

Tulla and young Larina by her side,
And, brandishing her axe Tarpeia, ride,
Italian maidens: they Camilla tend,—
In war their comrade, and in peace their friend.
Threïcian Amazons, Thermodon on,
So raise the dance and coloured armour don,
When round Hippolyta,—or new from war,
Penthesileia, in her golden car,
Victorious returning;—they upraise
Their lunar shields and utter shouts of praise.

Virgin! who first, what number was the slain?
How many scattered corpses strewed the plain?
Eumenius first, of Clytius the son,
Thro' his broad breast the spear of fire hath run.
Gory he falls, and falling bites the ground,
And dying, vainly grapples with his wound.

Liris and Pagasus then strew the plain,
Liris she struck retrieving his lost rein;
The other lent him unavailing aid,
And shared his fate, slain by the martial maid.
Tereas, Harpalycus; she adds to these,
Amaster too, son of Hippotades;
Demophoon and Chromis—every dart
Launched from her hand piercing a Phrygian heart.

Behold Ornitus—unknown arms he wore,
An Iäpygian steed the hunter bore;
A hide of bull was o'er his shoulders thrown,
And a wolf's skull and jaws involved his own

With flashing teeth—he bore a sharpened goad;
Hugest of men, with loudest tongue he rode.
Him, too, she slew, and spoke these words to jeer:
"What, Tyrrhene, did you think you hunting were?
A woman's arm at length confounds thy vaunts.
Yet if in Shades below your father taunts,
Say, 'twas Camilla's hand that conquered you."
Orsilochus and Butes then she slew;
Butes, with adverse spear, his helm beneath
The undefended neck admitted death;

Orsilochus she, feigning flight, deceived,—
He headlong followed e'en as he believed:
Then turning on her prey she smote him down,
The axe descending armour through and bone;
In vain he yielded, mercy prayed in vain,—
His face is hidden in his spattered brain.

Aunus of Appennine, his son rode there,
And viewed the fearful spectacle with fear.
Great in Liguria, where fates fraud allow,
But fraud or flight will hardly stead him now.
Thus he began:—"It is thy matchless steed,
Not strength thine own, but adventitious speed;
Descend on foot and meet me on the plain,
Then shalt thou learn who braggart is and vain."
She blushed in conscious worth and prompt to yield,
In equal arms stood forth upon the field,
A sword unsheathed and a deviceless shield.

The youth now deemed him safe; his horse's head
Quickly he turned, incontinently fled,

And overspurred him with the heel and mail.
"Ligurian false, thy fraud shall not avail
Base spirit touched by momentary worth;
Thy father, Aunus, sees not thee henceforth."
The maiden said; on foot outsped the horse,
Seized on the reins and checked his headlong course,
And took revenge in blood without remorse.
So stooping from its cloudy realms above
The headlong falcon strikes the flying dove;
E'en so the heart her crooked talons tear,
And scatter blood and feathers to the air.

But now doth Jupiter, Olympus on,
The sire of all, behold the deeds so done.
He urges Tyrrhene Tarchon to his part,
And stimulates with wrath his swelling heart.
Behold him, Tarchon, rallying broken bands;
Headlong he rushes, thundering commands,
Reanimating runaways by name.
"Faint-hearted Tuscans, perdurable shame,
Before a woman do ye turn and flee?
Before a woman's hand? Oh, infamy!
What! bear ye pointless spears and useless arms?
Not thus, not thus ye fight when Venus warms;
When Bacchus, with the choir and pipe, invites
To song and feast and cups of festive nights;
Not backwards thus in companies ye move,
When the haruspex good and holy grove
And victims fat supply the feasts ye love."

So Tarchon, and, despising death, rushed through,
Right on the ranks of the opposing crew;
And Venulus encountering, grasped his foe
And stretched him captive o'er the saddle-bow.
Then arose clamour, as all Latin eyes
Follow the fiery Tarchon as he flies,
Bearing his prey, armour and man away.
Him Tarchon seeks with head of lance to slay,
Searching an ingress to inflict the wound,
But grappling with him writhes the captive round
Warding the blows: the eagle thus on high
Bears off the writhing snake into the sky,
With crooked talons so he grips her fast;
The wounded reptile writhing volumes vast
With bristling scales, high crest and hissing jaws
Confronts the captor—vainly 'gainst his claws
And crooked beak and verberating wings.
So, on his foe, the fiery Tarchon springs,
And from Tiburtian ranks him captive brings.
  Their chief's example his Mæonians see,
Encouraged view and rush to victory.

Then Aruns, death-devoted, hovered round
The fleet Camilla, watching her to wound.
Where'er the virgin turned, there hovered he,
Abiding chance and opportunity.
When she advances, then he turns his rein,
And follows silently across the plain;
When she retreats, then he retreats again.

Chloreus, Cybele's high priest, passing by
In Phrygian armour glittering, caught her eye.
A fiery steed he rode; the hide it bore
With golden scales, like feathers, covered o'er;
Himself in purple and Iberian blue,
Shot shafts Cortynian from the Lycian yew.
The seer in golden helm and quiver shone,
A linen croceate chlamys he had on,
A shining buckle held each gathered fold,
His tunic worked, greaves of barbaric mould.
The virgin saw; whatever she designed,
Or vows and spoils and temples swayed her mind,
Or that thereafter she might hunting ride
Clad in such captive spoil and gilded pride;
The virgin saw; by female pride subdued,
Rashly she followed, blindly she pursued.
The hour had come, and Aruns ere he threw
The furtive spear prayed thus the Gods unto:
"Apollo, chief of Gods! thou Deity
Of high Soracte, where we worship thee;
Upon whose peak we raise the flaming pyre,
And tread securely through the blaze of fire,
Saved by religion, sanctified by thee:
O shield us, sire, shield us from infamy.
I ask no trophy, seek no woman's spoils,—
Enough for me past honours and past toils;
Grant that by me this pest may meet her doom.
And I, my home inglorious resume!"

Apollo heard his suppliant votary's prayer;
One half accorded, one half tossed in air;

Perturbed Camilla's sudden death he grants,
But tossed to winds the safe return he wants.
And therefore, when the hurtling weapon flew,
Thither the Volscian army turned its view;
Concentered on the Queen each startled eye;
She, she alone marked not the arrow fly;
Nor sound nor sight availed her, till it sank
Deep in her bosom and the life-blood drank.
Then Aruns fled, joy overcome by fear;
Startled he fled, nor dared the nearer spear;
He fled, nor dared to meet the maiden then.
So to his solitude and mountain den
The raiding wolf, scared by the daring deed
That caused the steer or shepherd swain to bleed,
The raiding wolf claps to his tail and flees
From the revengeful vengeance he foresees;
So from the eye of man doth Aruns fly,
Nor asks for fame, but courts obscurity.
She tugs with failing strength the stubborn dart,
And snaps the head within the wounded part.
Her colour sinks, her eyes grow dim in death,
The crimson lip fails with the failing breath.
Fainting, expiring, Acca she addressed—
Acca, of all her maidens loved the best,
With whom she ever shared her joy and woe :—
"Acca, my sister, victors hitherto—
Pierced with this bitter wound, my eyes grow dim:
To Turnus—my injunctions bear to him;
Bid him fall back at once and save the town.
Fly and farewell."
The reins fell down,

And her fair form sunk gently to the ground,
Whilst the cold shudder quivered it around;
The head declined, the slender neck gave way,
And, with a sob, life passed indignantly.
Then rose, to golden skies,—Camilla low,
The shout of triumph and the wail of woe.
Camilla slain—forward each foeman springs,
Trojans and Tuscans and Arcadian wings.

But Dian's maid upon the mountain brow—
Opis—enthroned, marked every deed below.
Unmoved she sat, and viewing all beneath,
Beheld Camilla's forfeiture in death.
She groaned, and from her inmost heart she said,
"Too heavy is thy chastisement, O maid!
Too heavy for thy warfare against fate:
Availed it nought for thee, thy maiden state,
That thou Diana's votary hadst been,
And borne her bow and dwelt in forest green?
Thy Goddess quits thee not; thy death shall be
Widely divulged and live in memory.
And he whose hand assailed thy sacred breath
Shall expiate the sacrilege by death."

A tumulus there stood, an ancient tomb,
Of King Dercennus, in sepulchral gloom,
King of the old Laurentians; the mound
Of heaped-up earth with solemn ilex frowned.
Thither the Goddess stooped and took her stand,
Armed against Aruns her unfailing hand.

Him she beheld, bursting with inborn pride,
"Dost thou," she said, "dost thou triumphant ride?
Nay, turn thee hither, turn thee and pursue
The fatal way unto Camilla due:
Turn thee to die, albeit too good, I ween,
Diana's arrows for a soul so mean."
Threïssa spoke, and from the quiver drew
The fatal shaft and bent the stubborn yew.
And strained the bending horns, until compressed
The barb touched on the bow, the notch the breast.
He, Aruns, heard at once and felt the steel;
His own companions heedless saw him reel—
Forgotten and unknown, in dust he lay,
Ere to Olympus Opis winged her way.

Now the light Volscian horse, their mistress dead,
Fled first—Rutulians and Atinas fled.
Their leaders overthrown, the scattered bands
Dispersed and fled for safety on all hands.
Resought their camp, and nothing could oppose
The Trojan charge: backward they cast their bows
Dangling o'er wearied shoulders all unstrung;
The dusty plain with clattering horse-hoofs rung.
The matrons on the watch-tower rent their hair
And raised the female clamour of despair;
But danger meets them in the portal wide—
Conquered and conquering rush a mingled tide:
Within the gate, within the friendly wall,
By his own threshold doth the warrior fall.

Then did some close the gate and bar the way;
Excluded, some become the Trojan prey,
And in the fosse and underneath the wall
Beneath parental eyes they fight and fall.
Some maddened—urged to frenzy by their state—
Ride at the portal, dash against the gate.
The whilst the matrons, urged by patriot love
And emulation, gird the wall above;
Remembering Camilla, thence they throw
Their sharpened stakes and burning brands below,—
Contented well to die so they repel the foe.

Meantime to Turnus came the envoy pale,
And told to him her inauspicious tale.
Camilla dead—the beaten Volscian plight—
The threatening foe—the panic and the flight.
Indignant he, as Jove's harsh fates compel,
Breaks up the ambuscade and quits the dell.
And scarce abandoned that position strong
Or ere Æneas, its defiles among,
Filed through the dreary pass and scaled the brow:
And yet so closely they descend below,
Æneas viewed at once the dusty plain
And the Laurentian retreating train;
And Turnus only knew Æneas near
By the horse-hoofs that echoed on his ear.

Again would they have fought, again have bled,
But in Iberian waters Phœbus red
Watered his steeds, and Night resumed her reign.
In camp and leaguered wall they rest again.

BOOK XII.

When Turnus saw the Latin spirit quelled,
His conduct and own courage lightly held,
Implacably his aspirations rose
And purpose stern the foeman to oppose.
On Punic plains the Libyan lion so
Sore wounded in the breast, pressed by the foe,
Erects the bristly terrors of his mane
To snap with bloodied jaw the spear in twain:
E'en so young Turnus rising in his pride,
Addressed the king, and haughtily replied:

"Behold me ready! and the Æneadæ
Cannot retract their words, base though they be.
Grant, Father, unto me the combat grant,
The victims slay, pronounce the covenant.
Or by my hand to Tartarus be hurled
Yon base deserter of the Asian world;
Alone to me the common cause confide;
If he be victor, then his be the bride."

Latinus answered him with soul sedate:
"O heart of youth, thus generous and elate,
Behoves it mine to be as just and wise,
And care and remedy for all devise;

Thine is the Daunian realm, paternal land
And towns, made captive by thine own right hand.
Thine are my revenues, my love is thine;
And many—many a maid of noblest line,
Of Latian and Laurentian family,
Worthy and willing to espouse with thee.
Now give me leave, the whilst that I relate,
And you attend, the will of partial fate.
The oracles of gods and men denied
Our ancient chiefs, who sought to be allied
To me and mine: but won by love of thee,
My grieving wife, and consanguinity,
All bonds I broke, all consequents defied,
War and the gods, refusing him the bride:
With what result, O Turnus, thou dost know,—
Thou foremost in our battles and our woe.
Beaten in two great battles, we sustain
Siege in these walls, the last hope of our reign;
Red with our blood doth Tiber onward flow,
Our bones unburied bleach those plains below.
But why reiterate the woeful tale?—
No madness prompts my spirit fixed to fail.
Is it not wise, thou living, to pursue,
That which thou dead I am prepared to do?
What would Rutulians consanguineous say
What other realms Italian, if that we
Exposed—forfend it, Fortune!—periled thee,
Seeking my child and my affinity?
O Turnus! mark of war the miseries—
Its many miseries;—and domestic ties—

Thy aged father, even now, afar
Pent in ancestral walls of Ardea."
So spoke Latinus, to assuage the ire
And wrath of Turnus; but he fanned its fire.
He, when his words found vent, "And I prefer,
Father!" he said, "the dangers to incur.
But we, beloved sire! have strong right hands,
And gushing blood follows our biting brands;
Nor is his goddess-mother here to bring
Aid feminine—him cloud envelopping."

But now the Queen, with death-presaging eye,
The named conditions viewed instinctively.
"O Turnus, by these tears, by whatsoe'er
Amata may invoke to touch thee near—
Hope of mine age, sooth of my misery,
And of our Latin realm the rest and stay;
Thou upon whom alone our house relies,—
Renounce, I say, this doubtful enterprise;
That only do I ask: for be thou sure
Thy lot and portion in the present war
I too must share, unto death woe beguiled,
Nor captive see Æneas wed my child."

Her mother's speech Lavinia listened to,
And equal tears her burning cheeks bedew,
As kindling them the fire of love beamed through.
And like, as pure and Indian ivory
Receives the impress deep of Tyrian dye,
Or as the pale and drooping lily shows,
Pent and encircled by the dark red rose,

So stood the maid, whilst blushes her betray.
And Turnus, love entranced, turned him that way
To gaze enraptured on his promised bride,
As more resolved in accent, he replied:

"With tears and omens burden not my soul,
Wending to battle under Fate's control,
O mother, I beseech: I am not free
To shun my death, if fate my death decree.
Idmon, my challenge to the Phrygian bear—
No peaceful message. When the steeds appear
With car Auroran, purpling yonder east,
Be Trojan and Rutulian warfare ceased.
The lot of war depends our swords upon;
Lavinia must in yonder field be won."

He spoke departing; homeward he repaired,
Demanding straight his coursers. They appeared:
He joy'd to see, led forth, how proud they trode.
The Thracian Orithyia them bestowed,
His ancestor Pilumnus on: they were
White as the driven snow, and swift as air.
The charioteers restrained them in their pride,
With hands applausive, soothing mane and side.
Then Turnus armed, the breastplate of dense mould
Was rough with mingled orichalc and gold;
His armour girded on, him they invest
With sword, and shield, and helm of rubric crest.
That sword the Fire God to Daunus gave,
Plunged by him hissing in the Stygian wave.

Selecting then the hugest spear of all
That decked the central column of the hall—
Auruncan Actor's spoil, he poising said,
"Never invoked in vain, by my hand sped,
Great Actor's formerly as mine to-day,
Prompt be ye now, and my behests obey;
Pierce through the breastplate with resistless blow,
Lay the effeminated Phrygian low,
In dust and gore his perfumed hair despoil,
Crisped with hot irons, smeared with myrrh and oil."
He spoke with wrath apparent in his eye,
Whence sparks of burning passion flash and fly.
So roars the bull, prelusive of the fight,
As on the nearest tree he tries his might,
With thundering hoof he wounds the earth below,
And heaven above reverberates the blow.

Meantime, as dreadful in maternal mail
Æneas armed rejoicing; to the wail
Iülus of, and discontented friends,
Fate he expounds: then to Latinus sends
Acceptance of the terms his legate bore,
And joys, considering the warfare o'er.

Close on the rosy footsteps of the morn
Sol's fiery horses o'er the mountains borne,
With thrilling nostrils petulantly neigh.
Beneath, the battle-field and city lay—
Rutulians and Trojans; and of sod
An altar built, sacred to every god.

In linen clothed, some fire, some water bear,
And thither, brows verbena-bound, repair.
Forth from the gate pour'd forth the Ausonian band,
And opposite Trojans and Tyrrhenes stand—
Their various weapons, brand, and shield, and spear—
As if that day stern Mars them summoned there.
Heading their thousands, glittering to the sight,
The leaders move in gold and purple dight.
Of race Assaracan moves Mnestheus on;
Messapus, steed-subduer, Neptune's son;
And brave Asylas. Halting at command,
All prop their spears, and, shield reclining, stand.
Women and aged men, and rabble rout,
Hang on the city roofs and towers about,
And from the walls and portal gates peer out.

Saturnian Juno from Albano's crest—
Which then nor name nor eminence possessed—
The Trojan force and Latin town surveyed,
And all the field of combat thence displayed.
Unto the goddess of that silvery flood
Heaven's Goddess spoke: that silvery flood and wood
Bestowed upon her Jove imperial by,
In recompense for 'reft virginity.

"Juturna rise! nymph worthy thy domain;
So dear unto me, that I view again
Without regret the conquest of my lord,
And pardon to his venial fault accord,
In joy that thou heaven's seats participate.
Juturna, charge not me with ills of fate,

Whilst I detail those ills impending near;
For well thou know'st, whilst Fate allowed, I ne'er
Have ceased the Latin cause to advocate.
But now thy brother courts unequal fate;
The hour of wrath and peril now draws near.
I cannot break the covenant, nor dare;
I from the field of battle must away.
Thou canst and mayst; up, Goddess, and essay—
May Fortune soothe our misery to-day!"

Juturna heard, with tears all unrepressed,
And hands that smote the beauties of her breast:
"Restrain thy tears and unavailing breath,
And snatch thy brother from impending death,"
Juno Saturnian said; "war re-allume;
The fatal treaty break—remembering whom
I am, advising." But irresolute
The Goddess left the nymph in sorrow mute.

Now moving thitherward Latinus rode,
In a quadriga ample, huge, and broad;
Twelve golden rays upon his brow aspire,
Ancestral emblem of the solar fire.
And Turnus in his biga there repaired;
Two spears broad-headed quivering he reared.
And, of our Roman root the origin,
With shield siderial, arms celestial in,
Father Æneas, with Ascanius near—
The other hope of Rome—there wending were.
The priest in white attends, and thither borne
The bristly pig, bidental sheep unshorn;

They led the victims to the lighted pyre,
And, turning to the orb of solar fire,
They mark'd the destined victims' heads with steel,
And shed libations, scattered salted meal.

Father Æneas first unsheathed the brand.
"Sun, be thou witness! witness thou, O land!—
In hope of which such perils we incur:—
And thou Omnipotent, O Jupiter!
Saturnian Juno, exorable now!
Swayer of battles, mighty Mavors, thou!
Ye sacred fountains, and ye local floods,
Ye gods marine, and ye celestial gods!
Ye I invoke.
If victory Ausonian Turnus crown,
We, conquered, will re-seek Evander's town;
Iülus quit his claim, and never more,
With arms rebellious, seek the Latian shore.
But if fair victory my lot befriend,—
Which omens and propitious gods portend,—
No hostile act attend ye from my hand;
Troy and Italia blended share the land,
Joined in alliance irrevocable,
With equal laws and amity to dwell;
My gods and holy rites with her to share.
Latinus still the crown and sceptre bear,
My Trojans for themselves a town will frame,
Gracing our city with Lavinia's name."
Æneas said:
Latinus raised his eyes,
Extending forth his right hand to the skies;

"By the same land, and sea, and sky, I swear;
Latona's offspring twain, and Janus, hear;
Ye realms of Dis, inferior mysteries;
And thou, O Jove! whose thunder ratifies
The oaths of man, thy sanction do I claim,
Thy fane attesting and its sacred flame.
Far distant be that woeful day, to break,
Whate'er betide, this covenant we make,
No force assail it, though the floods should flow
And drown the world, or heaven descend below.
E'en as this wood (the sceptre which he bore)
Cut from its trunk may vegetate no more,
But framed and fashioned by the cunning hand,
In gold enclosed, a sceptre of command,
Confirms the Latin voice, and binds its land."
So spoke the King: the Princes present all.
Then with due ritual did the victims fall—
The sacred entrails, palpitating, load
The shrine encumbered, borne on chargers broad.

But even now the combat to man's eyes
Unequal shows, and murmurings arise.
Contrasting and self-evident to sight,
Turnus himself gives such opinion weight:
Dejected, pale, and sorrowful he stood,
And rear'd his suppliant hands in dreamy mood.

Juturna present marked the murmurings loud,
And knew the hearts unstable of the crowd;
Straightway Camertes' honoured form she took,—
He, of illustrious house and noble stock,

Heired his paternal fame and won his own;—
His form she took, and 'midst the ranks is gone
Dissension sowing in his honoured tone:—

"Is't noble, O Rutulians, to expose
One combatant and victim to our foes?
In numbers double, say in what are we
Unequal unto them?—in bravery?
Behold them all: there Fate-assembled stand
Trojan, Arcadian, and base Tuscan band!
In numbers all unequal to supply
Two Latin warriors with one enemy.
He, to the Gods whose altars sanctify,
Shall live in fame immortal, though he die;
And we despoiled beneath the Victor's might
Must till the fields, for which we would not fight."
The warriors with indignation heard,
E'en Latins and Laurentians changed appeared;
Those men so clamorous when fortune failed,
Who called for peace, now contrariwise railed
And called for battle, and the terms denied
By which young Turnus was enjeopardied.

Sister Juturna seized the favouring hour
And gave a sign in heaven, to overpower
And dazzle and deceive their hearts and eyes.
Behold the Bird of Jove 'midst ruddy skies
Stooped on a plump of swans of thundering wings—
A mighty patriarch clutched, away he springs;
In vain! the fellow fowl assail, and lo!
They darken heaven—they lash their yellow foe;

Encumbered who can neither fight nor fly,
He drops the prey 'midst clamours loud and high,
And through the clouds re-seeks his native sky.

The Seer Tolumnius sprang forth to say,
Whilst shouting crowds all hailed the augury:—
"It is fulfilled; our vows accorded are—
I hail the omen—the Gods grant our prayer.
I, I your leader—comrades to your brands;
Chase yon marauding stranger from your lands:
He who by wrong depopulates your shores
Shall, like yon baffled bird, take to his oars;
He, like yon beaten bird, shall beat retreat
And o'er expanse of oceans save his fleet.
Now close your ranks, forward unwavering;
Strike for your country and defend your King."
Forward he sprung, and hurled the sounding spear,
Hissing the corneil flew and cleft the air.
It flew where haply nine fair brethren stood,
Born of one mother, of Etruscan blood,
Unto Gylippus of Arcadian strain;
Flew fatally and life-blood drank again;
Just where the ductile belt the buckle bound,
One brother in refulgent arms it found
And hurled transfixing on the yellow sand:
Forth to avenge him sprang the brother band,
Formed in a phalanx, snatched the weapon near,
And blindly charged the foe with sword and spear.
A band Laurentian met them to debar;
The Trojans, the Agyllans rushed to war;

And the Arcadians in their painted arms;
And all the rage of war and battle warms.
The altar is defiled, above it flies
A storm of missile darts that blur the skies;
Its fires profaned:—Latinus fled away
With rescued gods and sacred panoply.
The warrior's car and the impetuous steed,
And martial weapons, flashing, them succeed.
Hating the treaty, forth Messapus springs
Aulestes on, yclad in garb of kings—
Tuscan Aulestes; and he, bearing back,
Stumbled, retreating, 'midst the holy wrack.
The fierce Messapus smote him with the spear,
And spoke unto him prostrate with a jeer:—
"Thou hast it; and thy sacrifice will please
The Gods above with better flesh than these:"
The whilst his followers rushed the spoil to seize.
Then Chorinæus from his altar snatched
A smoking brand; at Ebusus he dashed,
Advancing there, and fired his bushy beard:
Arose the noisome stench; with visage bleared
He tugged the foe, bewildered, by the hair;
And thrust him down, and stabbed and slew him there.

The shepherd Alsus Podalirius viewed
In battle van, and straightway him pursued;
Beneath the lifted brand the shepherd swain
Cleft with preventing axe his head in twain.
A deep and iron slumber closed his sight,
And sealed their orbs in an eternal night.

Vainly the good Æneas them withstands
With unhelmed head, and with imploring hands:—
"Where do ye rush? what sudden madness this?
Untimely wrath, when all concluded is.
Every condition—mine alone the right—
The righteous cause and the accorded fight;
Oh! to my hand commit the common cause,
And Turnus doomed to violated laws."
So spoke he as betwixt the hosts of men
He rushed: a shaft descending struck him then—
Whose arrow smote him, from whose bow it flew;
What God or man or chance 'twas owing to,
No one disputed, as no one would claim:
No one aspired unto Rutulian fame.

But Turnus with reviving soul perceived
Æneas quit the field: himself deceived
Grasps once again his arms, and mounts his car;
Lashes the reins, and dashes into war.
What warlike hosts before him sunk in death!
How many more were crushed his car beneath;
How many he with spear attained afar.
On frozen Hebrus so the God of War—
Mavors implacable!—uprears his shield,
Urging his steeds impetuous o'er the field;
Notus they beat, and Zephyrus pass by,
And, utmost Thracia trembling, onward hie;
Black Fear attendant on their gory path,
With Ambuscade and never-sparing Wrath:

So Turnus rushes o'er the battle ground,
Rejoicing in the misery around.
So speed the sweating horses on their way,
So blood and spreading dust their path betray.

Thamyrus, Sthenelus, and Pholus die:
Slain by the dart, Glaucus and Lades lie,—
Sons of Imbrasus they, in Lycia bred,
Nurtured in arms.
Elsewhere Eumedes sped,
He—heritor of Dolon's race and name—
Owning his father's valour, grandsire's fame,
Who erst as spy the Grecian camp explored,
And asked the car Pelidan for reward;
Another price Tydides paid his deeds,
Nor longer sighed he for Achilles' steeds.
When on the plain he caught the Daunian glance,
Him Turnus smote afar with flying lance,
His biga then arresting on its way;
And as he drew the fatal steel away,
"Trojan!" he said, "the land you sought, behold!
Measure the soil Hesperian bought and sold;
Such, me confronting, be the lot of all—
And such the building of the fated wall."

Then Butes, Chloreus, Sybaris, he slew;
Dares, Thersilochus, Thymœtes too;
Whose courser, stumbling, to the earth him threw:
So when descending on th' Edonian blast,
Rough Boreas hath o'er the Ægean passed,

Its roaring waters to the shores are driven,
And clouds are chased from the expanse of heaven:
So Turnus on his course victorious drives,
The foeman shrinks, the hostile rank divides.
Flutters his crimson crest, as he unreined
Rolls his impetuous course, steeds unrestrained.
Phegeus beholds him, and with spirit bold
Grappled the rampant coursers and controlled
And turned them in the midst of their career.
On, on they speed together; but the spear
Of Turnus penetrates his coat of mail,
Razing the flesh: then turning to assail
The Daunian under covert of his shield,
The whirling axle struck him to the field;
And Turnus following with unfailing brand
Smote off his head, his trunk rolled on the sand.

So Turnus triumphed. Whilst with footstep slow
Æneas, Mnestheus, and Achates go,
And young Ascanius, to the camp; the spear
Propping the faint step of the warrior there.
Snapped was the shaft; impatiently he tried
To probe the wound—which all attempts defied—
To gash it with the sword and give it vent
From closing flesh whereby the barb was pent;
Himself to field uncrippled to restore.

Iäsides, medicinal whose lore,
Hears that his Chieftain needs his healing care;
Iäpis, friend of Phœbus, hurries there.

Phœbus in friendship proffered him unto
In choice—the Harp, or Augury, or Bow;
But he, solicitous his sire to save,
Demanded lore of healing herbs to have;
Choosing that silent and inglorious path.
Æneas, quivering, stood in silent wrath,
Propped on his spear: Iülus standing by,
The tear unbidden dashing from his eye.
With girded loins, in mode Pæonian,
The old man with his lenitives began
And drugs of Phœbus powerful to heal;
And then with biting forceps tugged the steel,
But all in vain; no fortune him attends,
Nor Phœbus now his votary befriends;
The whilst approaching nearer and more near
The din of battle hurtled on the ear.
They saw the dust; they heard the horsemen bawl;
Within the tented lines the arrows fall;
The din of war reverberated high,
Of those that vanquish and of those that die.

The Goddess Mother, with impatient grief,
From Cretan Ida brought the hoped relief—
Dictamnus, plucked from thence, with stem of down
And crown of purple blossoms; full well known
To the wild goat, by hunter's arrow hurt.
Freighted therewith, with misty cloud begirt,
Venus descends: the waters of dark hue
And vase she tempered; adding thereunto
Sweet panacea and ambrosial dew.

Iäpis old with these foments again,
And dissipates at once the pang of pain;
Stanches the blood-tide, whilst the barbed steel
Moved upward with a voluntary will—
And health returned:
"To battle-field away,"
Iäpis cried—"his armour why delay?
Nor human hand is here, nor mortal cure—
The Gods, the potent Gods, our Chief restore!"
Æneas thrilled impatient to be gone;
He shook his spear—they girded armour on.
Soon as the sword was girded, breastplate hasped,
With circling arms Ascanius he grasped;
And, kissing through the helmet, spoke at last:—

"My boy! from my example learn to bear
Suffering and toil; prosperity elsewhere.
Accorded 'tis to my right hand once more
Thee to defend; but when in years mature
Thou rul'st, remember! and in deeds be known,
For Hector's kinsman and Æneas' son."

Æneas spoke, and issued through the gate,
Whole in his armour, ardent and elate;
Mnestheus and Anteus and a rushing crowd
Of warriors followed, and their footsteps loud
Shook earth and laid the walls in dust and cloud.

This Turnus marked—marked the Ausonians too,
And tremors of cold fears their bones ran through;

It jarred upon Juturna's prescient ear,—
She knew the boding sound and fled in fear.
Quickly he comes; deploying on the plain.
As when to ravage earth athwart the main
The tempest rushes, the swain marks the gloom,
And views with heavy heart the threatened doom,
The winds precursive rustling on the land.
So the Rhœteian* leader of the band
Marshals the field in wedged battalions manned.

Thymbræus slew Osiris, Mnestheus slew
Archetius, and Achates Epulo,
And Gyas Ufens. Tolumnius the Seer,
He falls—he falls, who cast the foremost spear.
The clamour rises, and by turns they fight
And turn again their dusty backs in flight.

Æneas spared the flying multitude,
His spear as yet with slaughter unembrued;
Turnus alone he sought, and called aloud
Amidst the battle din and dusty cloud.
Juturna, starting with instinctive fear,
Dashed from his seat her brother's charioteer;
And as Metiscus she assumed the place,
Alike to him in armour, voice and face;—
And like the dusky summer swallow hies
Through marble courts and painted galleries,
Through porches high, through portals wide she springs,
And in pellucid fountains dips her wings,

* Æneas: here called Rhœteïus, from the Trojan promontory.

Collecting her small food for noisy young,—
So, even so, Juturna flits among
Ranks hostile, guides her brother's conquering car
And him exultant from Æneas far.
And he, Æneas, as assiduously,
Followed and viewed the rapid car flit by.
In vain he followed, and he called in vain;
Juturna heard, and scudded o'er the plain.
What should he do? within his wearied breast
How much of cares conflicting him distressed!
Messapus thither came; two spears he held
When he the prince, so unresolved, beheld.
One, with an aim assured, Messapus cast—
Æneas stooped beneath his shield; it passed,
But razed the helm and bore away the crest.
Then indignation boil'd up unrepressed,—
The wiles of Turnus, he beholds, and flight:
Jove he attests, and the polluted rite;
Then to propitious Mars he yields the rein,
And breathing slaughter, runs to war again.

What God will aid me now to chant the strife
Of human passions and of wasted life;
The death of warriors; varied fate of war:
Now Turnus, now Æneas, conqueror.
O Jupiter, was it thy will to seal
Our league eternal with such mortal ill?

Rutulian Sucro met Æneas fain,
And died a speedy death on battle plain.

Through ribs and spine, reduplicated wound,
The sword, unseating life, its passage found.
Whilst Turnus slew two brethren: from his steed
Fell Amycus—on foot Diores bled;
Their amputated heads, all dripping gore,
The victor's Daunian car suspended bore.

Talon, Tanaïs, and Cethegus die;
And sad Onythes falls, Æneas by,—
Sprung of Echion's line Peridian.
Then Turnus slew two brothers Lycian
From Apollonian fields: another one
Menœtes, war averse; a fisher, won
From Lerna's waters, where his sire found
An humble competence from rented ground.

As flames devouring seize upon the brake,
And, raging indiscriminately, make
The living laurels and dry scrub their prey;
As rivers that precipitate their way
Roaring and foaming to their bourn, the sea;
So rushed the chieftains recklessly and free,
With wrathful passions, spirits rage-impelled,
And slaughtering arms, unconquered and unquelled.

Murranus of high titles, proud to trace
His Latin ancestry and royal race,
Æneas with a rocky fragment struck.
Forward he falls, beneath the chariot yoke
His frighted horses spurned their fallen lord,
And his own wheels the fatal blow afford.

Turnus met Hyllus, onward as he rolled,
And launched the spear against the helm of gold,
The iron head transpierced the golden mail.
Neither, O Creteus! did thine arms avail:
Mightiest of Greeks! thee, too, did Turnus slay.
Nor did his Gods, Cupentus save that day
Æneas from—nor brazen arms afford
A fence availing from the Æneian sword.
And Æolus to thee too fatal were
The fields Laurentian: 'scaped the Grecian spear,
Achilles, and the Argive phalanxes,
Here is thy final bourn:—thy palaces
Ida beneath, and in Lyrnessus, were;
Laurentian soil yielded thy sepulchre.

So strive the Dardan and the Latin might:
Mnestheus, Serestus, and Asylus fight;
Messapus, steed-subduer, foremost springs,
And Tuscan phalanx meets Arcadian wings:
All, all indomitably fight, none yield;
Nor rest nor respite; such the battle-field.

Now loveliest Venus, prompting, instigates
Æneas to assault the Latin gates.
He, as he cast his eyes, which wearied were,
O'er field of battle—seeking Turnus there—
Rested and riveted upon the town.
Then flashed that mightier project him upon.
Mnestheus, Serestes and Sergestus good
He hailed, and, followed by a multitude,

Mounted a tumulus and them addressed.
And thither other Trojans rallying pressed
The agger round; with sword and shield in hand
The warriors congregate, and listening stand:

"Lest ye should dally, where ye must obey,
'Tis Jove that prompts that which brooks no delay.
Yon faithless city and yon Latin reign,
Unless they yield and bear the conquering rein,
This day we overthrow: yon cause of war,
In smoking ruins, shall offend no more.
Say, must we wait and wait till Turnus choose
The combat to accept or to refuse?
No, comrades, no! from yonder head, require
The broken treaty with re-lighted pyre,"
Æneas said—and the words response found
In every Trojan heart and soul around.

Straightway in wedge they formed and stormed the [wall.
The scaling-ladders rise, the firebrands fall;
They seize the gates, those that they meet they slay;
Shafts fly, steel flashes, smoke obscures the day.
Beneath the city walls Æneas stands;
And, raising upon high attesting hands,
He instances the breach of treaties twain,
And war renewed and the Italian stain;
Condemns Latinus, and on his head lays
Ensuing evils—pending miseries.

Then discord amidst citizens arose;
Then some would open, and admit their foes,

Others, to drag their king to parley ran,
And others rushed the battlements to man.
Thus, thus in pumice labyrinths we see
The husbandman assail the honey-bee.
He pours in bitter smoke; the swarm within
The waxen citadel upraise a din,
But low and low the murmurings, or ere
The conquering fume self-dissipates in air.

But woe, more woe, the Latin town attends,
In misery the city bows and bends.
The Queen, the Latin Queen, beheld the foe
Approach the walls, and flakes of fire below;
And—neither Turnus, troops Rutulian nor—
Concludes, unhappy, him as slain in war.
Herself accusing as the source of all
These added miseries;—untied her pall,
Her pall of purple madly she untied,
And fastened high—by her own hand she died.

Her child Lavinia tore her auburn hair,
And cheeks of rose now pallid with despair:
The Latin matrons listened to the tale,
And rushed and raised on high the funeral wail:
Then fame it promulgated far and wide,
And as it sped man's inward spirit died.
Latinus, with rent regal garments, goes
Confounded at his own and country's woes;
Dust, dust he scatters locks of grey upon,
And self-accusing, utters, tottering on,
"Dardan Æneas should have been his son."

Turnus meantime, where all unto him yield,
Now gleaned the scattered remnants of the field.
Joyless he fought, his courser's pace waxed slow,
Then did he hear the distant murmuring grow
A mournful and a boding sound of doom.
"What woe-fraught clamour hither speeds; from whom?"
He said, and laid his hands upon the reins.
His charioteer—she who the part sustains
Metiscus of—with baffling speech replied:
"Here, Turnus, let us follow on this side
Where victory first alighting did befriend—
Others there be whose hands the towers defend;
Æneas charges there the Italian band,
Let them the charge sustain. Your slaughtering hand
Against the Trojans urge as heretofore,
In glory equal and in slaughters more."

Turnus replied: "O Sister! it is thou;
I partly guessed before; I know thee now,
Goddess altho' thou be: but art thou come,
To share a brother's doom, Olympus from?
Com'st thou discomfiture and death to see,
For fortune only threatens misery?
Did not these eyes behold Murranus fall,
And hear his voice, he best beloved of all;
Did I not unavenging see him die,
And Ufens fall, accusing infamy,
And Trojans bear his corpse and arms away.
Now must I see the city fall their prey,

Our homesteads razed; must I see this, and hear
Drances reproach, and his reproaches bear.
Or shall I flee—shall Latins see me flee—
Is flight than death a worse calamity?
Ye, O ye Manes!—Gods of heaven averse—
Be ye propitious—add not to my curse;
Of crime unconscious, in integrity
Let me descend, ancestral Shades, to ye."

Scarce had he spoken when with thundering pace
Sages rode up, an arrow in his face;
He rushed imploring Turnus by his name:
"Thou Turnus, our chief hope, thy aid we claim.
Æneas in his might the town assails,
And threatening storm and sack his arm prevails.
Already on our roofs the firebrands fall;
All eyes are turned to thee, on thee men call:
Latinus wavers; ready to reject,
Nor knows which son or treaty to accept.
The Queen is dead—thy best friend is no more—
By her own hand she treads the silent shore.
Messapus and Atinas man the gate,
Where conquering phalanxes now aggregate
With swords that flash as thick as standing corn;
Whilst thou, o'er distant desert plains, art borne."

Bewildered and enraged the warrior stood;
The flitting images half understood:
A sense of shame boiled in his inmost breast,
With mournful sorrow, passion with oppressed,
Love unrequited, conscious worth impressed.

Soon as the congregated cloud passed by,
And light returned, he raised his sight on high;
And looking from his biga's height beheld
The flames arise, which a huge turret felled,—
A mighty outwork by himself designed,
And built with wheels and bridges; to the wind
And eddying flames, which, lashing to the skies,
Fed on its beams and boarded galleries.

"The Fates, my sister, call; o'ercome by whom,
Cease, cease I pray thee to defer the doom.
Where Fate and where hard Fortune call, I go.
I am prepared—Æneas is my foe:
I am resolved, my sister, to endure
My lot to death—nor flee inglorious more."

He said, and leaping from the chariot, left
The goddess grieving, as he onward swept
And carved a bloody passage thro' the foe:
So from the weather-worn and craggy brow
Of some huge precipice, by storms cast down,
By waters sapped or carking years o'erthrown,
The mass of rock dislodged, down, downwards borne,
It bounds, it leaps, exultant,—cattle, corn,
The forest, man, swooping with it along;
So Turnus scattered the opposing throng,
Seeking the city, where beneath the gates
The soil drank blood and air reverberates
The hurtling spears.
With voice and gesture proud
He separated the contending crowd:

"Rutulians, cease—Latins, your arms suspend;
Whate'er betide, I must the contest end.
And right, and just, and fitting 'tis that I
Should close the fight, treaty me broken by,
Assert your cause and singly meet my doom."
Assenting legions heard and gave him room.

Father Æneas heard their shouts arise,
And "Turnus! Turnus!" echoed to the skies.
He quits the walls, he quits the towery height,
And thrills exulting, confident in might:
So Athos, or so Eryx shows, or he
Our Father Apennine, in majesty,
When amidst ilex shade he stalks below,
Or rears aloft his summit crowned with snow.

Stayed the Rutulian arm, the Trojan stayed;
All eyes are turned, hostilities delayed;
The brave defendants on the ramparts breathe,
Assailants and the thundering ram beneath.
Latinus only rested not; amazed
Upon the sight below, in marvel gazed:
From distant different realms two warriors stood,
To arbitrate disputed rights in blood.
And they, upon the broad vacated space
Approaching rapidly, met face to face:
Launched are their spears, the brazen shields resound:
Earth groans the while the flashing swords rebound:
Valour and Fortune strive, the issue they confound.

So, in great Sila's or Taburnan field,
Rush to the fight the monarchs of the weald.

They meet, and flees afar the frighted swain;
They meet, the lowing heifers on the plain
Wait to submit unto the future lord,
The whilst they battle: sides and dewlaps gored,
Polluted, still they bathe in mutual blood,
And fill with clamour the resounding wood;
Thus, even thus, the Daunian hero and
Dardan Æneas battle hand to hand.

Now Jupiter the equal balance holds,
With fates of each, imposing in its bowls:
Labours, and death impending, he unfolds.

Turnus sprang forth, at vantage took his foe
And struck the first: the Latins hailed the blow,
And Trojans feared the issue; but the sword
Broke at the haft, perfidious to its lord.
Disarmed he stands, now must he flee or die:
Swifter than Eurus stooping doth he fly,
An unknown handle in his disarmed hand.
Fame saith, that Turnus left the Daunian brand,
His own paternal weapon in his hall;
And snatched in inadvertence from the wall
That of Metiscus; wholly, wholly vain
And valueless 'gainst arms Vulcanian:
Shivered the mortal-manufactured brand
Like brittle glass, and strewed the yellow sand.

Lo! Turnus flees; each varying shift he tries:
Now here, now there, with baffling circuit hies.

For here a ring of Trojan troops enclosed;
A marsh lay there, and there the walls opposed.
Æneas followed, and pursued his foe
With fervent spirit, but with footstep slow,
Clogged and impeded by the recent wound.
As when the huntsman and the baying hound
Have overta'en and brought the stag to bay,
The stream within or feathers bar the way;
Baffled by banks, or scared by scarlet toils,
He still by doubling and redoubling foils;
But the staunch Umbrian hound is close behind,
He snaps his sounding fangs, he bites the wind;
The swift and wary trembler 'scapes once more,
And horn and hound re-echo as before.
So Turnus flees; and fleeing, calls by name
Each known Rutulian, loading them with blame;
And raving for his sword, howbeit they fear
The consequence: Æneas threats whoe'er
Presumes to interpose with instant death,
And vows to raze the city from the heath;
Five times the circuit of the ground they made,
'Twas for no common prize or game they played—
The fate of Turnus on the issue laid.

To Faunus sacred, once an olive stood,
By mariners a venerated wood,
Who, shipwrecked, here repaired, and gifts bestowed,
And dedicated garments which they owed.
Unconscious of its sanctity, that tree
The Trojans felled, the battle-field to free.

Propped on his spear thither Æneas past;
The rugged root it caught, and held it fast.
In vain he bent, and tugged, and strove to free,
No force it seemed might win it from that tree.
Then Turnus breathed a short and hurried prayer:
"Faunus and mother Earth, hold fast the spear;
If I have ever honoured this thy shrine,
Whilst they polluted have thy shades divine."
So Turnus prayed, nor prayed an useless prayer,—
Faunus divine and Earth held fast the spear;
No strength, Dardanides, may set it free,
Nor liberate from that tenacious tree.

Again the Daunian Goddess lent her aid;
Metiscus' form concealed the warrior maid,
Rushed to her brother's rescue, and restored
The brand parental, the true Daunian sword.
Venus, indignant that the nymph should dare,
Descended and redeemed the captive spear.
The Daunian brand and Trojan spear opposed,
Once more in breathless strife the warriors closed.

Now Jove Omnipotent, Olympus on,
Addressing Juno, her gold cloud upon,
From whence she gazed and viewed the battle-field.
"When wilt thou cease? O wife, when wilt thou yield?
Thou knowest well the fates a seat will claim
Æneas for, within our starry frame.
Then, what dost thou devise? what hope detains
Thee, thus on gelid clouds, o'er mortal plains?

Say, ought a god by mortal steel to bleed—
Say was it right—for, Goddess, 'twas thy deed—
Say was it right to give the vanquished aid,
Or by the sword restored, is fate delayed?
Now end the conflict, yield thee to our prayers,
Harbour no more these griefs and carking cares,
Too often noted by me, on thy brow:
For to its bourn Fate touches even now.
The Trojans, chased alike by land and sea,
And wars relighted, house defiled by thee,
And Hymenæals changed to funeral wails.
Enough—inexorable Fate prevails!
Further attempt I bar."
So Jove, and so
Saturnia answered, with brow bended low:
"Because that I, O mightiest, know thy will,
Thus seated am, on cloud aërial,
With patience things unworthy suffering;
Turnus, Italia, Earth, abandoning:
But, but for that, environèd with flame,
Troy would I give again to death and shame.
Yes, I confess my admonitions made
Juturna carry her poor brother aid,
To save his life, no more; but not to throw
The mortal javelin or bend the bow.
By Styx, his fountain head, do I swear this,
Sole invocation that all binding is:
But now I yield and hate yon battle strife.
O thou! by Fate unshackled, I—your wife—

For Latium, thine own Latium, now implore:
When hymenæals blessed peace restore,
When laws and treaties make them both the same,
Change not the old and honoured Latin name;
Let them not Trojans be, nor so addressed;
Unchanged their tongue, unchanged the togaed vest;
Be Latium, Latium; Kings Albanan reign,
And Romans spring from the Italian strain;
All, save what is indigenous, destroy;
And Troy no more—blot out the name of Troy."

Jove smiled on her as he reply began,
"Sister of Jove, offspring Saturnian,
Doth mortal passion harbour in thy breast?
Oh! mitigate that source of all unrest.
Have this that thou desirest; freely know
Jove yields to thee, what else he would bestow.
Let the Ausonians speech and garb retain,
And as it is, so let their name remain:
Therein commingled be the Teucrian fame,
And rites and ceremonials be the same.
Efface, will I, all save the Latin tongue:
And thence, of mingled race, a people sprung
Equal to gods on high, in piety
Shall rear the votive shrine and worship thee."
Saturnia bowed: soothed was her spirit proud:
Re-entering heaven, abandoning the cloud.

That done, the King of Heaven meditates
To drive Juturna from her brother's fates.

Twin pests there are—Night, Hades in forlorn,
Megæra with, in double labour born—
Diræ surnamed: begirt with Stygian snakes
And wings parental: by celestial gates
On Jove attendant, ministers of wrath—
When he, dispensing justice, o'er the path
Of mortals scatters plague, disease and war.
Of these one, issuing forth the hand to bar
Juturna of, from Jupiter descends;
On sombre wing she stoops, and downward tends,
Swift as the barb-envenomed arrow flies
From Parthian or Cydonian enemies,
Unseen and unexpected, smiting still
With rooted, deep, immedicable ill.
So silently the child of Night descends,
And to the battle-field her course she wends;
Her form contracting to that lesser bird
Which from some roof or sepulchre is heard
Screeching through silence and the dead of night:
So metamorphosed takes the Pest her flight,
Round Turnus flits with verberating wing,—
New fears assail him, and new torpors cling;
Deep in his throat the sob unuttered dies,
And o'er his brow the bristling locks arise.

The whizzing of the wing Juturna heard,
And recognised the Dira in the bird:
She beat her bosom, and her locks she tore;
"Turnus," she cried, "thy sister aids no more:

What art have I, or power to defend,
Or with a monster like to this contend?
I know their purpose, and I quit this scene.
Cease, cease to fright me thus, ye birds obscene!
I know thy mandates harsh, imperious Jove!
Is this the guerdon for thy lawless love?
What boots eternal life? the friendlier tomb
Would place a bourn to suffering and to doom;
Would that I mortal were, a Shade to go,
By brother's Shade accompanied, below.
Yawn, yawn, thou hollow earth, and by his side,
A Goddess, let me to the Manes glide."
Groaning, in mantle green she veiled her head,
And plunged—the closing waters o'er her spread.

Æneas vibrated his weighty spear,
And sternly said, "Turnus, confront me here;
Fleetness of foot will not for aye avail;
Valor and martial worth at length prevail.
Wouldst thou avoid the battle, choose thy shape,
And take the chosen form, thou shouldst not 'scape.
Soar thou in air or hide thee in the earth,
Thence would I drag thee out and bring thee forth."

But Turnus shook his head, as he replied:
"Proud foe, by thee I am not terrified;
Me, Gods adverse and Jupiter affright."
He said no more: a rock lay within sight,
A square and antique block—it marked the bounds
Of divers properties and neighbouring grounds;

Twelve men perchance 'twould take such stone to raise,
Degenerated men of latter days.
With quivering hands he raised it up to throw,
And, summoning his vigour, sought the foe.
In vain! no remnant rests of strength of old;
His knees betray him, and his blood runs cold;
Reft of due impulse, dropped the mighty mass.
In dead of night, thus mortal visions pass,
When fitful slumbers close o'er-wearied eyes;
Fain would we run, but fall and cannot rise;
Fain would we call for aid, in vain we try;
Voiceless and struggling, powerless we lie.
So Turnus fares: where'er he turns his eyes
The Goddess Dira flits, and all success denies.

Then troubling thoughts his troubled soul appal;
He looks to the Rutulians, to the wall,
Wrestles with his misgivings, but nor knows
How to escape his lot or how oppose.
No friendly chariot, sister charioteer;
But stern Æneas and the fatal spear,
Fated and fortunate, about to throw
On an irresolute resistless foe.

Like to a rock from mural engine flung,
Like to the bursting thunder, clouds among,
Like the black whirlwind's unresisted sway,
The death-fraught weapon fled and sped its way

Through the last orbit of the sevenfold shield,
And through the corslet's appendage it held
The thigh transfixing; doubled by the wound
Huge Turnus dropped, his knee upon, to ground.
The groan Rutulian echoed far and wide,
The mountains round and the deep woods replied.

Humbled and suppliant as he knelt he prayed,
And, with his vanquished hand held forth, he said:
"It is my due, and I deny it not,
Neither lament; enjoy thy happier lot.
Yet if parental misery may move,
Remembering Anchises and his love,
Think upon Daunus, and remit thine ire;
Restore me or my body to my sire.
Conquered thou hast, and the Ausonians view
My suppliant hands; conquer thy passion too;
Lavinia thine."
Æneas stayed his hand,
With eyeballs flashing sternly did he stand,
Whilst through his breast remorseful pity ran;
When, on the shoulders of the fated man
He saw the belt—with amulets * thereon
Of Pallas; fatal spoil, by Turnus won
From the boy Pallas—from his body torn
The golden ensign now by Turnus borne.
This monument of bitter grief he viewed,
Whilst wrath subsiding speedily renewed:

* The Bullæ or amulets worn by boys until the age of seventeen.

With fury fraught—"Dost thou beseech?" he said,
"Thou clad in spoil of Pallas—of the dead?
This blow for him—thus Pallas immolates
Thy forfeit blood to the avenging fates."
He said, and in his bosom struck the blow;
To earth the body sunk in death's last throe;
The soul indignant fled and sought the shades below.

NOTES.

On land Italian at Lavinum's shore.—Bk. i. l. 3.

Sir George Cornewall Lewis, in his 'Credibility of Roman History,' reviews the twenty-five legends of the foundation of Rome, and the nine of the foundation of Capua.

That profound critic (honour to his memory!) sums up his opinion upon them in these sentences :—"All mythologic fictions or etymological guesses, all equally fictitious, no grain of corn in the chaff, not a trace of solid or substantial fact. The discussion idle and insoluble, the materials for a discussion do not exist."—p. 405.

Against this sweeping opinion of Sir George it may justly be objected that there is not an eponymous hero slain, or preserved, who finds not some tangible monument of his name recorded; as, for instances, the tumulus and tomb of Mezentius on the river Numicius, and those of Misenus and Palinurus on their respective capes; we learn that the traces of Ulysses were more numerous than those of Æneas in Latium (p. 327), whilst we meet also those of Polites, Diomedes, Antenor, and others, showing indisputably that some phase of pagan worship had passed by and left its indelible mark upon the spot; and was remembered in legend with love or hatred, as the records had handed it down as beneficent or malignant to man.

The two great and main phases of paganism which have passed over the face of the world are Solar and Lunar rites; the former conjoined with human sacrifice, and the latter with sanctuary and expiatory sacrifice.

These two phases appear never to have amalgamated, although the conjunction of the twain appears to have been the constant desire of their votaries. The discordant occupations and physical predilections of either may have prevented amalgamation.

The solar worshippers were mainly shepherds and merchantmen; nomads by sea and land; and holding fortresses such as Tyre and Sidon, an Alcathoe, or a Mount St. Michael. The lunar were tillers of the soil. Their symbols were different, from the black or punicean purple of the solar to the white of the lunar. Their buildings were diverse—the pyramidal (*fastigium*) of the solar, to the dome (*tholus*) of the lunar. Their manners were different; those of the solar and sacrificial appearing to have been as grand and decent as they were heart-rending and inexorable; whilst the lunar devolved into the basest debauchery and mysteries wherewith to clothe it. It appears that the solar fanes were called Taurs or Tors, and the lunar were the Chomoth of holy writ and the Koma of the Greek and Latin tongue; from whence probably are deduced the two Choirs and their Odes which have descended to us in the words Tragedy and Comedy. The bale of fire was lighted on the Taur, the Chomah covered its crypt and vestal flame and mysteries. In holy writ we find the word Chomah conjoined with sacrifice, for its root in Hebrew deduces from Chom, the sun, heat, and fire; so Semele consumed and Bacchus was saved in the crypt; and round that mound and crypt passed the Comic choir, ultimately degraded to a phallic procession. Still it was the solar rites of Baalim which left the indelible mark of hatred behind; and the mysteries of Ceres and Bacchus, into which those of Astarte devolved, received no check from the populace until the demoralization they wrought worked its own cure in the ruin of its votaries; when the debilitated races fell to the assault of sterner "barbarians."

Greece first supplied us with a written tongue, and through Greece we receive the legends of the world: but unhappily where the legendary stream becomes navigable in written characters, it also grows so turbid and polluted that the truth must be deduced from these records, and sought higher up in purer fountains and verbal legends; for assuredly they, the Greeks, knew not the truth of the lore they have transmitted to us, whilst their vanity caused them to assign to their own lands those legends which belonged to others; and their frivolity of disposition caused them to brutify, or to render absurd, the myths they professed to believe.

Sophocles has recorded the pagan myths in their religious garb,

and Aristophanes has shown how they were received by the Athenian population. Greece supplies us with mythologic facts and legends; but we ourselves must apply them if we wish to discover the pagan phase which created them.

Who then were the Æneadæ and Æneas? They were fountain worshippers, and retained the symbol of solar fire in cryptish and vestal flame; it was guarded beneath the tholus or lunar dome: he had no Sandalon, mound or solar symbol, and his sacrifice was the lunar sow or pig. He was named Indiges, of which word Index appears to have been made the nominative case; and Battus, who was a party-coloured stone, affording sanctuary without power to enforce it, was named Index—equally contemptible at Cyrene, or in the sanctuary Isle of Malta, where he was king. As Æneas walks without sandalons, so Lavinia, as also Hersilia, have their coma or hair burnt off. Dido also took off one sandal at her sacrifice, equivalent in that to Jason, who lost one in the river Anaurus. It is stated that Æneas brought no images to Italy, only the vestal fire. The tumulus or solar mound appears to have been hateful to the fountain worshippers; and Indiges, or the stone cippus, to have been raised in its stead.

The etymologies of Anchises, Æneas, and Ascanius, all involve the oriental roots of *ain*, fountain, and *ash* or *esh*, fire. Following his course of wandering, we find him descend from many-fountained Ida, mother of Œnone, and refuge at Antandros; he sails to Thrace and founds Ænos; he finds his next friends at Andros, and King Anius, whose daughters were turned to milk-white doves of Venus or the moon; Helenus, whose mythology is confused with that of Antenor and Andromache; and Diomed, who as Œnides shows another Grecian perversion, the Oriental *ain* turned into the Oinos, wine and vine, and its series of perversions of Œneus and the sow; and so Diomed Œnides befriends Æneas also. Taking a yet more general view of this root:—

Ænea was the port of Athos the divine; encircled by its waters.

Œnone was betrayed by Paris; or the sun.

John baptized at Ænon, for there was much water;

So Æneas and Antenor are variously shown as allies and as traitors to Priam and Troy.

The mythic Trojan war had swept away most of the eponymous heroes representing the past phases of paganism, the Jasonia had even disappeared earlier, but the Memnonia, the Achillea, and the Ajaces, are all condemned and slain in the persons of Achilles, Pyrrhus, Memnon, Sarpedon, Glaucus, Pandarus, and Patroclus, on the Grecian side; whilst old Priam, Paris, Hector, Deiphobus, and Rhesus fall on the part of Panomphæan Troy, where Hecuba and all her daughters perished likewise.

Nothing can more uphold the broad feature of etymology than the race of Pols, especially devoted to destruction: Polites, Polydorus, Polyxena, Polymnestor, Polyphemus, Pollux, Polydæmon, Polydector, Polypemon, Polydora, Polenor, Polydamas, and many more; in fact, all perish—two have their eyes put out, Polymnestor and Polyphemus, whilst Polyxo hangs Helen to revenge the death of Tlepolemus. This fiery particle finds two instances in the Æneid, as Pallas and Palinurus; for the fiery principle followed to Latium, in the eastern Pali, shepherds and fire-worshippers.

Another eponymous pair, Misenus and Mezentius—Contemptores Divum—are weeded out; they appear to bear the title Mis, from a base lunar worship. We find the root in Misra in Egypt, moon and sun; where Menes is written Misor, Misra, and Menai (Cory's 'Fragments'); in the hill Misar—conjoined with Hermon in the psalms; the mountains of Mis or the moon whereon St. Patrick, serving Milcho as swineherd, was converted; and in Mis Tor, the companion of Yes Tor; and Hessary and Missary Tors, on Dartmoor, respectively sun and moon; as in Assoros and Missare, the primeval pair of Assyria (Rawl. 'Herod.:' and Cory, p. 318).

And so in Britain, we have the island sanctuaries of Mona, Man, and Menai; and in Caithness a huge tract of bog called Reay, or Min-re, and termed the Moon, and affording sanctuary. (Camden, iv. p. 197).

To revert to Æneas. As a watery principle it is consistent that he bore the wooden image representing Anchises on his shoulders, it floated like the stone coffin of St. Cuthbert down the Till and Tweed in our legends. His wife Creusa and his lover Elyssa appear both to be synonyms of the Isle of the Sun, Re and El and Usa: but his destiny is to be refuged on the Lavinian shore of Italy, and to wed

Lavinia the eponymous daughter of Latinus; the cryptish solar worship, and Amata, Hamath, land of the sun.

Lavinia, like Hersilia, has her coma or hair divinely burnt off; *i. e.*, the chomoth, mounds raised to solar worship and human sacrifice, as the chomah of Kir Heres, sun or destruction, where Mesha the Moabite sacrificed his eldest son; and the chomah of Beth San, the house of the sun, where the Cuthites nailed the body of Saul, and which root we can trace in Eresburg, Harsburg, or Saturburgh, where the like rites were performed to Odin, and which methinks finds its congener in Etruria at Cære, and its grove and old Pelasgic rites to Sylvanus (Æneid, viii. l. 600); and where the vestal fire found refuge when the capitol was taken by the Gauls; all these solar attributes are to be got rid of for the lunar principle of fountain-worship, such as we find prevalent at Rome, as Juturna, Carmenta, Egeria, Anna Perenna, Janus, Picus and Faunus, and many more.

Now if Æneas had landed in Cornwall at its extremity, he would have fallen upon St. Leven and his well, whose pathway to the sea is unobliterated, and whose Christian church, filled with symbolic carvings, still holds the place of the pagan mound it succeeded to. Leven, Lavinum and Lavinia are variations of the Avon—in Eastern roots, *aub* or *auv*, and *on*, the solar fountain. On, or Heliopolis of Egypt, and the bar of Damascus were so called; and the Beth Avens of Scripture are numerous but deeply condemned as idolatrous; the mounds are called the Bomoi On in the Septuagint, and it is averred that they shall be destroyed, as we see them burnt off our Lavinia.

It is thought and held by Camden that the word Avon is a British word, simply signifying water; but we find the Evenus in Homer and Hesiod,—

"Parthenius and Evenus, streams of fame,"

like Pharpar and Abana of Damascus: the Evenus with its Dracontium, where Medea passed fleeing from Corinth to Athens, and the Evenus of Nessus, Dejanira, and Hercules. At the Dracontium of Carnac in Brittany flows an Avon river; on the Avons of Palestine there were also cromlechs and vibrating logan-stones, as may be found in Bochartus (i. 707), an unwilling or rather an incredulous witness of the fact he records and, unlike to him, derides.

The word Avon is world-wide, and is everywhere conjoined with Magi attributes and solar rites. In our own land, over which the British tongue even now does not hold undisputed sway, we have Avon rivers from the north of Scotland to the south of England, and from Ireland and Wales to the Kentish Stour, which was of old an Avon, and where the boulder rocks of the Magi still mark its sources by Charing in abundance. To this sanctuary principle of the waters, dedicated to the sun, the Auv-on, must we refer our own St. Leven and the Latin Lavinum and Lavinia.

The rivers Rhe and Avons are solar etymons. We have our Levens also in Scotland, and the rivers Rhenus and Levinus of Modena have a further historic fame, for on an isle in the Levinus Antony and Lepidus held a conference. The two roots, *ain* and *aub*, appear to be conjoined in the town of Hieracoma by Antioch, which is named Ain-t-aub, and famed for its prophetic powers. The syllable *ain* has its congeners in Britain, in St. Keyne, St. Teyne, St. Cynan, and in our Queynton, Keinton, and Queen Camels.

In Italy she is further represented by Canens. The syllable *t'aub* devolved to signify serpent, and sibyl, and also Ph'aub, Phœbus. And so we have the fountain Fovant beneath the pagan fane of Chesil or Orion in Wiltshire.

Now, the rivers dedicated to the Solar orb, by the Magi, were mostly intermittent springs. The Numicus Corniger is intermittent where Æneas landed, and where he walked unsandalled with Achates when he met Anna Perenna, who became the nymph of that "Nail-bourne," as we should term it in Kent; or "Winterbourne," which would be its Wiltshire denomination; and which accounts for the difficulty of discovering these sacred streams. Such were the Triton of the Hill of the Graces in Africa; the Thermodon of Bœotia; the Acis and Amymone; the Inachus of Argos, with "his secret urn," &c. Such intermittent fountains shared with the saline, sulphurous, and hot waters, the worship of these Magi or Druids. These waters have mounds attached, which are the sandalons, the horns, which we find lost, deposed, and broken off, by Jason, Achelous, Capella, and Æneas; so Dido walked like Jason with one; so the Amazons cut off one "tithos," or breast, to use freely their arrows or bonfire rays. One horn of Corniger Numicus was probably the same as was

called the tomb of Mezentius, "cadit ingens Mezentius," by the hand of the unsandalled Æneas ('Fasti,' iv. 896). These terms refer to the Solar tumulus, or Taur, which were baneful under races who worshipped them in pairs and became benignant under races who worshipped with only one.

The eldest son of Æneas and Lavinia was Maylles, his daughter Æmilia, the anagram, as Sir George Lewis suggests, of Maylles. He had also sons Romulus and Remus; whilst Roma was daughter of Ascanius. He had another son, Eurytion, by Creusa; from whom Virgil probably drew Euryalus, grandson of Priam.

Our three principal river Avons all rise in an ancient forest, the forests of Savenach, Braden, and Arden; Arden who was prophetic, as Drayton sings,—

"Which saw did first arise
From Arden, in those days delivering prophecies."

But the name of Avon fails us in our holiest stream, which is the Kennet. The Gadbourne and the Ogbourne, intermittent floods, enclose the sacred plains of Manton, which we now call Marlborough. The Gadbourne flows by Avebury and Silbury, which is the Chan Ait, which is a synonym with Sarait of Persia, and Sar On of the Druids—signifying the hill or high place of the Sun—as see Bryant, i. 90. Silbury at Kennet is the Mound of Grace, and the Druidic rocks around are the Saronides. ["Who art thou, O great mountain? before Zerubbabel thou shalt become (meshor) holy; and he shall bring forth the head-stone with shoutings, 'Ken, ken' (grace, grace), unto it."—Zech. iv. 7.], whence our Kennets, Cambus-Kenneth in Scotland, and their Mounds of Grace. The Ken brook of Devonshire had its great stone-heap upon it (Bryce's 'Exeter'), which has disappeared, and the name of Great Stone-heap has been transferred to a mound on Haldon hill.

So Gadbourne finds a scriptural warrant in Isaiah lxv. 11: "For they have spread a table to Gad, and poured out a drink-offering to Mine." So Gad's Hill, in Kent, has still some Druidic boulders existing upon and around it.

The Gadbourne flows to Manton, where it meets a second mound at the perennial fountain; in those fountains, now half encircling

its base, the boys of Marlborough College bathe and swim. And wherein I trace Maylles, son of Lavinia and Æneas. The Kennet then passes an Avington and a Ramsbury, and flows on to a third mound at Reading at its junction with the Thames.

Another Avon rises at Tetbury—again Ait and bury, the solar mound—it stands, as its namesake the Ait of Egypt, as a pyramid. Tetbury rises a pyramid, and the vale of the intermittent stream of the Avon is passed by causeways. It flows to Brockenborough, called formerly Caidur-bury and Ingle-bury (see Archæol. xxvii. 275), the Seat and the Fire-mound, but that seat of perennial fountain was changed to Malmesbury (Maylles, eldest son of Æneas and Lavinia), which had also the name of Bladun, and gave that name to its forest, reminding one of Prince Bladud and the sacrifice of swine to Hercules and Minerva, obliterating the Solar rites of the Aquæ Solis and Druidic fane of Stanton Drew, since when St. Keyne has held the stream and fane.

We find Ait Tor and Manaton, a conspicuous and well-known pair on Dartmoor; also Yes Tor, and Mis Tor; also Hessary Tor and Missare Tor—Assoros and Misare unchanged by time or distance from Assyria, which still mark on that forest and wilderness three solar and lunar pairs of Tors, whose names in various tongues signify the sun and moon.

The Wiltshire Avon rises at places called Cannings, reduplicating the sound of Cănens, the friend of the Camœnæ, solar fountains of Latium. It flows by Amesbury with Stonehenge, Old Sarum, called in our tongue also Scarburg and Caradauc, and emerging at the sea by a fort now called Hengistbury, being another of our pagan legendary names of places.

The Forth of Scotland was an Avon dhu, rising at Loch Chon, and a mound of Dunshie or fairies there; the Highlander holds it sacred and will not hear a word spoken in its disparagement. ('Rob Roy.')

So the Irish Blackwater was equally an Avon-duff and Avon-more, such adjunctive words signifying black, and not great. The little brooks of the Vale of Avoca have equally the names of Avon-beg and Avon-more with the Blackwater. The Blackwaters, Douglas, and Avon dhu, are by no means, as signifying black, proper to Britain.

"Now what hast thou to do in the way of Egypt, to drink the waters of Sihor? or what hast thou to do in the way of Assyria to drink the waters of Phrat."—Jeremiah ii. 18.

Sihor, Calē, Nigris, are ancient names of the Nile, all signifying black; so we find also Kara Soo, the black water beneath Mount Argæus; and Mr. Dodswell records, in Greece, the river Melas of Orchomenos, now named Mauro Nero, or Mauro potamos, signifying black (ii. p. 394); also the Anigros, now called Mauro potamos, or Black river (ii. 345.)

These instances are adduced as a small portion of those which in these British realms are legion, showing fountain and river worship equally here as on Mount Ida and on the coast of Latium. At Lavinum they succeeded the bloody solar rites, and thence were a welcome form of paganism, affording sanctuary instead of demanding blood.

Gildas writes, "Nor will I call upon the mountains, fountains, or hills, or upon the rivers, which now are subservient to the use of men, but once were an abomination and destruction to them, and to which the blind people paid divine honour." Geoffry of Monmouth marks the epoch of the change, quoting Gildas on the laws of Dunwallo Molmutius, of which St. Gildas wrote, "He enacted that temples of the gods, as also cities, should have the privilege of giving sanctuary and protection to any fugitive or criminal that should flee from his enemy, and that ways leading to such temples and cities, and husbandmen's ploughs, should be allowed the same privilege."

This was, methinks, the step in civilization similar to that when Moses appointed cities of refuge, in lieu of the wilderness and deserts which had afforded refuge, with starvation, before.

The following names appear to involve the roots of Ain-Shems, the Solar fountain :—

Avon, written diversely, Abona, Abana, Aufona, Ofene.

Œnone, of Ida, beloved of Paris.

Ænon by Salim, where was much water.

Anaurus. Ain and Aur, which swept away the tomb of Cycnus, and where Jason lost his sandal.

Meon and Meoninim, the Emim Tabur, or "waters of purification" of Scripture.

Mount Enna the like; the Omphale or navel of the world.
Anna Perenna, on the Numicus.
Camœnæ, Cam and Ain.
Caneus, Cannings, St. Kenan and St. Keyne.
Cyrene, fountain of Apollo there.
En-ydra, En Dor, Endymion, of the Hydra and of blood.
Shirin, the Eastern fountain wife of Chosroes.
Ros Crana, of Scotland.

The following appear to derive from the Solar orb and the white cippus of the Moon :—

Apollo and Leucothoe.
Pyrrhus and Hermione.
Arthur and Guinever.
Craddoch and Winifred.
Tristram and Isolte.
The daughters of Leucippus and of Alcippus.
Ceyx and Alcyone.

And metamorphosed into trees :—

Apollo and Daphne.
Pyramus and Thisbe.
Philemon and Baucis.
Lord Thomas and Lady Anne.
Lord William and Lady Ellen.
Black Douglas and Lady Margaret.

We have many existing names, which are Solar etymons. Under the root Rhe or Rê :—

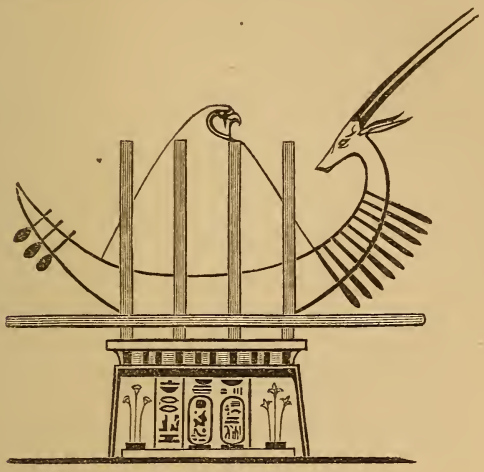
The Rea and Rhe, lakes of Scotland and Ireland.
Rybury or Tanhill, above Silbury hill.
Rea bury on Solway.
Rhe head or Ash-well, source of the Rhe.
Rhe dykes, where Guinever lies buried.
Rydale.
Regith and Regis, metropolis of Pendragon, existing still on many an old forest tract, as Houghton Regis, Salcombe Regis, &c.

And we have lunar island-sanctuaries in Mona, Man and Menai.

Framed an enormous horse.—Bk. ii. l. 19.

The Hippos or horse was assuredly an ark or ship, with which the word is almost synonymous. Argo, the constellated ship of the southern hemisphere, is still called the Horse by Arabians, and

Pagasæan Argo was shown as a horse in Pegasus. So Scyphius, the horse of Neptune, was the scyph or drinking-bowl, in which



EGYPTIAN SYMBOLIC ARK.

Hercules and Abaris sailed round the world. Bryant, vol. iii. p. 270, gives many instances of drinking and sacred cups, and ships being ambiguously used; and the scyph, with the epithets of wicked and detestable, is the word common to both. He also remarks that the Hippos of Neptune alluded to in mythology was certainly a float or ship.

We accordingly find that the sea of Erythræ nourished immense horses, which fed on seaweed, and were only useful for traversing the main. This was probably at Ormutz, held to be one of the first naval stations; and travelling from Ormutz to Cadiz with legends similar, we again find ships confused with horses and with bulls. Strabo, ii. iii. 4, tells us that ships were there called Hippi, and also that the horse's head found at Carthage was held to be a Phœnician vessel's prow, whilst the legend of Hercules and the bulls of Geryon show that they were bulls and cows from the Theba and Baris and Abaris, which were their synonyms.

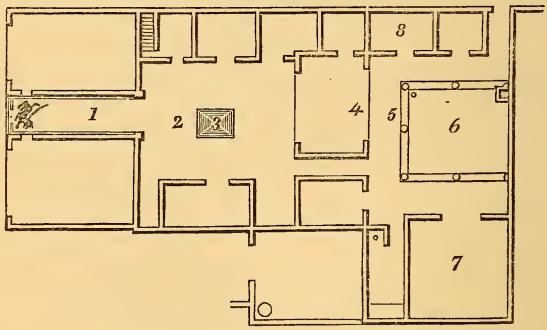
We find the ships of Diomede under the twin name of Argos

Hippium: islands in the Erythræan were Hippi. Neptune, Minerva the Goddess of the Ark "of Attic twigs composed," and the Goddess of the Horse of Troy, were both Hippius and Hippa. Hippa was a most ancient goddess: she is said to have received Dionusus, who had from her his second birth, which was assuredly the Ark, into which the patriarch entered and came forth from in "diphues" or second birth. Arion was called Hippos by Pausanias; and Colonos of Athens, with Poseidon, are both termed the equestrians.

The Argo was not a Grecian legend, it was usurped by them; but had it been a Grecian ship the constellation would not have been out of their sight in the southern hemisphere, as it is.

As horses, cows, ships, the Theba, the Baris, the Arguz, have descended to us in mounds with crypts, which were probably the Roman Argei. And, moreover, the word sciph is ambiguous with rock in Phœnician dialect, and also with the Scyronic rocks; and we find the Argei framed of wood, willow, and apparently of stone, in the Cabiric caverns and Etruscan sepulchres.

All the internal palace.—Bk. ii. l. 534.



HOUSE OF TRAGIC POET AT POMPEII.

1. Vestibulum.
2. Atrium, with
3. The Pluvium.
4. Tablinum.
5. Peristyle.
6. Viridarium.
7. Triclinium.
8. Bibliotica.

As it only misleads the reader and involves the subject-matter in confusion, translating things with a significance in one land and

tongue into those of another land, to which they have no relevance whatever, the sort of house which was in Virgil's mind's eye, when he drew the picture of the palace of Priam, is here given. A house at Pompeii, with Vestibulum, Atrium, Peristyle, and Viridarium. Gloom is the reigning property of these interior divisions: the cubiculi, or sleeping cabins, must have been dark. Curtains, alluded to Georgics iii. 25, and Metamorphoses, x. 595,

> "As in the burnished Atria fair and fresh,
> The purple curtains cast a rubric shade,"

were drawn over the Atria, affording shelter from sun and wind. Priam's palace was the above, magnified for his fifty progeny; and the Viridarium is the Penetralia where the final drama and death of Priam is supposed to have occurred.

Abandoned on the shore his mighty frame
Decapitated lies—mere dust without a name.—Bk. ii. l. 619.

The legends of our Tintagel and of the birth of Arthur are as numerous as the legends of the foundation of Rome—now they take the form of Hercules and now of Theseus. The birth of Arthur duplicates the birth of Amphitryonius or Hercules, and that of Tristram duplicates the story of Theseus and the black sails which caused the deaths respectively of Ægeus and Isolte.

Guinever is the Helen, and Launcelot is the Paris. Guinever is called Triffine in the Britannic legend, and saves her life by turning swineherd, and tending "cochons immondes." Trevena is the name of the parish of Tintagel; the fountain bursts by the parish church, and is the Ffinnon and Evenina of the spot.

These legends do not appear to be copied one from another, but to be different versions springing from the same source and varying according to clime and tongue through which they travelled.

Tintagel singularly duplicates Troy in its legendary story and in its material remains. The three barrows of Æsyetes, Ilus, and of the Amazon, "whom men call Bateiea but the Immortals the bounding Myrina," are here represented by the tumuli of Cadon, Dhustow, and Bossiney; from Dhustow, as from Æsyetis, the warder can see

from sea to sea. Dhustow, the black head, also called Touchborough, probably the old pagan god Teut, in that resembling the Kali Koloni, in Eastern speech equally signifying "The Black Mound."

The site of the City of Old Priam on Bounarbachi is represented by the Mountain Brown Willy, the Gelliwic and Metropolis of Arthur; on neither one or other of which does a remain exist to tell of either mythical city, which were both of them mountain sanctuaries; Hecuba, daughter of Dymas, and Guinever, daughter of Ladugan, their ill-fated queens. The River

> "Xanthus, its name by those of heavenly birth,
> But called Scamander by the sons of earth,"

finds an exact equivalent at Tintagel in the Camel, or

> Alan, its name by those of heavenly birth,
> But Camel called by children of the earth.

The roots of the words are composed of *el* and *cam*, and *ain*, severally sun and fountain sources, showing it was a river dedicated to the sun. The parish churches of Camelford stand in wilds; Advent church is a corruption of Avon, fountains break there, and a Druidical station is very evident; the church of Llanteglos stands upon a second and nameless river, answering to the Simois, the twin river with the Xanthus of Troy.

Brown Willy, with Caspard Pool spring-head, and the "forty fountains" feeding the Lank and the Camel, answer to the many-fountained Ida.

Two promontories, Carnbeak and Pentire, represent Segeium and Rhœteium. Two harbours and the bay of Trebareth, and the otherwise rocky coast, duplicate the shore of Troy. Tintagel stands as does the modern Troas, and tumuli and sacred ways of boulder quartz-rocks abound.

As the topography duplicates itself on either shore so do the legends.

The birth of Hercules, who raided the shores of Troy, and the birth of Arthur, son of Uther Pendragon, who conquered Tintagel, are identical. Jove, Mercury, and Alcmena, the wife of Amphitryon, are represented by Pendragon, Merlin, and Igerna, wife of

Godois; and the tale is repeated in our land in all its abomination. The twelve labours of Hercules are represented by the twelve battles of Arthur. The uxurious demigod and monarch, their feasts and carousels, their missions to destroy giants, boars and stags, and the doubtful fame and fidelity of their wives—unhappy wives, won by the sword and carried off by their husbands—mainly coincide. Then the scene shifts, and Arthur and Guinever duplicate Old Priam and Hecuba; the knights represent the sons of Priam, against whom are leagued the Grecian chiefs, and Mordred and the Kings, and in the battle of the gods and in the battle of Camelon, and their sequels, all perish.

Thomas the Rhymer of Erceldoune, in Tristram and Isolte duplicates the version of Theseus and Ariadne; and the Medeia of the tale, with her Pontic poisons, is represented by Brengwain, who poisons and betrays them with love potions; the death of Isolte in Brittany duplicates that of Ægeus, father of Theseus, who destroys herself at sight of the black sails of her lover.

Bounarbachi and Gellywic have both lost the cadyr, seats, of Hecuba and Guinever: Hecuba was converted to the Mound of Cynosema and Guinever sleeps at the Druidic station of Rhe Dykes at Cupar. Arthur's fate was happier than Priam's: he was carried to the sanctuary Isle of Avalon by three queens, Vivianne, Morgane, and the queen of North Galys; where he lies entranced, as doth his wizard Merlin at Merlin's Mount, Carmarthen, at the junction of a river with the Tweed in Scotland, and at Berendon in Brittany, under the spell of Queen Vivianne.

It was on the mountain of Gellywic that Queen Guinever sat in her cadyr or chair, when Mordred assaulted her and dragged her from her chair; "he dragged her from her throne and left neither meat nor drink in the court;" and it was to avenge this insult that the battle of Camelon was fought.

Mordred, as the solar principle, offered sacrifice, and abhorred the feasts of Priam and of Arthur, whence the allusion to meats and drinks. Hecuba was a watery principle, though daughter of Dymas (blood?) Guinever of Ladugan, a bloody conqueror, was a white principle, affording sanctuary.

The legend of Meleager and the daughter of the fairfooted Evenina

—Cleopatra or Alcyone—also finds its reflex in our tales of Priam and Arthur. There again are the uxurious monarch and the grieving dame; the double dialected names, the death in flames—the snatched away and the retrieved spouse; the Marpessian rock and the fair-footed daughter of the Avon: a version older than Homer, and told by old Phœnix in the Iliad, xi. 550.

Gildas calls the ravisher Melua, and lays the scene of abduction at Glasgow; another version gives the name of Meleager and Glastonbury. Spenser, in the 'Fairie Queen,' vi. 2, 28,—

> "And Tristram is my name, the only heire
> Of good old Meliogras—which did reign
> In Cornwalle."

Walter Scott calls him Maleagant ('Tristram,' p. 425). We can trace the spear of Achilles, "Melia," as adverse to "Ros," the spear of Arthur; the slaughtering as against the sanctuary symbol; the black stone of sacrifice as against the white cippus, and watery principle of sanctuary.

The black and fiery principle is shown in the names of Morgan-le-faye, Mordred or Moraunt, and Paladore his father,—

> "Injurious chief who recked not right nor wrong."—*Heber;*

the white in Launcelot du Lac:—

> "Ah, form to memory dear!
> It is the nameless youth: it is the forestere."—*Heber.*

The tale is oft repeated in our more modern ballads, under various etymons: Lord Thomas, Lord William, and Black Douglas, with Lady Anne, Lady Ellen, and Lady Margaret.

Lord Thomas eponymising Tomi, Tomyris, which descend from Hhoms (Emesa), the City of the Sun, and are found in Britain in the Mounds, Tomans, of Lake Bala and Loch Tay, and the perverted name of St. Michael's Mount to "duas tumbas." Lord William eponymises Brown Willy, the Gilly-Wic of Arthur, the Willy of Selwood Forest, and the Vieux Guillaume of Brittany: the Black Douglas of Yarrow speaks for itself, in conjunction with

its Druidic stones, representing the Seven Brothers of Fair Margaret—and Lady Anne and Lady Ellen eponymise the fountain sanctuaries. They all expiate in death and metamorphoses the unsanctioned passion of the solar principle invading the lunar sanctuaries, and which are mere local versions of Paris and Helen, Chosroes and Shirin, Apollo and Leucothoe, Idas and Evenina, Craddock and Winifred, Tristram and Isolte, and Arthur and Guinever,—which list might be increased to a hundred instances without exhausting the supply.

The only question being whether they are local legends deduced from the one original, or whether they are copies one of the other with variations adapted to the spot. Which latter I imagine to be impossible and incredible; whilst the dispersion of the shepherd tribes of solar worshippers carried their legends over the globe, and would naturally have left a local version.

Thus we find the Eastern roots still existent in these pagan spots, although it has been tried in vain to change and to eradicate them. St. Keyne and Cannings, St. Anne and St. Catherine, still represent the fountains and the seat; still our Camels and Camelots, our Ryburys, Avons, and Aveburys, reflect the solar hills and serpent fountains. A universal spirit exists to abase and simplify etymologies: the pagan gods are not only ignored, but they are despised and rejected for pigs or dogs, or ridiculous mice,—nothing too base, nothing too absurd to supersede Odin or Orion. The name of the Idol is to be "put forth out of the land," and the pride of Alorus or Nimrod is to be "overturned, overturned, overturned," by divine decree.—Zech. xiii. 2; Ezek. xxi. 27.

I must here intrude some unwelcome etymologies necessary to show the light in which I regard these spots, which have given rise to legends and been personified by imaginary heroes.

"Tros Anchisiades" is a personification left in its original archæology.

Tros truly signifies the head, whence the name of Troja. Ros signifies head in our Holy Scriptures, and its modern Eastern equivalent is Ras: so we find the spear of Arthur was named Ros; his dog Cavall, a synonym of Cephel and Cephalus. The word Ros still exists with us. Rhos-fair is the top village and spring of

Plinlimmon. The Cantruv Ross is one of the mythic provinces of Arthur; and Henry VIII. assumed it when he inscribed himself in Hebrew as "Ras Eliun" upon the medal which is given in Evelyn's 'Discourse on Medals.'*

As Tros and Troja signify the mountain summit, so Priam is a version of The Reem, or the Sanctuary of the Sun. We find the word in the Eastern Hareem; in the rock Trapezos of the Crimea, named the Krym; in old Scandinavian Thrym—who was the rock smitten in vain by Odin's hammer; in Remus, slain by Romulus, the genius of the Aventine and Mons Sacer as against the Palatine. Rym is an old British word signifying strength: even as we find it used by Moses and Balaam:—"God has the strength of the Reem," which means that the real divine strength did not lay in the rocky sanctuary or its symbol the Unicorn or Pyramid; but He was the principle of strength and stability, alluded to also in the 95th Psalm, "And the strength of the Hareems is his also."

Feasting and security were the characteristics of Troy and Gellywic, of Priam and Arthur. The white principle of sanctuary is shown in Britain in Pridwin the shield, Bedwini the Bishop, and Guinever the wife of Arthur, all embodying Gwin or white in their appellations.

The eponyms of Troy—the Hecuba, Hector, Paris, Helenus, Deiphobus, Troilus, Polites, and the daughters Ilione, Cassandra, and Polyxena—set forth the latitudinarism of Panomphean Troy, which admitted into its sanctuary all phases of paganism, even the firebrand Paris who caused its fall.

Hecuba appears to be like to Ecbatana, Uch-aub, and Uch-beth-Ain, the Great Fountain. A glance at Rawlinson's (i. 241) Map of Ecbatana will prove its appropriate appellation. Uch Tor is the great tor or mound attached, and the other eponyms of various pagan fanes which with those of Greece—the Achillea, Memmonia, Ulyssea—had left pagan shrines and reminiscences over the face of the globe, which had in many instances yielded name and fame to a successor. The Achillea had yielded to Tyre and Bel; the Iasonea

* The Tyrrhenes called themselves Raseni—Ras and Ain, worshippers of the Solar Fountain.

to the Argives; Memnon was lost in Susa and the sows and boars of mythology.

TYRE AND THE SANDALS.

To pursue the etymologies to the Fourth Book, and Tyre, we find the eponyms to be Belus, Elyssa, Pygmalion, Sichæus, Anna Perenna, Bosra, and Dido.

Elyssa was perhaps the Isle of the Sun, equivalent to Creusa: El and Re, the Sun; and Usa, a common final of islands.

Jason and Æneas both lost a Creusa, burnt in conflagrations; they lost a Medeia and Elissa also.

Pygmalion—P,yge,elion—the mound or mounds of the Sun, as shown in the woodcut above. Elyssa, who is a recusant from its worship, worshipped with one sandalon and one foot bare.

Sichæus, singularly in its sound represents the opposite principle, which the Greeks have immortalised in Psyche, the soul. We have in Holy Writ the fane called Sephee, although what it was in opposition to the Bamoth, it is not easy to say; we also find the mythical Sappho connected with the third pyramid, and the Suffetes, Phœnician magnates, of which family the murdered and wealthy Sichæ, to drop the Latin final, appear to belong, and Pasiphaë was an honoured shrine at Sparta.

Anna Perenna was the solar fountain, the never wanting Ain-Shems, whom we find on the shore of Lavinum, and a nymph of the intermittent spring Numicus. Bosrah is a Scriptural name, one of the denounced: "I will send fire upon the Chomah of Bosrah."

And lastly, we have the name of Dido baffling etymology. It has not a fixed immutable letter in the name; no two nations now would pronounce it alike. I go to Dhu-stow, the black solar mound, the Kali Kolone of Troy, as the most probable explanation of that eponym; it is a sole sandalon; it is doomed to fire; and Dido exemplifies in her person the sentences of Holy Writ:—"I will send a fire upon Bosrah and upon Tyre," "And the daughter of Tyre shall be there with a gift."

The third set of eponyms occur in the VIIth Book:—Latinus, Amata, Lavinia, Turnus, and Juturna and Mezentius, and Tarchon.

Latinus is the eponym of the secret and cryptish worship which was the prevailing worship, whether at Cumæ and the Avernan Lake, or of Albunea and its grove, or of the tumuli covering crypts, which were Argei, and reflected the Ark and its Mysteries, and which we find embedded in the Eastern syllable *ohr*, whence

"Latuisset his in oris."—viii. 323.

—the mound, and Tages, T, ægæ, the mound which became oracular.

Lat; Latium, Latinus, all devolve from this noted Eastern root, signifying enchantment and secrecy.

Amata is a corruption of Hamath, the Land of the Sun, and its bloody rites and orgies, which she carries out in her story. And Lavinia is Ain-shems, the Auv, or Fountain of the Sun, benignant at On in Egypt; and wherever else found, the symbol of safety, beauty, and fertility.

Turnus is the Mordred of the version,—

"I sought to lure her from her cottage rest for Mordred's arms;"

but Morgue, the dark lady, was baffled by Merlin (*Heber's version.*)

Mezentius was a rival lunar power. He had his mound on Numicus: "Cadit magnus Mezentius," as Ovid writes; and his material remain existed on the flood where Æneas walked unsandaled.

Misenus, another Contemptor Divum, had his mound on Cape Misenus.

Juturna was the watery genius of Lake Nemi, or one of the Arician fountains. She had a fountain at Rome; and her prefix of Ju is the like of that of Jupiter and Juno, and probably in the old

Etruscan signified the watery principle. I also trace it in Eupator and Eumenes of Pontus, the Eumenides and the Euxine, and the Ewells and Ewers of our own land. See note 'Metamorph.' p. 161.

So Pallas and Palinurus are the two fire fanes, eliminated from the land of fountains and of Vestal fire; and Tarchon is the priest, the Chon, or Koes, see Bochart, i. 397, on the Cabiri, the cave Zerynthus and their priests, Koin; the very likeness in battle of Arthur. He is the head of the twelve Etruscan tribes, and takes the secondary part of aiding the right.

There is also the etymologic Sylvia: Rhea Sylvia, and Sylvius, father of Latinus; Posthumius, son of Æneas; and another, his descendant. It is Fountain of the Sun, Sil, and Via, a corruption of the Veer and Phrear, fountain of the East.

Virbius, Trivia, and Rhea Sylvia are all fountain fanes. Our Silbury Hill on Gadbourne, and the whole list of Fairs in Wales, pronounced via—Rhosfair, Erfair, Llanfair, &c.—are local instances of this root. Verbeia, nymph of our Wharfe (see 'Metam.' p. 453), is the feminine of Virbius; and the connection of horses with the fanes is still kept up at the Y Finnon fair of Winifred, to which horses are taken to be healed.

I here close the distasteful subject of etymologies. Regarded broadly and widely, they carry conviction; but the corruptions and aberrations of all pagan records will always give so great a percentage of exceptions, that the labours of Bochart have failed to bear the conviction his works were intended to carry. It appears to me to be the only way of elucidating the etymons of the pagan poets. All others not only fail, but sink into dreadful and disgusting bathos; and the clue is that the pagan fane created the etymologic hero, and not that the hero created the fane.

Note to Book V.

Virgil works out his Etrurian and antiquarian lore in sundry parts of his Æneas; and it may be traced in his names of ships, to which he gives the names of Etruscan deities, in the four galleys which compete for the race—Pristis, Scylla, Chimæra, and Centaurus.

The Phœnicians carried their tutelary god on the poops or on the

prows of their vessels, and from the god the vessel apparently took its name.

The Etrurians had a large marine element in their nationalities. The caverns which there abound coincide in all main points with those of the presumed Cabeiri mariners, and are filled with representations of their marine gods. They were termed Pataikoi. We trace them into Egypt, where their monstrous statues were jeered at by Cambyses (Herod. iii. 37); and to our own Scriptures, where the Castor and Pollux bore the Apostle Paul, that sign being

"Utile sollicitæ sidus uterque rati."—*Fasti*, v. 720.

ETRUSCAN MARINE DEITY (DENNIS'S 'ETRURIA').

We learn from Mr. Dennis, vol. ii. p. 180, that many of the urns and sarcophagi in these subterrenes "bear purely native mythological subjects; the most numerous class being those of marine deities, who would naturally be much worshipped by a people whose power lay greatly in their commerce and maritime supremacy."

They are generally figured as women from the middle upwards, ending in fishes' tails. A few, however, represent the male sex, which are generally winged. They also bear the caput pinnatum, and an eye in the wings, and the sacred symbolic serpents which we find upon the heads of Apollo, Bacchus, and Mercury.

The male deities are usually called Glaucus, the female Scylla, but there is little else save the sex to distinguish the two: Scylla has not the dogs we now attribute to her; and they both catch and entrap warriors in the folds of their tails.

If the above woodcut be a representation of Pristis, so the woodcut

No. II. p. 410, I believe to be the prototype of Scylla: the white tower or cippus being the Virgin's faultless form, and symbol of safety: whilst the dogs or wolves of the base and the subterranean caverns mark the Circæan rites of the Sun and her metamorphoses. And so woodcut No. I. appears to me to exemplify Chimæra—the Lion, Goat, and Serpent—Ari, Ægæ, and Aub being the constituent parts.

Centaurus is the Ark itself, as Bryant, iii. 315, points out. The Ark was called Centaurus; and the Arkites, Centauri of Nephelim race. They are described by Nonnus as horned, and inseparable companions of Dionysus. He states they sprung originally from Cyprus, which notion arose, says Bryant, from the original ark being built of gopher-wood. So we find the Centaur represented on the chest of Cypselus (Pausanias, v. 19), and on coins of Berith or Beroe (Bryant, iii. p. 245), with the man saved from the sea.

These deities have a sword, trident, firebrand or mass of rock, like the Centaurus of Book X., to show their power of destruction. They ofttimes wear torques, and appear to be symbolic propitiations to the destructive agencies of the sea.

In Book X. we have a second list of these Pataikoi, or Marine Gods, but localized to Etruria. Massicus commands the Tigris, marking their Eastern origin, alluded to in l. 177.

> "The sons of Lydia leagued with foreign lands,
> By foreign chiefs were led on Latin lands."

Abas carries the golden Apollo on his poop. Cupavus comes again in the Centaurus with the rock uplifted in his hands, as in the Etruscan pictures: he is conjoined with Ocnus, who was perhaps Bianor's tomb near Mantua, Bianor being a centaur. The name still exists on the mouths of the Padus in the Venetian Bucentaur. We next have Benacus, like Tigris, shown as Father Benacus; and Triton the mighty.

Æneas' own ship bore the Phrygian lions joined on Ida's Peak, his natal spot, and which I think are shown in the Argive carving above the gate of Mycenæ. (Woodcut, p. 418.)

Note on Book VI.

Did Virgil draw his description of Tartarus from his own imagination and fancy, or did he illustrate by his verse any phase of

pagan worship? To my mind the latter is assuredly the fact; neither do I believe he has indulged in absolute fiction in a single line of his Æneis, but that all therein is taken from legend or from pagan antiquities. Mr. Faber, in his work on the Cabeiri, has pointed out that the description of the descent below is drawn from a Cabeiric cavern and the Cabeiric rites. And this note is compiled to consider the descent in that light, and to draw together some antiquities, and some points bearing upon them; trusting they may be read solely as an antiquarian treatise, and be void of offence to classical or religious jealousies.

Who were the Cabeiri, and what were their attributes?

The coast of Syria and the town of Bereuth, also the island of Samothrace, and a certain cavern therein by name Zerynthus, in which were the mysteries of Hecate, and where dogs were immolated unto her, the priesthood being called Köin (Bochart, i. 397), are the first localities to which this worship is assigned. The cavern, and the ark, and the number eight, appear to be their attributes.

Eliun, the Most High, and Beruth, the Covenant, produced progeny, from whom descended Sydyk the Just, who begat the eight Cabeiri: they are said to have built the first ship, and to have solemnly consecrated "the reliques of the ocean" at Berytus (Bereuth).

Sedyc or Sydyc are names given to Noah to express the Man of Justice: the Ark was the abode of Justice: the eight sons or gods agree with the number of persons inclosed in the Ark.

On the planisphere of Denderah they are shown as eight persons in an egg. These eight persons, called Cabeiri, appear to have chosen two fanes, Mount Casius and the town of Byblus: they were the first constructors of a float, or ship, and are represented equally as husbandmen, as merchants, or men of the sea. They built Berytus and consecrated "all that the deluge had spared." Their rites consisted in memorials of the Ark, Berith, and of the persons therein preserved.

The Cabeiri had a chief, Sydyc himself under divers appellations: he is mentioned as a person of whom the Mother of the Gods had been enamoured: one who had been consigned to darkness, but out of that gloom displayed a wonderful light.

Saturn and Janus appear to have been different forms of Sedyc the Just, who was represented with four eyes, two in front and two behind.

The sickle, pruning-knife, and key, in the hands of each, appear to have been the same thing, and common to all.

The ship is common to the three; the Roman As, with the head of Janus and the ship of Saturn on the reverse, makes it common to the three; whilst the age of Saturn and of Sedyc was the age of justice.

They were all deposed. Nimrod "profaned to be great," Jupiter cast Saturn from above, and Janus and his ship were mythical amidst the twelve great deities of Rome.

The Cabeiri, and their rites, in their passage over the world got a plurality of names—Corybantes, Idæi, Dactyli, Curetes, Ignetes, Telchines, and other proofs of the curse of the plain of Shenir.

We trace the rites under the names of Ceres and Proserpine, from Samothrace to islands at the mouth of the Loire, and our own isle of Mona, and the Saronides or Druidesses there.

The Ark had a variety and plurality of names. Theba is that in which it appears in Genesis, "Make thee Theba" or Thebē; from whence the towns of Thebæ derived their names and their rites,—the ship of Isis with its crypt, Omphale, Umbilicus—navel or oracular crypt. The mound of the Cilician Thebæ of Andromache was the sole remain of that city after it had been raided by divine Achilles, and Thebæ—"jam stabant Thebæ" of Bœotia, where the heifer—Theba, heifer and ark—conducted Cadmus, and where the two Coroni or mounds, daughters of Orion or Baal, marked that town in later days.

Arguz is the name in which it descended to Greece, and gave name to Argos and its grove and temple to the god of inundation. We have no fewer than three references to this word in Roman legend and lore. The grove of Argus and the Argi-phont or priest thereof, rendered Argi-letum and referred to some death of an Argive. They had the processions to the Argei, the description of which Ovid in his Fasti postponed to a subsequent book and never explained them. And there were the Argei or wicker frames of men, called Scirpia, cast by the vestal from the wooden bridge Sublicius to float

home to Argos. Sanctuary being deeply shadowed forth in all these records.

Lastly we have the word Aron, the Ark of the Lord, made by Moses; and the word Arguz, conjoined therewith as the coffer accompanying it, of 1 Samuel vi. 7.

The instances of exposure in arks are many. Moses was exposed in a theba of bulrushes; and in Deut. xxvi. 5, in the scriptural confession, "A Syrian ready to perish was my father," he presents, with the confession, a basket of fruit, the basket "tanneh" being Chaldaic, and signifying a basket of osiers, and which word is the subject of blessing and cursing in Deut. xxviii., whilst we see the Assyrian sculptured figures constantly carrying such a basket in one hand and the offering in the other.

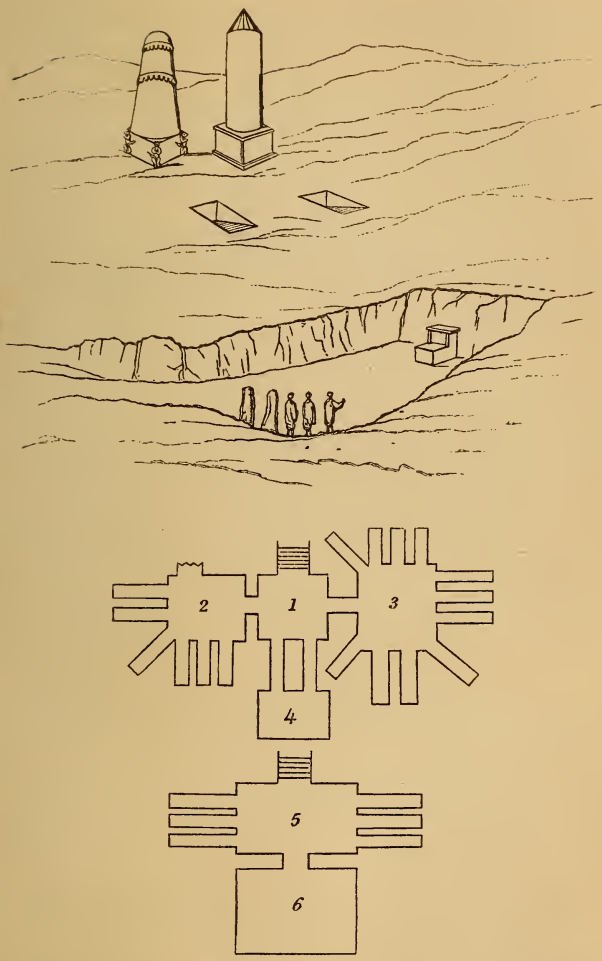
Jason, Osiris, and Dionysus, were exposed; Semiramis, Œdipus, and Ion; Cyrus and Darius; Danae and Perseus; Romulus and Remus, in an ark with an inscription on it; Cypselus with the Centaur, and Erichthonius in the ark composed of Attic osiers.

And pertinent to this subject, and to the chapter of Bochart ('Sacra,' i. 396), on the point, is Camilla of the XI. Æneid: she was devoted in an ark and cast with it, bound to a spear, over the flooded Amasenus. Such also was the passage of Dejanira over the flooded Evenus; Nessus, who was the Baris, tumulus, and Baris, boat—for the terms are ambiguous. And the subject of exposure in the ark in the cases of many of these instances is conjoined with the wanderings of Isis, Io, Rhea, and Byblis; and of its object the Ark, called Demeter, Pyrrha, Selene, Meen, Argo, Argus, and Arcus—under all which names it is recorded in legend.

I now proceed to the second part of the enquiry—the subterranean caverns.

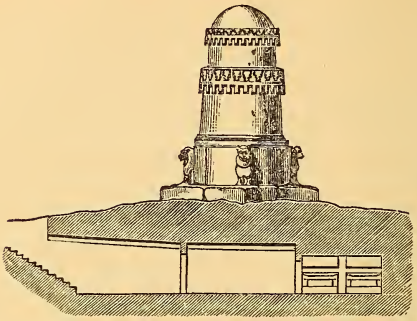
About the region of Tortosa or Marathos caverns are very numerous; unfortunately all antiquities are considered, *primâ facie*, to be sepulchral, whilst in many instances they were pagan fanes.

The accompanying woodcut is from Maundrell, who took it in a hurried visit.



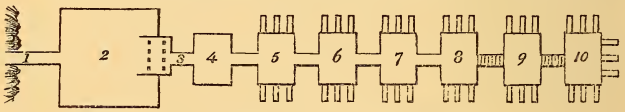
NO. I.—TOWERS OF TORTOSA, AND SUBTERRANEAN CHAMBERS.

This second is taken from Mr. Fergusson's work upon architecture.



NO. II.—TEMPLE AT MARATHOS.

The third is one I have composed from the description by Maundrell of the chambers outside the Gate of Damascus of Jerusalem, and which, on the authority of Mr. Faber in his work on the Cabeiri, that the descent of Æneas into the infernal regions was taken from such cavern, I have added to supplement the other two, and I shall treat them as one, for the accounts of all are superficial and unsatisfactory.



NO. III.—CABEIRIC CAVE AT JERUSALEM.

1. Entrance. The hole—"furens antro se immissit aperto."—vi. 262.
2. Void plains of gloom.
3. Path to Acheron and Cocytus.
4. Field. Infants immaturely perished.
5. „ Those slain unjustly.
6. „ Suicides.
7. „ Mournful. Lovers.
8. „ Ultimate. Warriors.

   The adamantine portal,
   The irremeable way,
   The lustral waters, and
   The branch suspended.

   } Refer back to No. I. for the parting ways, to

9. Tartarus.
10. Elysium.

Gates of sleep, in Maundrell's woodcut, p. 409, No. I.

It is suggested that these niches are dedicated to the Winds, and for offerings by mariners:

> "In cavern vast there Æolus constrains
> The winds and struggling tempests."

The niches are cut to a depth of 18 feet, in hard and solid rock, as if intended to receive marine *ex voto* offerings, such being consistent with the marine profession of the Cabeiri; whilst, in fact, they held cists, or coffins of stone, sculptured with garlands.

The Gortygian Cavern of Crete contains similar radii; so also the third Pyramid of Gheeza in its niche-room; whilst the 'Archæologia' offer us specimens from Alexandria, vol. xxviii. p. 52, and from the Orkneys, vol. xxxii.; and lastly, many of the Etruscan chambers offer points very similar.

Maundrell writes: "Outside of the Gate of Damascus exists a series of subterraneous chambers known by the name of the Tombs of the Kings.

"Entering by the rock you find an underground court, 40 paces square; a portico with a hole to enter by, leading successively to seven or eight apartments, the two last lower than the others, and descended to by six or seven steps. These apartments are surrounded by niches, 9 feet deep by 3 square, holding coffins of stone sculptured with garlands. The doors of stone, with their pivots cut in the native rock. Lastly, a channel for water cut the whole length of the chambers."

Compare this with the description in Ezekiel viii.:—

"And he brought me to the door of the inner gate that looketh toward the north, where was the seat of the image of jealousy."—Ver. 3.

"And he brought me to the door of the court; and when I looked, behold a hole in the wall. And he said unto me, Son of man, dig now in the wall: and when I had digged in the wall, behold a door."—Ver. 7.

"There was weeping for Tammuz."—Ver. 14.

"There was the fire-worship of the sun."—Ver. 16.

"With the branch to their nose."—Ver. 17.

The hole in the wall, the door of native rock, the sculptures of

garlands, and the stream of water for purification, all point these out as the chambers of imagery denounced by Ezekiel.

Our Saviour also appears to have alluded to such chambers in his speech, "Lo! he is in the secret chambers, believe it not."

The Etruscan caverns given by Mr. Dennis are very similar :—

The entrance is by a hole, forcing the votary to creep: the like in the Gortygian Cavern of Crete, the Pyramid of Mycerinus, and our cavern of New Grange, treated of by Colonel Vallencey. Take the description of the Buche de Saraceni.—Dennis, vol. ii. p. 6. "We enter a cave and creep through a passage 3 feet high, which widens into chambers opening in various directions extending into the heart of the hill—how far unknown; it is a perfect labyrinth. The tomb of Cervetri," ii. p. 32. "Descended by eight steps, half full of water," p. 45.

At Clusium, the shafts for light or air, resembling those of Maundrell, are mentioned especially; and similarly with the arks contained in the Tomb of the Kings, and enwreathed with vine sculpturings; so we find in Etruria miniature sarcophagi, 2 feet in length, which were perhaps miniature Argei or votive arks, and constant repetitions of feasting in all its forms.

Bochart ('Sacra,' i. 747) notes that with the Syrians "Sciph est petra;" Scyph and rock are synonyms. Hence Scyphius Petraios and his birth as a horse, from the rock of Colonus. Bochart goes on further, and gives authorities associating Scyphius with the word Scironites; and Sciron's hated bones were turned to rocks: as Ovid, 'Met.' vii. 475 :—

> "Sciron no longer raids: him earth abhors;
> Him seas reject, the robber's scattered bones
> Time and antiquity have turned to stones.
> Scironian still those hated rocks are named."

And I suspect the Saronidan rocks are but a variation of the same thing, which were Magi or Druidic.

The Scyph was equally called the wicked Scyph, and was both the ship and drinking-cup.

The Theba was of wicker-work, the Scyph was of stone. It appears to me that the legendary rites of the Argei, Scirpea, Theba,

and Tanneh, all of which were osier-framed, and symbols of sanctuary, were contrasted by the Scyph of stone by another pagan sect; and that the Scyph of stone, with the Arguz of wood of Mycerinus, was an attempt by the sect his name eponymizes to conjoin the twain.

The Pyramids: these were three; all three had the sarcophagus in their secret chambers.

Now Cheops, the Serpent king, and Chephren, the Solar king, were not buried in the Pyramids; they were buried in the tombs by their side, like the fabled Phœnix which belongs to them. Their ashes were lain in the porch. Bones were found in the sarcophagus, but they proved to be those of an ox, supposed of Apis.

The third Pyramid of Mycerinus also has the sarcophagus, but he himself is enclosed in a wooden coffer, now in the British Museum; and he also so enclosed his daughter in a Boos, or cow of wood, and sent her to the lake and marshes of Sais, to inaugurate his new sectical solar and lunar combination there.

We obtain the names of these reliques from Holy Writ. The Ark, or sarcophagus, was called Aron, but the Hebrew Aron was of wood, the coffer attached called Arguz.

It is proposed that these are stone Scyphs—the cymbia or scyphs in which the Phœnix is portrayed ('Metamorph.' p. 447) as travelling: it is called by commentators "the wicked Scyph," "the detestable rites of the Scyphus;" and Pecus is the name of the Zeus who taught the mysteries and wickedness necessary. (See Bryant, iii. 286.)

We find this stone Ark in the vault of Mycerinus, having the ramps blocking the approach, and the radii excavations, as in the Gortygian cavern of Crete, and as in these subterranean chambers of Tortosa, and the similar chambers in Etruria.

They belonged, methinks, to a sect antagonistic to the Theba, Scirpea, and Tanneh; they were Scyphius petraios, the Scyph of stone, and hated like their masters.

We find another coffer under the name of Cypselus, a synonym of the Theba, and his preservation in a coffer; and on that coffer we learn from Pausanius, v. 19, that the Centaur was depicted. The Centaur belongs, not to the Scyph, but to the Theba, but he carries

the rock in his hands. These legends tally in their varied versions. I do not believe these stone sarcophagi were framed for human remains, but to have been dedicated for some superstitious reason similar to that of the Theba, but of another and antagonistic pagan race and sect.

They are made of basalt, porphyry, alabaster, and the chiefest of stones. They have a hole cut to draw off water, supposed to have been made when converted to baths by the Romans. I doubt the Romans having used a supposed mortuary receptacle for a bath. They were peculiarly sensitive upon death, and refrained even from pronouncing the word, whilst on the other hand they had the most sumptuous baths of any people known.

Agamemnon is slain in his bath; hear Cassandra's prophecy ('Æschylus,' by Mr. Potter):—

> "See, see there; from the heifer keep the Bull:
> O'er his black brows she throws th' entangling vest.
> He falls—amidst the cleansing laver falls—
> I tell you, of the bath, the treacherous bath."

He fell, methinks, in his own Atridan scyph, and the house of Argos and of Clytemnestra had the Argei of wicker-work.

We find a legend in our own land. St. Cuthbert floated down the Till and the Tweed, and up the Wear to Durham, in his stone coffin, where the legend to this day shows the cow conducting him, sculptured on the cathedral. So a cow is sculptured on the tower of Glastonbury, in the Isle of Avalon.

We then meet it in Greece, at Argos, and its mound and sanctuary grove; at Thebes, as the heifer; at Rome, in Argeiphont, and the processions to the Argei; and the Argei, or Scirpia, cast into Tiber. I imagine these stone cists, or sarcophagi, were perhaps intended for arguz, or arks, dedicated for preservation.

Strabo locates a town, Ximyra, by Tortosa, and the Chimæra was one of the Pataici of the old Pelasgi, and is the name of one of the four vessels which competed in Book V.

The Chimæra, composed of lions', and goats', and serpents' heads, meets elucidation in the woodcut from Maundrell. In the pyramidal pinnacle is Ari; the tholus, or lunar, is Ægæ; the subterranean

water was Aub, or, in ambiguous interpretation, the lion, the goat, and the serpent.

These pinnacles also appear to be the wings; Gaph, the Chaldaic ambiguous word by which these secret chambers and their deadly sacrifices were escaped. Dædalus escaped by wings from the Cretan cave. The Molossian royal victims

> "Ubi nati rege Molosso
> Irrita subjectis fugere incendia pennis."
> *Met.* xiii. 717.

Again they introduce Scylla, companion of Chimæra in the race.

The woodcut from Mr. Fergusson I consider to exemplify Scylla. The white tholus, symbol of safety to mariners, the beneficent power of the Phœnicians, appears surrounded by dogs, and covering the sacrificial chambers of the Circæan and solar rites which metamorphosed her. She apparently stands on the Allyattan mound of Halyætus her father.

Herod is stated in Josephus ('Antiq.' xvi. 7) to have violated these tombs secretly and by night in search of treasures but found none; and thence dated the curse which fell on him and his family. It is a repetition of the eternally-told tale of violating supposed tombs for treasure, as in the instances of the Pyramids, and the so-called tomb of Cyrus at Mourgaub; and Josephus adds that Herod, in intended propitiation of his deed, erected a propitiatory monument of white stone. Mr. Fergusson, in his 'History of Architecture,' from whence the woodcut is taken, states that if he had to decide upon the form of that monument he should select that of the woodcut. I should do the like from its being the pinnacle to similar chambers elsewhere.

At the Cyclopian portal of Tartarus Æneas lustrates himself and dedicates the bough. "The branch to the nose," of Ezekiel?

The Cyclopian remains which Virgil had in his antiquarian eye, were the walls of Tiryns, built by Cyclops. The words,

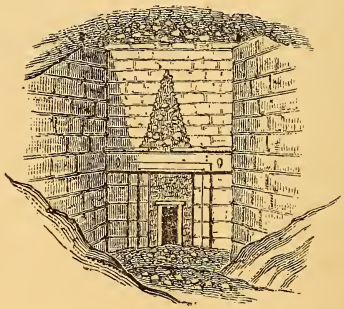
> "Cyclopum educta caminis
> Mœnia conspicio,"

I imagine to mean walls, built or drawn out in galleries. The following was sketched by me in 1837 at Tiryns:—

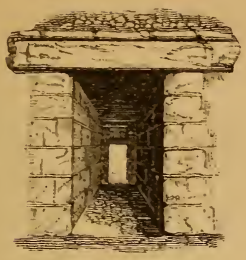
SECTION OF GALLERIED WALL OF TIRYNS.

Again, Tiryns itself is held to be in form of a ship—the Scyphus of Tirynthius Heros, and offering another link to the Minyæ, the Argo, and adjoining town of Argos.

The words "atque adverso fornice portas" would receive their best illustration from the subterranean fane of Bœotian Orchomenus, but travellers avoid the lake of Copais and its malaria, and I have not seen any representation of the Treasury of Minyas there; but the entrance to the Treasury of Agamemnon at Mycenæ is here given with a woodcut of the stone portal and the symbolic arch above, under which the bough was hung.



AN ARGIVE FANE AT MYCENÆ.



VIEW FROM ITS INTERIOR.

Interior view of the same, with the stone covering the entrance, the dimensions of which are given as 17 feet broad by 27 feet deep and 4½ feet thick, making 2064 square feet, the stone covering the passage. The Cyclopian passage leads to a subterranean vaulted dome: very similar indeed—save in better workmanship—to those of New Grange, at Slane on the Boyne, and its fellow at Slane by Donaghadee.

Pyramids and Juggernauth have square and cube apartments. I think this dome is connected with the Nyseian cave of Bacchus: for as this was constructed by the Argives, so its congener of the Bœotian Orchomenos was the scene where the Mineides were turned into Nycterides, or bats; which name, conjoined with that of Nyctymene, and Nyctelius—who was Bacchus—succeeded to these fanes suited to their nocturnal mysteries.

Ovid alludes to this when he makes Corona—who was the mound—exclaim ('Met.' ii. l. 590),—

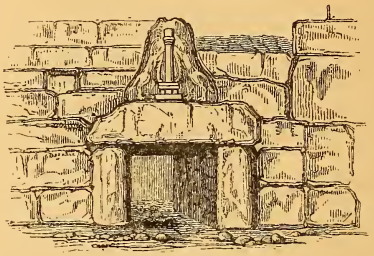
"Nyctimene nostro successit honori."

But these records of Mycenæ, if we may trust Strabo, B. VIII. c. vi. s. 10, cannot be of the Atridan house, for Argos and the Argives razed Mycenæ, "so that at present not even a trace is to be discovered of the city of the Mycenæans."

What then is this existing portal? Is this as it appears to be—

"The Phrygian lions joined in Ida's peak."—*Æn.* x. 157.

which was the symbol of the ship of Æneas, and found here on the territories of the victorious Argives?

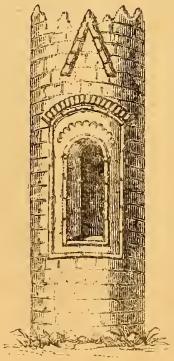


GATE OF MYCENÆ.

These are the world-wide famed monuments Virgil attributed to the Cyclops, not as drawn forth from furnaces of Lipari, but of the Cyclopes whom Prœtus used in fortifying Tiryns.—Strabo, VIII. vi. 2.

"There were seven Cyclops, and they were called Gasterocheiras (belly-handed), because they subsisted by their art." He adds, "perhaps the caverns about Nauplia and the works there have their names from that people."

Lastly, I must adduce our Cyclopian-built round tower of Kildare, and show over its symbolic entrance the "adverso fornice," where the bough was suspended—a rare instance of an external symbol on a round tower.



Following Æneas and his guide, we emerge from Tartarus by the Gates of Sleep. The way, as expressed before, was irremeable: nor need we ask about Hercules and Theseus, how they returned, or what the Sibyl meant by "hoc opus hic labor est." These gates are seen in Maundrell's woodcut, and such shafts often are alluded to by Mr. Dennis in 'Etruscan Chambers and Tombs.' In the 'Journal of the Asiatic Society,' xiii. 149, on the ancient city of Balabhipura, is a very similar pillar, and opening in the ground near to it, and it is "under the special charge of the Jinn."

Penelope alludes to these Gates of Sleep in the Odyssey:—

"Hard is the task, and rare, the Queen replies,
To find in dreams impending destinies.
Two portals firm the various phantoms keep
Immured within the silent bower of sleep;
Of ivory one, and a fantastic train
Of winged lies flit thence to cheat the brain;
Of lucid horn the other—where await
Visions of truth and fraught with future fate.
Alas! I fear the vision of the night
Came through the first to my deluded sight."

Odyssey, xix. 658.

"The greater gates are sardonix mingled with horn, so that none may enter with poison: the lesser gates are of ebony."—'Letter of Prester John,' see Layard, i. 252.

Note to Book VII.

The name of Gaeta derives from the pagan Lamian fane which existed in that well-known mountain promontory, and which was a spot seized on by them for its strength and beauty, and polluted by their horrible rites. Strabo, v., c. iii., says that it was denominated from a cave, though he did not know its precise etymology.

Horace says one of the principal places where the Lamians settled was at Formia. They were also turricolæ: towers and caverns—carrying out the system of subterrenes as set forth before in the note to Book VI.

Bryant (ii. 275) deduces the fane itself from the Lacedemonians,

who used to whip their children round the altar of Diana Orthia, and that this rite was called Caiatio, and quotes, "Apud antiquos Caiatio dicebatur puerilis cædes."

The flagellation and drawing blood was really a humane institution, and was accepted in lieu of the sacrifice proper of the child. It was checked also by the priestess having to raise up a heavy statue, and when it sunk from her exhaustion the flagellation ceased.

Gaeta has been a fatal spot: 'twas there

"A Roman's bastard hand
Murdered sweet Tully,"

and the kingdom of Naples was lost at Gaeta by the last King of Naples in 1866.

Book VIII. l. 475.

Tegeæan sword.

The term Tegeæan points to the Sanctuary of Mount Mænalus. Hercules, Anna Perenna, and Æneas, all couched in a Tegeæan dome on Latin shores.

Arcadia contained an innumerable number of pagan fanes. Its position in the centre of the Morea was probably the cause of such a congregation. Lycaon, Pheneus, the Harpies, Syrynx or Syrynga, the Zerynthus probably of Samothrace, a cavern sacred to the infernal goddesses, Calistho, Arcas, Evander, Carmenta and Pallas, and Atalanta, who retrograded to the Arimi after her wedlock with Hippomenes; but as lions they were bitted, and the fires of the Arimi were without sacrifice of blood on Mount Ida.

Jupiter and Pan succeeded in mythology to this pagan host; and Pan took possession of the glades of Mount Mænalus and Tegea, its especial shrine. Mount Mænalus is the sole spot of earth which remains constellised on our celestial spheres. It was, like Troy and Tintagel, a Panomphean sanctuary. The remains of the Temple of Pan there are a huge square building surmounted by four corner domes. These Thols—the Latin tholus—are the sectical terms in question when the Roman poets refer to Tegeæan roofs. It was the symbol of sanctuary, and may be found in the Romulean hut on the Capitol, which word is compounded of ceph, head, and tol, which

was the Tehl or fire-mound of the fire-worshippers, and the Thol or dome which succeeded it for the cryptish fire of Vesta and the sanctuary afforded by it. Ovid plays much more with the term than does Virgil. The word Thalamus in one of its significations belongs to it; as when Attis,

"et credens thalami procumbere tectum
Effugit et cursu Dindyma summa petit."—*Fasti*, iv. 233.

Evander's attire would transmute into his symbolic fanes. The Tyrrhene sandals are the sandalons of Jason, the two mounds of the Sun; his Tegeæan sword is the white cippus of sanctuary; and his hide of panther is the spotted black and white of the mingled worship: two cohen, dogs or priests, attend him with Pallas, the eponym of the fire-worshipping races. These are the things really pointed at, and not the garbs of the Senior and his son, who are so soon to pass away for the unsandaled Æneas and cryptish fire and fountain worship.

Mount Mænalus is truly the Mountain of the Moon—Men, Mene. The temple of Mugeyer, of which a drawing is given in Loftus' 'Chaldæa,' dedicated to Sin or the Moon, and called Mesene by the Greeks, and Camarina, from Kamar, the moon, by the Arabs, is very like in its square-framed building surmounted by domes to the remains of the temple of Pan on Mount Mænalus. As *lateo* formed Latium and Latinus, who were to pass away; so *tego*, tectus, may have been a rival term from the Tegeæan dome.

Mezentius with his twelve tribes of Rasena are ranged under—1. Aventinus; 2. Coras and Catillus; 3. Cæculus; 4. Messapus. 5. Clausus; 6. Halesus; 7. Œbalus; 8. Ufens; 9. Umbra; 10. Virbius; 11. Turnus; 12. Camilla. But the Etruscan confederacy was broken. Tarchon belongs to a northern confederacy. Massicus, Abas, Asylas, Astur, Cinyras, Cupavo, Ocnus, and Auletes; these sailed in the triremes of Father Benacus, and vindicated their Eastern origin—for "Tuscos Asia sibi vindicat," as Seneca says—by the Tigris river genius, on which river Rezen of Nimrod was built. How the Mantuans and Benacans got their fleet to the Portus Lunensis or the Portus Pisanus, the extremity of Æneas' journeying, is a poetic licence, of which there are plenty in the Æneis. The feasible journey would have been down the Adriatic

and up the Tyrrhene seas; but Virgil, honouring Mantua and her confederacy, overlooks the geography, unless indeed the Mantuans held the port of Luna on the Tyrrhene main.

Virgil, an antiquary, delighted in recording Etruscan antiquities. He was the Walter Scott of his day; we accordingly meet many allusions to words and things unknown.

The Pilentum, called by Ovid the Carmentum, a litter in which the dames of Rome were carried to sacred games.

Aurichalc, ordinarily mentioned as some unknown and valued metal. It is used on the breastplate of Turnus. Alternating with gold, it ornamented the tibiæ in Horace:—

"Tibia non ut nunc orichalco vincta."

Electro also, Æn. viii. 401 and 624. They both alternate with gold in ornament. Tin was the valued secret of the Phœnician mariners, and the infusion of six parts in a hundred makes bronze. I cannot help thinking aurichalc was tin proper. Admirably adapted to this purpose, and considered superior to silver. There are the Tormenta, —wreathed ropes, which formed springs of great power, and, by means of a balk of wood, used as a lever to cast stones. There were the Propugnacula, joined to the main works by bridges, even like our own demi-lunes. When Helenus and Lycus fall with the propugnaculum, they are outside the town, upon the plain. There is the Carteia, the Teutonic crossbow; the Aclides; and many other allusions drawn from some Monkbarn's 'Collection of Etruscan Antiquities.'

Book VIII. l. 412.

"castum ut servare cubile
Conjugis, et possit parvos educere natos."

This simile, so out of place in respect to Vulcan, is a bitter satire against the celestial goddess, and places the mortal woman immeasurably above her. Assuredly Virgilius never went forth by the gate Collina to pay vows to Venus Erycina. But Virgil had something in his mind's eye when he penned that simile. Octavia, the noble cynosure of his eyes, is the woman of his verse. Wife and mother of a Marcellus, wedded for State policy to Antony, and submitting to indignities "parvos educere natos"—his, not hers.

Cleopatra, or more probably Fulvia, is the goddess, prostituting her charms to set the world on fire, and the cause of the comparison so honourable to the woman and so derogatory to the goddess.

Book X.

"Gens illi triplex, populi sub gente quaterni,
Ipsa caput populis."—x. 200.

The remark made upon Mantua is applicable to all cities of the Rasena established by Tarchon, which have been found to consist of three different elements—Etruscan, Sabine, and Pelasgic,—and appear to devolve on Rome itself in the three divisions of Ramnenses, Titienses, and Luceres.

In like manner M. Huc, at Lassa, in Thibet, found that primitive town divided into three classes, Thibetians, Pebouns, and Katchi, forming separate communities dwelling together. I have seen the like remark made upon our own London, that take haphazard any mercantile house between Charing Cross and the Tower, and you will find the capitalist to be a Scotsman, the managing partner an Englishman, and the porter an Irishman—which is but an exemplification of the grand dispensation of the tripartite world, and of Shem, Ham, and Japhet, or, in the classic writ, of Caeus, Iäpetus, and Typhœus, their representatives.

Caverns along this coast are met with throughout its length, particularly at Cumæ, at Gaeta, and through Etruria. Latinus hid in Oris, the Scriptural Ohr, or mound with concealed cavern. Scylla was conjoined with this shore, Circe, the Syrens, the Lamiæ, and the Lestrygons, all followers of detestable solar rites of blood. Cacus was another instance. The towers connected with the caverns were just shown in note p. 409.

Book XII. l. 942.

"et notis fulserunt cingula bullis
Pallantis pueri."

These bullæ were the ornaments worn by boys until seventeen years old, and then hung up to the household gods. Æneas recognised the well-known amulets of the boy Pallas.

It continued under the Roman kings as an institution, Bulla Aurea. Tarquinius Priscus conferred it on his son of twelve years old, for having killed an enemy in the field.

The "aurea bullis cingula" of Rhamnes, in Book IX. l. 359, coupled with phaleræ, were ornaments of horses. Camels in the East are still decorated with their kamarehs, or moons.

So Gideon "slew Zebah and Zalmunna, and took away the ornaments that were on their camels' necks," Judges viii. 21, and the marginal reading gives "ornaments like the moon."

The figures in Campanari's garden, Dennis, l. 442, have these lunar ornaments, probably with a sectical difference to the torque.

"Sunt ornamenta mulierum in similitudinem lunæ bullæ dependentes."—Isidore, *L. Orig.* c. 31.

It is worthy of note that Euryalus, a boy himself, was captivated by the equestrian bullæ of King Rhamnes.

I believe the gipsies still wear bullæ, but to what age I know not.

Errata.

The following lines have been unaccountably omitted by me in Book I.:—

435a. That none might interrupt them by the way
b. With question, molestation, or delay.

454a. "O fortunate are ye," Æneas said,
b. "Whose walls arise on strong foundations laid."
c. Then entered in, wrapped in celestial screen,
d. And mingled with its multitudes unseen.

THE END.

PRINTED BY W. CLOWES AND SONS, STAMFORD STREET,
AND CHARING CROSS.

JUST PUBLISHED, THE FOLLOWING

TRANSLATIONS

OF

OVID AND VIRGIL,

In English Heroic Verse,

BY JOHN BENSON ROSE.

I.

METAMORPHOSES OF OVID,

With Archæological and Analogical Notes.

Post 8*vo.* 5*s.* 6*d.*

"It has plenty of spirit, and as regards its general rhythm, flows with ease and freedom."—*Saturday Review*, May 26, 1866.

"Mr. Rose's average execution is characterized with much study of English poetry and of the English language generally, but is, notwithstanding, here and there lax, it should seem through indolence."—*The Museum*, June 1, 1866.

II.

FASTI OF OVID.

Post 8*vo.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

"Mr. Rose's crotchets may fairly be condoned in consideration of the *bonâ fide* character of his work, his great pluck in going right through with it, his frequent happiness in rendering, his wonderful intelligence and acuteness, and his lively interest in his author,"—*Saturday Review*. Dec 29, 1866.

III.

ECLOGUES AND GEORGICS OF VIRGIL.

Post 8*vo.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

IV.

ÆNEIS OF VIRGIL.

Post 8*vo.* 5*s.* 6*d.*

LONDON: DORRELL & SON, CHARING CROSS.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

0 003 093 788 0